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THE HOME:

OR,

FAMILY CARES AND FAMILY JOYS.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

AUTHOR OF "THE NEIGHBOURS."

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH,

BY MARY HOWITT.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, 82 CLIFF-ST.

1843.

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APR 2 1929

Mrs. Franklin O. Brown.

P R E F A C E.

THE speedy appearance of this volume after "The Neighbours," is a sufficient proof of the success of that work. Indeed, the evidences of this success have been too unequivocal to have escaped any one; and perhaps it would be difficult to decide which has been most gratified by it, the author or the translator. The most kind and cordial, I may say, the most *neighbourly* manner in which "The Neighbours" have been received, both by the press and the English public, has not only gone with a grateful delight to my heart, as an evidence that whatever is sound and good, come whence it may, will be heartily welcomed by my own proud and noble country, but has flown on rapid wings to the North, and given a charming surprise to the excellent authoress. Before the copy which I had requested my publishers to forward to her had reached Stockholm, Miss Bremer had received various letters from her countrymen in London congratulating her and themselves on having seen "The Neighbours" receive such handsome "neighbour's fare" in the literary circles there.

No feeling is so dear to the heart of an author, who is conscious of writing for the improvement as well as the pleasure of his fellow-men, as to find the sphere of his usefulness suddenly, and as it were by miracle, immeasurably widened. To learn, therefore, at once that she was not only read and beloved in England, but that within a month after its appearance in London, "The Neighbours" was reprinted in the great United States newspaper, "The New World," and diffused all over that vast country, and read in the wildest regions of the back woods, while a good edition was rapidly passing through the American press, we may believe was no indifferent intelligence. Indeed, the high estimation in which the literature of England is held in the North, makes it a proud circumstance to any one to be introduced into it, and warmly welcomed there. Miss Bremer, in a letter to me, says with her usual modesty, on this subject, "England har en så rik, så utbildad roman litteratur, och mina skrifter äro så ojemna, så fulla af brister, att jag knappt förstår huru—the fastidious, refined society of England—kan smälta dessa nordiska ra-ämnena!" England possesses a romance literature so rich, so fully developed, and my writings are so unequal, and full of faults, that I can hardly understand how the fastidious, refined society of England, can digest these rude Northern materials.

But letters from all classes of English society, and from members of the very highest, shew me how enthusiastically these *ra-ämnena* have been welcomed; so that good husbands have, far and

wide, been complimented by their wives with the agreeable name of—Bears.

As "The Neighbours" might be regarded as a salutary picture of new-married life, "The Home," I think, will be found equally charming and useful as a picture of family life during the growth of the children. A sketch of home discipline, in which is seen how, without great worldly fortune, or extraordinary events, a deep interest may gather about a group of individuals, and how faults and failings, and diversity of dispositions, which without the great saving principles would lead to sorrow and disunion, are, by these saving principles, love and good sense, made to work themselves out, and leave behind them a scene of harmony, affection, and moral culture, most charming to contemplate.

I am not intending, any more than the amiable authoress herself, to present these as faultless stories.

We must remember that they are the product of a nation possessing tastes, in some respects, different to ours, yet still, in the main, extremely kindred in feeling as in language. Miss Bremer describes them to me as a people of a highly intellectual spirit, of strong impulses, but somewhat unsteady in following them out. "Vi Svenskar äro ett folk af starka impulser, men ostadigt utförande. Men jag vill ej skylla ifrån mig upå mitt folk! Detta folk har en rik och djupsinnig ande." It will be seen that they, like the Germans, and like our ancestors in the days of the Tudors and Stuarts, are very fond of acting scenes and surprises in family life; a striking instance of which in these volumes, is that where the Franks, on returning from Axelholm, are received by the Father and Jacobi at an inn, in the disguise of landlord and waiter.

It may be as well to state here, that the title of Excellence is the highest one next to the princes of the blood in Sweden. If is, indeed, a sort of order of merit; is confined to twelve persons, who may be otherwise noble or not, and is not hereditary. I must add also with pleasure, that to my valued friend, Madame von Schoultz, who has resided many years in Sweden, I am much indebted for endeavours to bring this translation as near as possible in spirit and meaning to the original.

M. H.

Heidelberg, March 12th, 1843.

P. S. Should errors of the press occur, my absence must plead the excuse: at the issue of the next translation, this inconvenience will no longer exist.

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LIFE IN SWEDEN.

THE HOME;

OR,

FAMILY CARES AND FAMILY JOYS.

CHAPTER I.

MORNING DISPUTES AND EVENING CONTENTIONS.

"My dear child," said Judge Frank, in a tone of vexation, "it is not worth while reading aloud to you, if you keep yawning incessantly, and looking about, first to the right and then to the left;" and with these words he laid down a treatise of Jeremy Bentham, which he had been reading, and ran from his seat.

"Ah, forgive me, dear friend," returned his wife, "but really these good things are all so difficult to comprehend, and I was thinking about —. Come here, dear Brigitta!" said Mrs. Eliza Frank, beckoning an old servant to her, to whom she then spoke in an under tone.

Whilst this was going on, the Judge, a handsome strong-built man of probably forty, walked up and down the room, and then suddenly pausing, as if in consideration, before one of the walls, he exclaimed to his wife, who by this time had finished her conversation with the old servant, "See, love, now if we were to have a door open here—and it could very easily be done, for it is only a lath-and-plaster wall—we could then get so conveniently into our bedroom, without first going through the ante-room and the nursery—it would indeed be capital!"

"But then, where could the sofa stand?" answered Elise, with some anxiety.

"The sofa?" returned her husband, "O, the sofa could be wheeled a little aside; there is more than room enough for it."

"But, my best friend," replied she, "there would come a very dangerous draft from the door every one who sat in the corner."

"Ah! always difficulties and impediments!" said the husband. "But cannot you see, yourself, what a great advantage it would be if there were a door here?"

"No, candidly speaking," said she, "I think it is better as it is."

"Yes, that is always the way with ladies," returned he, "they will have nothing touched, nothing done, nothing changed, even to obtain improvement and convenience; everything is good and excellent as it is, till somebody makes the alteration for them, and then they can see at once how much better it is; and then they exclaim, 'Ah, see now, that is charming!' Ladies, without doubt, belong to the stand-still party!"

"And the gentlemen," added she, "belong

to the movement party; at least wherever building and molestation-making comes across them!"

The conversation, which had hitherto appeared perfectly good-humoured, seemed to assume a tone of bitterness from that word "molestation-making;" and in return the voice of the Judge was somewhat austere, as he replied to her taunt against the gentlemen. "Yes," said he, "they are not afraid of a little trouble whenever a great advantage is to be obtained. But — are we to have no breakfast to-day? It is twenty-two minutes after nine! It really is shocking, dear Elise, that you cannot teach your maids punctuality! There is nothing more intolerable than to lose one's time in waiting; nothing more useless; nothing more insupportable; nothing which more easily might be prevented, if people would only resolutely set about it! Life is really too short for one to be able to waste half of it in waiting! Five-and-twenty minutes after nine! and the children—are they not ready too! Dear Elise—"

"I'll go and see after them," said she; and went out quickly.

It was Sunday. The June sun shone into a large cheerful room, and upon a snow-white damask tablecloth, which in soft silken folds was spread over a long table, on which a handsome coffee-service was set out with considerable elegance. The disturbed countenance with which the Judge had approached the breakfast-table, cleared itself instantly as a person, whom young ladies would unquestionably have called "horribly ugly," but whom no reflective physiognomist could have observed without interest, entered the room. This person was tall, extremely thin, and somewhat inclined to the left side; the complexion was dark, and the somewhat noble features wore a melancholy expression, which only seldom gave place to a smile of unusual beauty. The forehead elevated itself, with its deep lines, above the large brown extraordinary eyes, and above this a wood of black-brown hair erected itself, under whose thick stiff curls people said a multitude of ill-humours and paradoxes exerted themselves; so also, indeed, might they in all those deep furrows with which his countenance was lined, not one of which certainly was without its own signification. Still, there was not a sharp angle of that face; there was nothing, either in word or voice, of the Assessor, Jeremias Mun-

ter, however severe they might seem to be, which at the same time might not conceal an expression of the deepest goodness of heart, and which stamped itself upon his whole being, in the same way as the sap clothes with green foliage the stiff resisting branches of the knotted oak.

"Good day, brother!" exclaimed the Judge, cordially offering him his hand, "how are you?"

"Bad!" answered the melancholy man; "how can it be otherwise! What weather we have! As cold as January! And what people we have in the world too: it is a sin and shame! I am so angry to-day that — Have you read that malicious article against you in the — paper?"

"No, I don't take in that paper; but I have heard speak of the article," said Judge Frank. "It is directed against my writing on the condition of the poor in the province, is it not?"

"Yes; or more properly, no," replied the Assessor; "for what is so extraordinary is, that it contains nothing on that affair. It is against yourself that it is aimed—the lowest insinuations, the coarsest abuse!"

"So I have heard," said the Judge, "and on that very account I do not trouble myself to read it."

"But have you heard also who has written it?" asked the visitor.

"No," returned the other; "nor do I wish to know."

"But you should do so," argued the Assessor; "people ought to know who are their enemies. It is Mr. N. I should like to give the fellow three emetics, that he might know the taste of his own gall!"

"What!" exclaimed Judge Frank, at once interested in the Assessor's news—"N., who lives nearly opposite to us, and who has so lately received from the Cape his child, the poor little motherless girl?"

"The very same!" returned he; "but you must read this piece, if it be only to give a relish to your coffee. See here; I have brought it with me. I have learned that it would be sent to your wife to-day. Yes, indeed, what pretty fellows there are in the world! But where is your wife to-day! Ah! here she comes! Good morning, my Lady Elise. So charming in the early morning; but so pale! Ei, ei, ei; that is not as it should be! What is it that I say and preach continually! Exercise, fresh air—else nothing in the world avails anything! But who listens to one's preaching! No—adieu my friends! Ah! where is my snuff-box? Under the newspapers! The abominable newspapers; they must lay their hands on everything; one can't keep even one's snuff-box in peace for them! Adieu, Mrs. Elise! Adieu, Frank. Nay, see how he sits there and reads coarse abuse of himself, just as if it mattered nothing to him. Now he laughs into the bargain. I hope you'll enjoy your breakfasts, my friends."

"Will you not enjoy it with us?" asked the friendly voice of Mrs. Frank; "we can offer you to-day, quite fresh home-baked bread."

"No, I thank you," said the Assessor; "I am no friend to such home-made things, good for nothing, however much they may be bragged of. Home-baked, home-brewed, home-made; it all sounds very fine, but it's good for nothing."

"Try if to-day it really be good for nothing," urged she. "There, we have now Madame Folette on the table; you must, at least, have a cup of coffee from her."

"What do you mean!" asked the surprised Assessor; "what is it? What horrid Madame is it that is to give me a cup of coffee! I never could bear old women; and if they are coming now to the coffee-table—"

"The round coffee-pot there," said Mrs. Frank, good-humouredly, "is Madame Folette. Could you not bear that?"

"But why call it so?" asked he. "What foolery is it?"

"It is a fancy of the children," returned she. "An honest old woman of this name, whom I once treated to a cup of coffee, exclaimed, at the first sight of her favourite beverage, 'When I see a coffee-pot, it is all the same to me as if I saw an angel from heaven!' The children heard this, and insisted upon it that there was a great resemblance in figure between Madame Folette and this coffee-pot; and so ever since, it has borne her name. The children are very fond of her, because she gives them every morning their coffee."

"What business have children with coffee?" asked the Assessor. "Cannot they be thin enough without drinking coffee; and are they to be burnt up already? There's Petrea, is she not lanky enough! I never was very fond of her; and now, if she is to grow up into a coffee sister, why—"

"But, my best Munter," said Mrs. Frank, "you are not in a good humour to-day."

"Good humour!" replied he: "no, Mrs. Elise, I am not in a good humour; I don't know what there is in the world to make people good-humoured. There now, your chair has torn a hole in my coat-lap! Is that pleasant! That's home-made, too! But now I'll go; that is, if your doors—they are home-made, too, are they not!—will let me get out of them."

"But will you not come back and dine with us?" asked she.

"No, I thank you," replied he, "I am invited elsewhere; and that in this house, too."

"To Mrs. Courtmarshal W——!" asked Mrs. Frank.

"No; indeed!" answered the Assessor: "I cannot bear that woman. She lectures me incessantly. Lectures me! I had a great wish to lecture her! And then, her detestable dog—Pyrrhus or Pirre; I had a great mind to kill him. And then, she is so thin. I cannot bear thin people; least of all, thin old women."

"No!" said Mrs. Frank. "Don't you know, then, what rumour says of you and poor old Miss Rask?"

"That common person!" exclaimed Jeremias. "Well, and what says malice of me and old Miss Rask?"

"That, not many days since," said Mrs. Frank, "you met this old lady on your stairs as she was going up to her own room; and that she was sighing on account of the long flight of stairs and her weak chest. Now malice says that, with the utmost politeness, you offered her your arm, and conducted her up the stairs, with the greatest possible care; nor left her, till she had reached her own door; and further, after all, that you sent her a pound of cough lozenges; and—"

"And do you believe," interrupted the Assessor, "that I did that for her own sake! No, I thank you! I did it that the poor old skeleton might not fall down dead upon my steps. From no other cause in this world did I go crawling up the stairs with her. Yes, yes, that was it! I dine to-day with Miss Berndes. She is a very sensible person; and her little Miss Laura is very pretty. See, here have we now all the herd of children! Your most devoted servant, Sister Louise! So, indeed, little Miss Eva! she is not afraid of the ugly old fellow; she—God bless her! there's some sugar-candy for her! And the little one! it looks just like a little angel. Do I make her cry? Then I must away; for I cannot endure children's crying. It may make a part of the charm of home: that I can believe;—perhaps it is home music. Home-baked, home-made, home-music—hu!"

The Assessor sprang though the door; the Judge laughed; and the little one became silent at the sight of a bresel,* through which the beautiful eye of her brother Henrik spied at her as through an eyeglass; while the other children came bounding to the breakfast-table.

"Nay, nay, nay, my little angels, keep yourselves a little quiet," said the mother. "Wait a moment, dear Petrea; patience is a virtue. Eva dear, don't behave in that way; you don't see me do so."

Thus gently moralized the mother; while, with the help of her eldest daughter, the little prudent Louise, she cared for them all. The father went from one to another full of delight, patted their little heads, and puffed them gently by the hair.

"I ought, yesterday, to have cut all your hair," said he. "Eva has quite a wig; one can hardly see her face for it. Give your father a kiss, my little girl! I'll look after your wig early to-morrow morning."

"And mine too, and mine too, father!" exclaimed the others.

"Yes, yes," answered the father, "I'll shave every one of you."

All laughed but the little one; which, half frightened, hid its sunny-haired little head on the mother's bosom: the father raised it gently, and kissed, first it, and then the mother.

"Now put sugar in the father's cup," said she to the little one; "look! he holds it to you."

The little one smiled, put sugar in the cup, and Madame Folette began her joyful circuit.

But we will now leave Madame Folette, home-baked bread, the family breakfast, and the morning sun; and sit us down at the evening lamp, by the light of which Elise is writing

TO ORCILIA.

I must give you portraits of all my flock of children; who now, having enjoyed their evening meal, are laid to rest upon their soft pillows. Ah! if I had only a really good portrait—I mean a painted one—of my Henrik, my first-born, my summer child, as I call him—because he was born on a Midsummer-day, in the summer hours both of my life and my fortune; but only the pencil of a Correggio could represent those beautiful, kind, blue eyes, those golden locks, that loving mouth, and that all so pure and

beautiful countenance! Goodness and joyfulness beam out from his whole being; even although his buoyant animal life, which seldom allows his arms or legs to be quiet, often expresses itself in not the most agreeable manner. My eleven-years-old boy is, alas! very—his father says—very unmanageable. Still, notwithstanding all his wildness, he is possessed of a deep and restless fund of sentiment, which makes me often tremble for his future happiness. God defend my darling, my summer child, my only son! Oh, how dear he is to me! Ernst warns me often of too partial an affection for this child; and on that very account I will now pass on from No. 1 to

No. 2.

Behold then the little Louise, our eldest daughter, just turned ten years old; and you will see a grave, fair girl, not handsome, but with a round, sensible face; from which I hope, by degrees, to remove a certain ill-tempered expression. She is uncommonly industrious, and kind towards her younger sisters, although very much disposed to lecture them; nor will she allow any opportunity to pass in which her importance as "eldest sister" is not observed; on which account the little ones give her already the title of "Your Majesty," and "Mrs. Judge." The little Louise appears to me one of those who will always be still and sure; and who, on this account, will go fortunately through the world.

No. 3.

People say that my little nine-years-old Eva is very like her mother. I hope it may be a real resemblance. See, then, a little, soft, round-about figure, which, amid laughter and merriment, rolls hither and thither lightly and nimbly, with an ever-varying physiognomy, which is rather plain than handsome, although lit up by a pair of beautiful dark-blue eyes. Quickly moved to sorrow, quickly excited to joy; good-hearted, flattering, confection-loving, pleased with new and handsome clothes, and with dolls and play; greatly beloved, too, by brother and sisters, as well as by all the servants; the best friend and playfellow, too, of her brother. Such is the little Eva.

No. 4.

Nos. 3 and 4 ought not properly to come together. Poor Leonore had a sickly childhood, and this rather, I believe, than nature, has given to her an unsteady and violent temper, and has unhappily sown the seeds of envy towards her more fortunate sisters. She is not deficient in deep feeling, but the understanding is sluggish, and it is extremely difficult for her to learn anything. All this promises no pleasure; rather the very opposite. The expression of her mouth, even in the uncomfortable time of teething, seemed to speak, "Let me be quiet!" It is hardly possible that she can be other than plain, but, with God's help, I hope to make her good and happy.

"My beloved, plain child!" say I sometimes to her as I clasp her tenderly in my arms, for I would willingly reconcile her early to her fate.

* A kind of fine curled cake.

No. 5.

But what ever will fate do with the nose of my Petrea? This nose is at present the most remarkable thing about her; and if it were not so large, she really would be a pretty child. We hope, however, that it will moderate itself in her growth.

Petrea is a little lively girl, with a turn for almost everything, whether good or bad, and with a dangerous desire to make herself remarkable, and to excite an interest. Her activity shows itself in destructiveness; yet she is good-hearted and most generous. In every kind of foolery she is a most willing ally with Henrik and Eva, whenever they will grant her so much favour; and if these three be heard whispering together, one may be quite sure that some roguery or other is on foot. There exists already, however, so much unquiet in her, that I fear her whole life will be such; but I will early teach her to turn herself to that which can change unrest into rest.

No. 6.

And now to the pet child of the house—for the youngest, the loveliest, the so-called "little one"—to her who with her white hands puts the sugar into the father's and mother's cup—the coffee without that would not taste good—to her whose little bed is not yet removed from the chamber of the parents, and who, every morning, creeping out of her own bed, lays her bright, curly little head on her father's shoulder, and sleeps again.

Could you only see the little two-years-old Gabriele, with her large, serious brown eyes; her refined, somewhat pale, but indescribably lovely countenance; her bewitching little gestures; you would be just as much taken with her as the rest, you would find it difficult, as we all do, not to show preference to her. She is a quiet little child, but very unlike her eldest sister. A predominating characteristic of Gabriele is love of the beautiful; she shows a decided aversion to what is ugly and inconvenient, and as decided a love for what is attractive. A most winning little gentility in appearance and manners, has occasioned the brother and sisters to call her "the little young lady," or "the little princess." Henrik is really in love with his little sister, kisses her small white hands with devotion, and in return she loves him with her whole heart. Towards the others she is very often somewhat ungracious, and our good friend the Assessor calls her frequently "the little gracious one," and frequently also "the little ungracious one," but then he has for her especially so many names; my wish is that in the end she may deserve the surname of "the amiable."

Peace be with my young ones! There is not one of them which is not possessed of the material of peculiar virtue and excellence, and yet not also at the same time of the seed of some dangerous vice, which may ruin the good growth of God in them. May the endeavours both of their father and me be blessed in training these plants of heaven aright! But ah! the education of children is no easy thing, and all the many works on that subject which I have studied appear to me, whether the fault be in me or in them I cannot tell, but small helps.

Ah! I often find no other means than to clasp the child tenderly in my arms, and to weep bitterly over it, or else to kiss it in the fulness of my joy; and it often has appeared to me that such moments are not without their influence.

Beyond this, I endeavour as much as possible not to scold. I know how perpetual scolding crushes the free spirit and the innocent joyousness of childhood; and I sincerely believe that if one will only sedulously cultivate what is good in the character, and make in all instances what is good visible and attractive, the bad will by degrees fall away of itself.

I sing a great deal to my children. They are brought up with songs; for I wished early to make harmony, as it were, the very aliment of their souls. Several of them, especially my first-born and Eva, are really little enthusiasts in music; and every evening, as soon as twilight comes on, the children throng about me, and then I sit down to the piano, and either accompany myself, or play to little songs which they themselves sing. It is my Henrik's reward, when he has been very good for the whole day, that I should sit by his bed, and sing to him till he sleeps. He says that he then has such beautiful dreams. We often sit and talk for an hour instead; and the knowledge I have thus obtained of his active and pure spirit has given me the greatest delight. Whenever he lays out plans for his future life, he ends thus: "And when I am grown up a man, and have my own house, then, mother, thou shalt come and live with me, and I will keep so many maids to wait on thee, and thou shalt have so many flowers, and everything that thou art fond of, and shalt live just like a queen; only of an evening, when I go to bed, thou shalt sit beside me and sing me asleep; wilt thou not, dear mother?" Often too, when in the midst of his plans for the future and my songs, he has dropped asleep, I remain sitting still by the bed with my heart full to overflowing with joy and pride in this angel. Ernst declares that I spoil him. Ah, perhaps I do, but nevertheless it is a fact that I earnestly endeavour not to do so. After all, I can say of every one of my children what a friend of mine said of hers, that they are tolerably good; that is to say, they are not good enough for heaven.

This evening I am alone. Ernst is at our neighbour Sternhök's. It is my birthday to-day; but I have told no one, because I wished rather to celebrate it in a quiet communion with my own thoughts.

How at this moment the long past years come in review before me! I see myself once more in the house of my parents; in that good, joyful, beloved home! I see myself once more by thy side, my beloved and only sister, in that large, magnificent house, surrounded by meadows and villages. How we looked down upon them from high windows, and yet rejoiced that the sun streamed into the most lowly huts just as pleasantly as into our large saloons—everything seemed to us so well arranged.

Life then, Cecilia, was joyful and free from care. How we sate and wept over "Des Vœux Téméraires," and over "Feodor and Maria,"—such were our cares then. Our life was made up of song, and dance, and merriment, with our so many cheerful neighbours; with the most

accomplished of whom we got up enthusiasms for music and literature. We considered ourselves to be virtuous, because we loved those who loved us, and because we gave of our superfluity to those who needed it. Friendship was our passion. We were ready to die for friendship, but towards love we had hearts of stone. How we jested over our lovers, and what a pleasure would it not have been to us to act the parts of austere romance-heroines! How unmerciful we were, and—how easily our lovers consoled themselves! Then Ernst Frank came on a visit to us. The rumour of a learned and a strong-minded man preceded him and fixed our regards upon him, because women, whether well-informed or not themselves, are attracted by such men. Do you not remember how much he occupied our minds? how his noble person, his calm, self-assured demeanour, his frank, decided, yet always polite behaviour, charmed us at first, and then awed us?

One could say of him, that morally as well as physically he stood firmly. His deep mourning dress, together with an expression of quiet manly grief, which at times shaded his countenance, combined to make him interesting to us; nevertheless, you thought that he looked too stern, and I very soon lost in his presence my accustomed gaiety. Whenever his dark grave eyes were fixed upon me, I was conscious that they possessed a half bewitching, half oppressive power over me; I felt myself happy because of it, yet at the same time filled with anxiety; my very action was constrained, my hands became cold and did every thing blunderingly, nor ever did I speak so stupidly as when I observed that he listened. Aunt Lisette gave me one day this maxim, "My dear, remember what I now tell thee: if a man thinks that thou art a fool, it does not injure thee the least in his opinion; but if he once thinks that thou considerest him a fool, then art thou lost for ever with him!" With the last it may be just as it will—I have heard a clever young man declare that it would operate on him just like salt on fire—however, this is certain, that the first part of Aunt Lisette's maxim is correct, since my stupidity in Ernst's presence did not injure me at all in his opinion, and when he was kind and gentle, how inexpressibly agreeable he was!

His influence over me became greater each succeeding day: if his eyes beamed on me in kindness, it was as if a spring breeze passed through my soul; and if his glance was graver than common, I became still, and out of spirits. It seemed to me at times—and it is so even to this very day—that if this clear and wonderfully penetrating glance were only once, and with its full power, riveted upon me, my very heart would cease to beat. Yet after all, I am not sure whether I loved him. I hardly think I did; for when he was absent I then seemed to breathe so freely, yet at the same time, I would have saved his life by the sacrifice of my own.

In several respects we had no sympathies in common. He had no taste for music, which I loved passionately, and in reading too our feelings were so different. He yawned over my favourite romances, nay, he even sometimes would laugh when I was at the point of bursting into tears; I, on the contrary, yawned over his useful and learned books, and found them

more tedious than I could express. The world of imagination in which my thoughts delighted to exercise themselves, he valued not in the least, while the burdensome actuality which he was always seeking for in life, had no charm for me. Nevertheless, there were many points in which we accorded—these especially, were questions of morals—and whenever this was the case, it afforded both of us great pleasure.

And now came the time, Cecilia, in which you left me; when our fates separated themselves, although our hearts did not.

One day there were many strangers with us, and in the afternoon I played at shuttlecock with young cousin Ersil, to whom we were so kind, and who deserved our kindness so well. How it happened I cannot tell, but before long Ernst took his place, and was my partner in the game. He looked unusually animated, and I felt gayer than common. He threw the shuttlecock excellently, and with a firm hand, but always let it fly a little way beyond me, so that I was obliged to step back a few paces each time to catch it, and thus unconsciously to myself was I driven, in the merry sport, through a long suite of rooms, till we came at last to one where we were quite alone, and a long way from the company. All at once then Ernst left off his play, and a change was visible in his whole appearance. I augured something amiss, and would gladly have made my escape, but I felt powerless; and then Ernst spoke so from his heart, so fervently, and with such deep tenderness, that he took my heart at once to himself. I laid my hand, although tremblingly, in his, and, almost without knowing what I did, consented to go through life by his side.

I had just then passed my nineteenth year; and my beloved parents sanctioned the union of their daughter with a man so respectable and so universally esteemed, and one, moreover, whom everybody prophesied would rise to high consideration in the state—and Ernst, whose nature it was to accomplish everything rapidly which he undertook, managed it so that in a very short time our marriage was celebrated.

Some members of my family thought that by this union I had descended a step or two in life. I think not; on the contrary, the very reverse. I was of high birth, had several not distinguished family connexions, and was brought up in a brilliant circle, in all the superficial accomplishments of the day, amid superfluity and thoughtlessness. He was a man who had shaped out his own course in life, who, by his own honest endeavours, and through many self-denials, had raised his father's house from its depressed condition, and had made the future prospects of his mother and sister comfortable and secure: he was a man self-dependent, upright and good—yes, good, and that I discover more and more the deeper knowledge I obtain of his true character, even though the outward manner may be somewhat severe—in truth, I feel myself very inferior beside him.

The first year of our marriage we passed, at their desire, in the house of my parents; and if I could only have been less conscious of his superiority, and could only have been more certain that he was satisfied with me, nothing would have been wanting to my happiness. Everybody waited upon me; and perhaps it was on

this account, that Ernst in comparison seemed somewhat cold ; I was the petted child of my too kind parents ; I was thankless and peevish, and ah, some little of this still remains ! Nevertheless, it was during this very time, that, under the influence of my husband, the true beauty and reality of life became more and more perceptible to my soul. Married life and family ties, country and the world, revealed their true relationships, and their holy signification to my mind. Ernst was my teacher ; I looked up to him with love, but not without fear.

Many were the projects which we formed in these summer days, and which floated brightly before my romantic fancy. Among these was a journey on foot through the beautiful country west of Sweden, and this was one of the favourite schemes of my Ernst. His mother—from whom our little Petrea has derived her somewhat singular name—was of Norway, and many a beloved thought of her seemed to have interwoven itself with the valleys and mountains, which, as in a wonderfully-beautiful fairy tale, she had described to him in the stories she told. All these recollections are a sort of romantic region in Ernst's soul, and thither he betakes himself whenever he would refresh his spirit, or lay out something delightful for the future. "Next year," he would then exclaim, "will we take a journey !" And then we laid out together our route on the map, and I determined on the dress which I would wear as his travelling-companion when we would go and visit "that sea-engarlanded Norway." Ah ! there soon came for me other journeys.

It was during these days also that my first-born saw the light ; my beautiful boy ! who so fettered both my love and my thoughts that Ernst grew almost jealous. How often did I steal out of bed at night in order to watch him while he slept ! He was a lively, restless child, and it therefore was a peculiar pleasure for me to see him at rest ; besides which, he was so angelically lovely in sleep ! I could have spent whole nights bending over his cradle.

So far, Cecilia, all went with us as in a romance, out of which nourishment for heart and soul might be obtained in youth. But far other times came. In the first place, the sad change in the circumstances of my parents, which operated so severely on our position in life ; and then for me so many children—cares without end, grief and sickness ! My body and mind must both have given way under their burden, had Ernst not been the man he is.

It suited his character to struggle against the stream ; it was a sort of pleasure to him to combat with it, to meet difficulties, and to overcome them. With each succeeding year he imposed more business upon himself, and by degrees, through the most resolute industry, he was enabled to bring back prosperity to his house. And then how unwearingly kind he was to me ! How tenderly sustaining in those very moments, when without him I must have found myself so utterly miserable ! How many a sleepless night has he passed on my account ! How often has he soothed to sleep a sickly child in his arms ! And then, too, every child which came, as it were only to multiply his cares, and increase the necessity for his labour, was to him a delight—was received as a gift of

God's mercy—and its birth made a festival in the house. How my heart has thanked him, and how has his strength and assurance nerved me !

When little Gabriele was born, I was very near death ; and it is my firm belief that, without Ernst's care for me, I must then have parted from my little ones. During the time of great weakness which succeeded this, my foot scarcely ever touched the ground. I was carried by Ernst himself wherever I would. He was unwearied in goodness and patience towards the sick mother. Should she not now, that she is again in health, dedicate her life to him ! Ah, yes, that should she, and that will she ! Alas, that her ability is less strong than her will !

Do you know one thing, Cecilia, which often occasions me great trouble ! It is that I am not a clever housewife ; that I can neither take pleasure in all the little cares and details which the well-being of a house really requires, nor that I have memory for these things ; more especially is the daily caring for dinner irksome to me. I myself have but little appetite ; and it is so unpleasant to me to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning with my head full of schemes for cooking. By this means, it happens that sometimes my husband's domestic comforts are not such as he has a right to demand. Hitherto my weak health, the necessary care of the children, and our rather narrow circumstances, have furnished me with sufficient excuses ; but these now will avail me no longer ; my health is again established, and our greater prosperity furnishes the means for better household management.

On this account, I now exert myself to perform all my duties well ; but, ah ! how pleasant it will be when the little Louise is sufficiently grown up, that I may lay part of the housekeeping burdens on her shoulders. I fancy to myself that she will have peculiar pleasure in all these things.

I am to-day two and thirty years old. It seems to me that I have entered a new period of my life : my youth lies behind me, I am advanced into middle age, and I well know what both this and my husband have a right to demand from me. May a new and stronger being awake in me ! May God support me, and Ernst be gentle towards his erring wife !

Ernst should have married a more energetic woman. My nervous weakness makes my temper irritable, and I am so easily annoyed. His activity of mind often disturbs me more than it is reasonable or right that it should ; for instance, I get regularly into a state of excitement, if he only steadfastly fixes his eyes on a wall, or on any other object. I immediately begin to fancy that we are going instantly to have a new door opened, or some other change brought about. And oh ! I have such a great necessity for rest and quiet !

One change which is about to take place in our house I cannot anticipate without uneasiness. It is the arrival of a Candidate of Philosophy, Jacob Jacobi, as tutor for the children. He will this summer take my wild boy under his charge, and instruct the sisters in writing, drawing, and arithmetic ; and in the autumn, accompany my first-born to a great school. I dread

this new member in our domestic circle; he may, if he be not amiable, so easily introduce annoyance into it; yet if he be amiable, he will be so heartily welcome to me, especially as assistant in the wearisome writing lessons, with their eternal "Henrik, sit still!"—"Hold the pen properly, Louise!"—"Look at the copy, Leonore!"—"Don't forget the points and strokes, Eva!"—"Petrea, don't wipe out the letters with your nose!" Beyond all this, my first-born begins to have less and less esteem for my Latin knowledge; and Ernst is sadly discontented with his wild pranks. Jacobi will give him instruction, together with Nils Gabriel, the son of the Sheriff Sternhök, a most industrious and remarkably sensible boy, from whose influence on Henrik I augur great things.

The Candidate is warmly recommended to us by a friend of my husband, the excellent Bishop B.; yet notwithstanding this, his actions at the University did not particularly redound to his honour. Through credulity and folly, he has run through a nice little property which had been left him by three old aunts, who had brought him up and spoiled him into the bargain. Indeed, his career has hitherto not been quite a correct one. Bishop B. conceals nothing of all this, but says that he is much attached to the young man; praises his head, and his excellent gifts as a preceptor, and prays us to receive him cordially, with all parental tenderness, into our family. We shall soon see whether he be deserving of such hearty sympathy. For my part, I must confess that my motherly tenderness for him is as yet fast asleep.

Yet, after all, this inmate does not terrify me half as much as a visit with which I am shortly threatened. Of course you have heard of the lady of the late Major S., the beautiful Emilie, my husband's "old flame," as I call her, out of a little malice for all the vexation her perfections, which are so very opposite to mine, have occasioned me. She has been now for several years a widow, has lived long abroad, and now will pay us a visit on her return to her native Jand. Ernst and she have always kept up the most friendly understanding with each other, although she refused his hand; and that is a noble characteristic of my Ernst, and one which, in his sex, is not often found, that this rejection did not make him indifferent to the person who gave it. On the contrary, he professes the most warm admiration of this Emilie, and has not ceased to correspond with her; and I, for I read all their letters, cannot but confess her extraordinary knowledge and powers of mind. But to know all this near is what I would indeed be very gladly excused, since I cannot help thinking that my husband's "old flame" has something of cold-heartedness in her, and my heart has not great inclination to become warm towards her.

It strikes ten o'clock. Ernst will not come home before twelve. I shall leave you now, Cecilia, that — shall I confess my secret to you? You know that one of my greatest pleasures is the reading of a good novel, but this pleasure I have almost entirely renounced, because whenever I have a really interesting one in my hand, I find it so difficult to lay it down before I reach the last page. That, however, does not answer in my case; and since the time

when through the reading of Madame De Staël's *Corinne*, two dinners, one great wash, and seventeen lesser domestic affairs, all came to a stand still, and my domestic peace nearly suffered shipwreck, I have made a resolution to give up all novel-reading, at least for the present. But still it is so necessary for me to have a literary relaxation of one kind or another, that since I have determined to read no more novels, I have myself begun to write one. Yes, Cecilia, my youthful habits will not leave me, even in the midst of the employments and prosaic cares of every-day life; and the flowers which once cast their fragrance so sweetly around me, will yet once more bloom for me in remembrance, and encircle my drooping head with a refreshing garland. The joyful days which I passed by your side; the impressions and the agreeable scenes—now they seem doubly so—which made our youth so beautiful, so lively, and so fresh—all these I will work out into one insignificant picture, before the regular flight of years has made them perish from my soul. This employment enlivens and strengthens me; and if, in an evening, my nervous toothache, which is the certain result of over-exertion or of vexation, comes on, there is nothing which will dissipate it like the going on with my little romance. For this very reason, therefore, because this evening my old enemy has plagued me more than common, I have recourse to my innocent opiate.

But Ernst shall not find me awake when he returns: this I have promised him. Good night, best Cecilia!

We will now, in this place, give a little description of the letter-writer—of the mother of Henrik, Louise, Eva, Leonore, Petrea, and Gabrielle.

Beautiful she certainly was not, but nature had given to her a noble growth, which was still as fine and delicate as that of a young girl. The features were not regular, but the mouth was fresh and bewitching; the complexion fair, the lips of a lovely bright red, and the clear blue-eyes soft and kind. All her actions were graceful: she had beautiful hands—which is something particularly lovely in a lady—yet she was not solicitous to keep them always in view, and this beautified them still more. She dressed with much taste, almost always in light colours; this, and the soft rose scent which she loved, and which always accompanied her, lent to her whole being a something especially mild and agreeable. One might compare her to moonlight; she moved softly, and her voice was low and sweet, which, as Shakspeare says, is "an excellent thing in woman." Seeing her, as one often might do, reclining on a soft couch, playing with a flower or caressing a child, one could scarcely fancy her the superintendent of a large household, with all its appertaining work-people and servants; and beyond this, as the instructor of many children: yet love and sense of duty had led her to the performance of all this, had reconciled her to that which her natural inclinations were so averse to; nay, by degrees, indeed, had made these very cares dear to her—whatever concerned the children lay near to her heart; whilst order, pleasantness, and peace regulated the house. The contents of the linen-press were dear to her; a snow-white table-

cloth was her delight; grey linen, dust, and flies, were hated by her, as far as she could hate anything.

But let us now proceed with our narrative.

We left Elise at her manuscript, by which she became soon so deeply occupied that the clock struck eleven unperceived by her; nor was she aware of the flight of time till a sudden terror thrilled her as she heard her husband return. To throw her manuscript into her drawer, and quickly undress, had been an easy thing for her, and she was about to do so, when the thought occurred, "I have never hitherto kept my proceedings secret from Ernst, and to-day I will not begin to do so;" and with these thoughts she remained at her writing-table till he entered the room.

"What! yet up, and writing?" said he, with a displeased glance. "Is it thus you keep your promise, Elise?"

"Pardon me, Ernst," said she; "I had forgotten myself."

"And for what purpose," asked he, "are you writing? No, let me see! What! a novel, as I live! Now, what use is this?"

"What use is it?" returned Elise. "Ah, to give me pleasure."

"But people should have sense and reason in their pleasures," said the Judge. "Now it gives me no pleasure at all that you should sit up at night ruining your eyes on account of a miserable novel; if there were a fire here I would burn it!"

"It would be a great deal better," returned Elise, mildly, "if you went to bed and said your prayers piously, rather than thought about such an *auto-da-fé*. How have you amused yourself at the Sheriff's?"

"You want now to be mixing the cards," said he. "Look at me, Elise; you are pale; your pulse is excited! Say my prayers, indeed! I have a great mind to give you a lecture! Is it reasonable—is it prudent, to sit up at night and become pale, in order to write what is good for nothing? It really makes me quite angry that you can be so foolish, so childish. It actually is not worth while your going to baths, sending to the east and to the west to consult physicians, and giving oneself all kind of trouble to regain your health, when after all you go and do every possible thing in the world to destroy it!"

"Do not be angry, Ernst," besought Elise; "do not look so stern on me to-night, Ernst; no, not to-night."

"Yes, indeed!" replied he, but in a tone which had become at once milder, "because it is two-and-thirty years to-day since you came into the world, do you think that you have a right to be absolutely childish?"

"Put that down to my account," said Elise, smiling, yet with a tear in her eye.

"Put it down to your account," repeated the Judge. "Yes, I suppose so. People go on putting down to the account till all and every thing goes mad. I should like to pack all novels and novel-writers out of the world together! The world never will be wise till that is done; nor will you either. In the meantime, however, it is as well that I have found you awake, else I must have woken you to prove that you cannot conceal from me, not even for

once, how old you are. Here then is the punishment for your bad intention."

"Ah! Walter Scott's romances!" exclaimed Elise, receiving a set of volumes from her husband; "and such a magnificent edition! Thanks! thanks! you good, best Ernst! But you are a beautiful lawgiver; you promote the very things which you condemn."

"Promise me, only," returned he, "not to spend the night in reading or writing novels. Think only how precious your health is to so many of us! Do you think I should be so provoked, if you were less dear to me? In a few years, Elise," added he, "when the children are older, and you are stronger, we will turn a summer to really good account, and take our Norwegian journey. You shall breathe the fresh mountain air, and see the beautiful valleys and the sea, and that will do you much more good than all the mineral waters in the world. But come, now, let us go and see the children; we will not wake them, however, although I have brought with me some confectionary, which I can lay on their pillows. There is an apple for you."

The married pair went into the children's room, where the faithful old Fin-woman, Brigitta, lay and guarded, like the dragon, her treasures. The children slept as children sleep. The father stroked the beautiful curling hair of the boy, but impressed a kiss on the rosy cheek of each girl. After this the parents returned to their own chamber. Elise lay down to rest; her husband sat down to his desk, but so as to shade the light from his wife. The low sounds of a pen moving on paper came to her ear as if in sleep. As the clock struck two she awoke, and he was still writing.

Few men required and allowed themselves so little rest as Ernst Frank.

CHAPTER II.

THE CANDIDATE.

It was in the twilight. The children were at play in the great hall, swarming about in holes and corners, when the sudden stopping of a travelling carriage before the door operated upon the wild little flock, much as a stream of cold water on a swarm of bees. The queen-bee of the children-swarm, the wise little Louise, sat herself down at the window, and four other little heads clustered themselves about her, fervent and inquisitive, and almost pushing her away in their impatient zeal to get a peep at the arrival.

It was a gentleman who stepped lightly out of that travelling carriage, but whether young or old, the children could not see; this, however, they saw, that their father came quickly to the door, shook the traveller by the band, and conducted him into the house; whilst a very small portmanteau was carried after him. Seeing this, the little swarm hastened to their mother; to whom they gave, in all possible degrees of tone, from a low whisper to a loud announcement, the information that for certain "the tutor was come."

Elise, who had company with her, calmed with a "yes, yes!" and "so!" the excited state of

the children. Louise composed herself quickly; and, as it seemed to have occurred to her that she had somewhat forgotten her own dignity, she seated herself quietly, and becomingly among the "grown people," whilst the other children gathered themselves in a little group in one corner of the room, whispering and wondering; and whoever had looked at them might have seen many a time Petrea's nose peering forth from the little group.

Judge Frank sent to announce to his wife the arrival of the expected guest, who would be introduced to her as soon as he had completed his toilette. Presently afterwards another messenger came, desiring curling-irons for the Candidate.

"It is an amazingly long toilette!" thought Elise many a time during the full hour which elapsed in waiting; and it must be confessed that her nose more than once during the hour took the same direction as Petrea's.

At last the steps of two gentlemen were heard, and there advanced through the open parlour door a well-shod foot and a handsome leg, belonging to a well-formed though somewhat compressed figure, which carried a twenty-year-old head, of a jovial, comely appearance, gracefully on its shoulders, and was all, from head to foot, appareled in the newest mode. This was the Candidate. He cast a glance first at his foot, and then at the lady of the house, whom he approached with the most unconstrained self-possession, exhibiting the while a row of dazzlingly white teeth. Odour of *eau de Portugal* diffused itself through the room.

The Judge, who followed, and whose bearing and simple demeanour contrasted with those of the new guest, introduced the candidate Jacobi. Various unimportant polite speeches were made by everybody, and then they all took their seats. The children then came forward, and made their bows and curtsies. Henrik eyed his future preceptor with a joyous, confiding glance; Louise curtsied very becomingly, and then made several steps backward as the young man seemed inclined to take the great liberty of kissing her; whilst Petrea turned up her nose with an inquisitive, saucy air. The Candidate took the kindest notice of them all; shook all of them by the hand; inquired their names; looked at himself in the glass; and arranged his curls.

"What kind of being have we got here?" thought Elise with secret anxiety. "He is a fop—a perfect fop! How could Bishop B—choose him out as teacher for my poor little children? He will think much more of looking at himself in the glass than of looking after them. The fine breast-pin that he is wearing is of false stones. He laughs to shew his white teeth. An actual fop—a fool perhaps! There, now, he looks at himself again in the glass!"

Elise sought to catch her husband's eye, but he evidently avoided meeting hers; yet something of discontent, and something of embarrassment too, shewed itself in his manner. The Candidate, on the contrary, appeared not in the slightest degree embarrassed, but reclined perfectly at his ease in an arm chair, and cast searching glances on three ladies, who evidently were strangers in the company. The eldest of these, who kept on sewing incessantly, appeared to be upwards of forty, and was distinguished

by a remarkably quiet, bright, and friendly aspect. Judge Frank and she talked much together. The other two appeared neither of them to have attained her twentieth year: the one was pale and fair; the other a pretty brunette; both of them were agreeable, and looked good and happy. These ladies were introduced to Jacobi as Miss Evelina Burndes and her adopted daughters, Laura and Karie. Laura had always one of the children on her knee, and it was upon her that his eyes were most particularly fixed. Perhaps it was no wonder, for it indeed was a pretty picture—Laura, with the lovely little Gabriele on her knee, decorated with the flowers, bracelets, necklace; in short, with all the pretty things that just before had ornamented herself.

The conversation soon became general, and was remarkably easy, and the Candidate had an opportunity of taking his part well and interestingly in it, whilst speaking of certain distinguished men in the University from which he was just come. Elise mentioned one celebrated man whom she had a great desire to see, upon which Jacobi said he had lately made a little sketch of him, which, on her expressing a wish to see it, he hastened to fetch.

He returned with a portfolio containing many drawings and pictures; partly portraits, and partly landscapes of his own pencil; they were not deficient in talent, and afforded pleasure to the company. First one portrait was recognised and then another, and at last the Candidate himself. The children were quite enchanted, and thronged with enthusiasm round the table. The Candidate placed some of them on his knee, and seemed particularly observant of their pleasure, and it was not long therefore before they appeared entirely to forget that he was only a new acquaintance—all at least excepting Louise, who held herself rather *fière*, and "the baby," which was quite ungracious towards him.

Above all the pictures which the portfolio contained, were the children most affected and enchanted by one in sepia, which represented a girl kneeling before a rose-bush, from which she was gathering roses, whilst a lyre lay against a gravestone near her.

"Oh, how sweet! how divinely beautiful!" exclaimed they. Petrea seemed as if she actually could not remove her eyes from the charming-picture, which the Candidate himself also seemed to consider the gem of his little collection.

It was the custom at the Franks, that every evening, as soon as the clock had struck eight, the little herd of children, conducted by Louise, withdrew to their bed-chamber, which had once occasioned the wakeful Petrea to say, that night was the worst thing God had ever made: for which remark she received a reproving glance from Louise, accompanied by the maxim, "that people should not talk in that way."

In order, however, to celebrate the present day, which was a remarkable one, the children were permitted to take supper with their parents, and even to sit up as late as they did. The prospect of this indulgenae, the Candidate, the pictures, all combined to elevate the spirits of the children in no ordinary degree; so much so, indeed, that Petrea had the boldness, whilst they were regaling on roast chicken, to propose to the

Candidate that the picture of the girl and the rose-bush should be put up for a prize on the breaking of a merrythought between them; promising, that if she had the good fortune to win it, she would give as a recompense, a picture of her own composition, which should represent some scene in a temple. Louise appeared scandalized at her sister's proposal, and shook her little white hand at her.

The mother also violently opposed Petrea's proposition; and she, poor girl, became scarlet, and deeply abashed before the reproving glances which were cast upon her; yet the Candidate was good-natured enough, after the first astonishment was over, to yield in the most cheerful manner to Petrea's proposal, and zealously to declare that the affair should be managed just as she would. He accordingly set himself, with an appearance of great accuracy and zeal, to measure the length of both limbs of the merrythought, and then counted three; the mother all this time hoping with herself that he would so manage it that he himself should retain the head—but no! the head remained in Petrea's hand, and she uttered a loud cry of joy. After supper, the parents again opposed what had taken place; but the Candidate was so cheerful and so determined that it should remain as it was settled already, that Petrea, the happiest of mortals, ventured to carry out the girl and rose-bush as her own property; yet, for all this, she did not miss a motherly warning by the way, which mingled some tears with her joy. The Candidate however had, in the mean time, on account of his kindness towards the children generally, and his good-nature towards Petrea in particular, made a favourable impression on the parents.

"Who knows," said Elise to her husband, "but that he may turn out very well. He has, it is true, his faults, but he has his good qualities too; there is something really very agreeable in his voice and countenance; but he must leave off that habit of looking at himself so continually in his glass."

"I feel assured that he must have worth," said the Judge, "from the recommendation of my friend B. This vanity, and these foppish habits of his, we shall soon know how to get rid of; the man himself is unquestionably good; and, dear Elise, be kind to him, and manage so that he shall feel at home with us."

The children, also, in their place of rest, made their observations on the Candidate.

"I think he is much handsomer than my father," said little Petrea.

"I think," said Louise, in a tone of correction, "that nobody can be more perfect than my father."

"That is true, excepting mother;" exclaimed Eva, out of her little bed.

"Ah," said Petrea, "I like him so much; he has given me that lovely picture! Do you know what I shall call that girl? I shall call her Rosa; and I'll tell you a long story about her. There was once upon a time —"

All the sisters listened eagerly, for Petrea could relate better and prettier stories than any of them. It was therefore said among themselves that Petrea was very clever; but as Louise was desirous that Petrea should not build much on this opinion, she now listened to her history without bestowing upon it one token

of applause, although it was found to be sufficiently interesting to keep the whole little auditorium awake till midnight.

"What is to become of my preserves?" thought Elise, one day, as she remarked the quantity which vanished from the plate of the Candidate; but when that same evening she saw the little Gabriele merrily, and without reproach, pulling about his curls; when she saw him join the children at their play, and make every game which they played instructive to them; when she saw him armed with a great paper weapon, which he called his sword, and deal about blows to those who counted false, thereby exciting greater activity of mind as well as more mirth, she thought to herself, "he may eat just as much preserves as he likes; I will take care that he never goes short of them."

If, however, the Candidate rose higher in the regards of one party, there still was another with which his actions did not place him in the best point of view. This was Brigitta, to whom the care of some few things in the house were confided; and she began to look troubled, and out of sorts. For several days, whatever her cause of annoyance might be, she preserved silence, till one evening, when expanding the nostrils of her little snubby nose, she thus addressed her mistress:

"The gracious lady must be so good as to give out to the cook just twice as much coffee as usual; because if things are to go on in this way, we cannot do with less. He, the master there, empties the little coffee-pot himself every morning! Never, in all my life, have I seen such a coffee-bibber!"

The following evening came a new announcement of trouble.

"Now it is not alone a coffee-bibber," said poor Brigitta, with a gloomy countenance and wide-staring eyes, "but a calf it is, and a devourer of rusks! What do you think, gracious lady, but the rusk-basket, which I filled only yesterday, is to-day as good as empty—only two rusks and two or three crumbs remaining! Then for cream! Why every morning he empties the jug!"

"Ah, it is very good," said Elise mildly, yet evasively, "that he enjoys things so much."

"And only look, in heaven's name!" lamented poor Brigitta another day, "he is also quite a sugar-rat! Why dear, gracious lady, he must put in at least twenty pieces of sugar into one cup of coffee, or he never could empty a sugar-basin as he does! I must beg you to give me the key of the chest, that I may fill it again. God grant that all this may have a good ending!"

Brigitta could venture to say much, for she had grown old in the house; had carried Elise as a child in her arms; and from affection to her, had followed her when she left her father's house: besides this, she was a most excellent guardian for the children; but as now these complaints of hers were too frequently repeated, Elise said to her seriously, "Dear Brigitta, let him eat and drink as much as he likes, without any observation: I would willingly allow him a pound of sugar and coffee a day, if he only became, as I hope he may, a good friend and preceptor for the children."

Brigitta walked away quite provoked, and:

grumbling to herself: "Well, well!" said she, "old Brita can be silent, yes, that she can;—well, well! we shall see what will be the end of it. Sugar and rusks he eats, and salt-fish he can't eat!—well, well!"

All this time Jacobi was passing his days in peace, little imagining of the clouds which were gathering over his head, or of his appellations of coffee-bibber, calf, rusk-devourer, and sugar-rat; and with each succeeding day it became more evident that Elise's hopes of him were well-grounded. He developed even more and more a good and amiable disposition, and the most remarkable talents as teacher. The children became attached to him with the most intense affection; nor did their obedience and reverence for him as preceptor prevent them, in their freer hours, from playing him all kind of little pranks. Petrea was especially rich in such inventions; and he was too kind, too much delighted with their pleasure, not willingly to assist, or even at times allow himself to be the butt of their jokes.

Breakfast, which for the elder members of the family was commonly served at eleven o'clock, furnished the children with an excellent opportunity for their amusement. The Candidate was particularly fond of eggs, and therefore, when under a bulky-looking napkin he expected to find some, he not unfrequently discovered, instead of eggs, balls of worsted, playing-balls, and other such indigestible articles; on which discovery of his, a stifled laughter would commonly be heard at the door, and a cluster of children's heads be visible, which he in pretended anger assailed with the false eggs, and which quickly withdrew amid peals of laughter. Often too, when, according to old Swedish usage, he would take a glass of spirits, he found pure water instead of Cognac in his mouth; and the little advocates of temperance were always near enough to enjoy his astonishment, although sufficiently distant, also, that not one drop of the shower which was then sent at them should reach them, though it made them leap high enough for delight. And really it was wonderful how often these little surprises could be repeated, and how the Candidate let himself so constantly be surprised. But he was too much occupied by his own thoughts (the thoughts of course of a student of philosophy), in order to be on his guard against the tricks of these young merry-andrews. One day—

But before we proceed farther we must observe, that although the toilette of the Candidate seemed externally to be always so well supplied, yet still it was, in fact, in but a very indifferent condition. No wonder, therefore, was it, that though his hat outwardly was always well brushed, and was apparently in good order, yet that it had within a sadly tattered lining.

One day, therefore, as the Candidate had laid his hat in a corner of the room, and was sitting near the sofa in a very earnest conversation, Henrik, Petrea, and Eva gathered themselves about that symbol of freedom with the most suspicious airs and gestures of conspiracy. Nobody paid any attention to them, when after awhile the Candidate rose to leave the room, and going through the door would have put on his hat,—but, behold! a very singular revolution

had taken place within it, and a mass of tin soldiers, stones, matches, and heaven knows what besides, came rattling down upon his head; and even one little chimney-sweeper fell astride on his nose. Nothing could compare with the immeasurable delight of the children at the astonishment of the Candidate, and the comic grimaces and head-shakings with which he received this their not very polite jest.

No wonder was it, therefore, that the children loved the Candidate so well.

The little Louise, however, who more and more began to reckon herself as one of the grown people, and only very rarely took part in the conspiracies against the Candidate, shook her head at this prank of her brother and sisters, and looked out a new piece of dark silk from her drawer (Louise was a hoarder by nature), possessed herself secretly of the Candidate's hat, and with some little help from her mother, had then her secret pleasure also, and could laugh in her own sleeve at his amazement when he discovered a bran new lining in his hat.

"Our Louise is a sensible little girl," said the Judge, well pleased, to his wife, who had made him a third in this plot; and after that day she was called both by father and mother "our sensible little Louise."

Scarcely had Jacobi been three weeks in the family of the Franks, before Elise felt herself disposed to give him a new title, that of Disputer-General, so great was the ability he discovered to dispute on every subject, from human free-will to rules for cookery; nay, even for the eating of eggs.

On this subject Elise wrote thus to her sister Cecilia:—"But however polite and agreeable the Candidate may be generally, still he is just as wearisome and obstinate in disputation; and as there is nobody in the house that makes any pretension to rival him in certain subtleties of argument, he is in great danger of considering himself a miracle of metaphysical light, which he is not, I am persuaded, by any means, since he has much more skill in reading down than in building up, in perplexing than in making clear. Ernst is no friend of metaphysical hair-splitting, and when Jacobi begins to doubt the most perceptible and most certain things—'what is perceptible, what is certain?' the Candidate will inquire—he grows impatient, shrugs his shoulders, goes to his writing-table, and leaves me to combat it out, although, for my part, I would gladly have nothing to do with it. Should I, however, for a while carry on the contest boldly, the scholar then will overwhelm me with learned words and arguments, and then I too flee, and leave him *maître du champ de bataille*. He believes then that I am convinced, at least of his power, which yet however is not the case; and if fortune does not bestow upon me a powerful ally against him, he may imagine so. Nevertheless, I am not without some curiosity to hear a system which he has promised to explain to me this evening, and according to which everything in the world ought to be so good and consistent. These subjects have always an interest for me, and remind me of the time when you and I, Cecilia, like two butterflies, went fluttering over the earth, pausing about its flowers, and building up for ourselves pretty theories on the origin of life and all things. Since then I

had almost forgotten them. Think only if the mythology of our youth should present itself again in the system of the Candidate !”

Here Elise was interrupted by the entrance of the troop of children.

“Might we borrow Gabriele !” “Mother, lend us Gabriele !” besought several coaxing little voices.

“Gabriele, wilt thou not come and play with us !” and with those words Petrea held up a gingerbread heart, which so operated on the heart of the little one, that at once she yielded to the wishes of brother and sisters.

“Ah, but you must take great care of her, my little angel !” said the mother ; “Louise, dear, take her under your charge ; look after her, and see that no harm befall her !”

“Yes, of course ;” said Louise, with a consequential countenance : and the jubilant children carried off the borrowed treasure.

Elise took her work, and the Candidate, with a look of great importance, seated himself before her, in order to initiate her into the mysteries of his system. Just, however, at the moment when he had opened his mouth to begin, after having hemmed a few times, a shrill little barking, and the words, “your most devoted servant,” were heard at the door, and a person entered curtsying with an air of conscious worth, and with a little poodle in her arms—a person with whom we will have the honour to commence a new chapter.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHAMBERLAIN'S LADY.

WHERE is there not *haute volée* ? Above the heavenly hosts are outspread the wings of cherubim and seraphim ; and in the poultry-yards of earth the geese exalt their wings high over the other lesser feathered creatures. It belongs to the ordination of the world.

The Chamberlain's lady, Gunilla W., belonged incontestably to the highest *haute volée* in the excellent city of X., where we have had the honour of making the acquaintance of the family of the Franks. She was the sister of the Sheriff Sternhök, and inhabited the third story of the house of which the Franks inhabited the second, and Evelina Berndes the first.

This lady had spent her youth at Court, and passed many a day of wearisome constraint, and many a night in making those clothes which were to conceal from the world how poor Miss Gunilla was ; yet neither night nor day did she complain either of constraint or of poverty, for she possessed under a plain exterior a strong and quiet spirit.

An old aunt used to preach to her thus : “Eat, that thou mayst grow stout ; if thou art stout, thou wilt grow handsome ; and if thou art handsome, thou wilt get married.”

Miss Gunilla, who never ate much, and who did not eat one mouthful more for this warning, grew neither fat nor handsome ; yet on account of her excellent disposition she was beloved by every one, and especially by a young rich Chamberlain of the court, who, through his own good qualities and excellent heart, won her affections, and thus Miss Gunilla became Mistress. After

this, in the circle of her friends she was accustomed to be called Mrs. Gunilla ; which freedom we also shall sometimes take with her here.

Shortly after her marriage, and in consequence of cold, her husband became a sad invalid. For thirty years she lived separated from the world, a faithful and lonely attendant of the sick man ; and what she bore and what she endured the world knew not, for she endured all in silence. For several years her husband could not bear the light ; she learned, therefore, to knit in darkness, and thus made a large knitted carpet. “Into this carpet,” said she, as she once spoke accidentally of herself, “have I knit many tears !”

One of the many hypochondriacal fancies of her husband was, that he was about to fall into a yawning abyss, and only could believe himself safe so long as he held the hand of his wife. Thus for one month after another she sate by his couch.

At length, the grave opened for him ; and thanking his wife for the happiness he had enjoyed in the house of sickness on earth, he sank to rest, in the full belief of a land of blessedness beyond. When he was gone, it seemed to her as if she were of no more use than an old almanack ; but here also again her soul raised itself under its burden, and she regulated her life with peace and decision. In course of years she grew more cheerful, and the originality of her talents and disposition which nature had given to her, and which, in her solitude, had undisturbedly followed their own bent, brought a freshness with them into social life, into which she entered at first rather from resolution than from feeling at ease in it.

“The Lord ordains all things for the best ;” that had always been, and still remained, the firm anchorage of her soul. But it was not this alone which gave to her the peace and gentleness which announced themselves in her voice, and diffused a true grace over her aged and not handsome countenance ; for even as the sunken sun often throws the loveliest light upon the earth which it has left, so does a beloved, but departed human being cast a light of holy remembrance on the remaining solitary friend. Mrs. Gunilla herself lived in such remembrance ; she knew it not, but ever since the death of her husband the dark pictures of her suffering had vanished more and more, and her own person, dignified by patience and suffering, became ennobled as by a transfiguration ; the light which was in her soul cast a glory around her. She seldom mentioned the name of her husband ; but when she did so, it was like a breath of summer air in voice and countenance.

She collected good people about her, and loved to promote their happiness ; and whenever there was a young couple whose narrow circumstances, or whose fears for the future, filled them with anxiety, or a young but indigent man who was about to fall into debt and difficulty, Mrs. Gunilla was ever at hand, even though she came late. She had nevertheless her faults, and these, as we proceed, we shall become acquainted with.

We shall now endeavour to sketch her portrait—the size of life. Age between fifty and sixty ; figure tall, stiff, well-made, not too thin ; beside Jeremias Munter she might be called

stout; complexion, pale yellow; the nose and chin coming together, the mouth falling in; the eyes grey and small, forehead smooth, and agreeably shaded by silver hair; the hands still handsome, and between the thumb and delicate tip of the forefinger a pinch of snuff, which was commonly held in certain prospective towards the nose, whilst with an elbow resting on the arm of sofa or easy chair, she gave little lectures or read aloud, for it was one of her weaknesses to suppose that she knew every thing.

During her long hermit-life she had been accustomed wholly to neglect her toilette; and her old silk gown, from which the wadding peeped out from many a hole, especially at the elbows; her often-mended collar, and her drooping cap, the ribbons of which were flecked with many a stain of snuff, were always a trouble to Elise's love of order and purity. Notwithstanding all this, there was a certain air about Mrs. Gunilla, which carried off all; and with her character, rank, property, and consideration, she was *haute volée*, spite of torn gown and snuff-beflecked ribbons, and had great influence among the best society of the city.

She considered herself somewhat related to Elise, was very fond of her, and used very often to impart to her, her opinions on education (N.B. —Mrs. Gunilla never had children)—on which account many people in the city accused Elise of weakness towards the *haute volée*, and the postmistress Bask and the general-shopkeeper Snur considered it quite as much a crime as a failing.

There was in Mrs. Gunilla's voice, manners, and bearing, a something very imposing; her curtsy was usually very stately and low, and this brings us again to her entrance into Elise's room. Elise, the moment she entered, quickly rose and welcomed her, introducing Jacobi at the same time.

At the first glance, Jacobi uttered an exclamation of joyful surprise, approached her with an appearance of the greatest cordiality, seized her hand, which he kissed reverentially, and felicitated himself on the happiness of seeing her again.

The little eyes of the Chamberlain's lady twinkled, and she exclaimed, "O heavens! my heart's dearest! Nay, that is very pleasant! He, he, he!"

"How!" exclaimed Elise in astonishment, "Mr. Jacobi, do you know—Aunt W., do you know Mr. Jacobi?"

The Candidate appeared about to give an explanation, but this Mrs. Gunilla, with a faint crimson overspreading the pale yellow cheek, and a twitch of the eyebrow, prevented, and with a quick voice she said, "We once lived in the same house."

She then desired that the conversation which her entrance had interrupted, and which appeared to have been very important, might proceed. "At least," added she, with a penetrating glance on Elise and the Candidate, "if I should not disturb you."

"Certainly not!" was the reply from both parties.

The Candidate needed only the sixteenth of a hint to rush armed with full fervour into the mysteries of his system. Mrs. Gunilla took out a packet of old gold thread, which she set her-

self to unravel, whilst the Candidate coughed and prepared himself.

CHAPTER IV.

MONADS AND NOMADS.

"ALL beings," commenced the Candidate, "have, as their most intrinsic foundation and substance, a simple unity, a soul, a—in a word, a monad."

"A—a what?" asked the Chamberlain's lady, fixing her eyes upon him.

"A monad, or a simple unity," continued he. "The monads have a common resemblance in substance with one another; but in respect of qualities, of power, and size, they are substantially unlike. There are the monads of people; there are human monads, animal monads, vegetable monads; in short, the world is full of monads—they compose the world—"

"Heart's dearest!" interrupted the old lady, in a tone of displeasure, "I don't understand one word of all this! What stuff it is! What are monads?—fill the world, do they?—I see no monads!"

"You see me, dear lady," said Jacobi, "and yourself. You are yourself a monad."

"I a monad!" exclaimed she, in disgust.

"Yes, certainly," replied he, "your Honour, just the same as any other living creature—"

"But," again interrupted she, "I must tell you, dear friend, that I am neither a monad nor a creature, but a human being—a sinful human-being it is true—but one that God, in any case, created in his own image."

"Yes, certainly, certainly," acceded the Candidate. "I acknowledge a principal monad, from which all other monads emanate."

"What!" exclaimed she, "is our Lord God to be a monad also?"

"He may be so designated," said the Candidate, "on account of oneness, and also to preserve uniformity as to name. For the rest, I believe that the monads, from the beginning, are gifted with a self-sustaining strength, through which they are generated into the corporeal world; that is to say, take a bodily shape, live, act, nay, even strive—that is to say, would remove themselves from one body into another without the immediate influence of the Principal Monad. The monads are in perpetual motion—perpetual change, and always place and arrange themselves according to their power and will. If, now, we regard the world from this point of view, it presents itself to us in the clearest and most excellent manner. In all spheres of life we see how the principal monad assembles all the subject monads around itself as organs and members. Thus are nations and states, arts and sciences, fashioned; thus every man creates his own world, and governs it according to his ability; for there is no such thing as free-will, as people commonly imagine, but the monad in man directs what he shall become, and what in regard to—"

"That I don't believe," interrupted Mrs. Gunilla; "since, if my soul, or monad, as you would call it, had guided me according to its pleasure, it would have led me to do many wicked things; and if our Lord God had not chastised me, and in his mercy directed me to something that was good, it would have gone mad enough with my nomadic soul—that I can tell you."

"But, your Honour," said Jacobi, "I don't deny at all the influence of a principal monad, on the contrary, I acknowledge; and it is precisely this influence upon your monad which—"

"And I assert," exclaimed she, warming, and again interrupting him, "that we should do nothing that was right, if you could establish your nomadic government, instead of the government of our Lord God. What good could I get from your nomads?"

"Monads," said the Candidate, correcting her.

"And supposing your monads," continued Mrs. Gunilla, "do keep in such perpetual movement, and do arrange themselves so properly, what good will that do me in moments of temptation and need? It is far wiser and better that I say and believe that our Lord God will guide us according to his wisdom and good, than if I should believe that a heap of your nomads—"

"Monads, monads!" exclaimed the Candidate.

"Monads or nomads," answered Mrs. Gunilla, "it is all one—he so good as to let my cotton alone—your nomads may be as magnificent and mighty as they please, and they may govern themselves, and may live and strive according to their own wisdom; yet I cannot see how the world, for all that, can be in the least the more regular, or even one little grain the more pleasant to look at. And why are things so bad here? Why, precisely for this very reason, because you good people fancy yourselves such powerful monads, and think so much of your own strength, without being willing to know that you are altogether poor sinners, who ought to beseech our Lord God to govern their poor nomadic souls, in order that they might become a little better. It is precisely such nomadic notions as these that we have to thank for all kind of pettifogging pranks, for all uproars and broken windows. If you had only less of nomads, and more of sensible men in you, one should live in better peace on the earth."

The Candidate was quite confounded; he had never been used to argument like this, and stared at Mrs. Gunilla with open mouth; whilst little Pyrrhus, excited by the warmth of his mistress, leapt upon the table, and barking shrilly seemed disposed to spring at the Candidate's nose. All this appeared so comic, that Elise could no longer keep back the merriment which she had felt during the former part of the dispute, and Jacobi himself accompanied her hearty laugh. Mrs. Gunilla, however, looked very bitter; and the Candidate, nothing daunted, began again.

"But, in the name of all the world," said he, "your Honour will not understand me: we speak only in one sense of observing the world—in a sense which its phenomena can clearly expound themselves. Monadology, rightly understood, does not oppose the ideas of the Christian religion, as I will demonstrate immediately. Objective revelation proves to us exactly that the subject-objective and object-subjective, which—"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Gunilla, throwing herself back, "talk what nonsense you will for me, I know what I know. Nomads may be just what they please for me: but I call a man, a man; I call a cat, a cat, and a flower, a flower; and our Lord God remains to me our Lord God, and no nomad!"

"Monad, monad!" cried the Candidate, in a sort of half-comic despair; "and as for that word, philosophy has as good a right, as any other science, to make use of certain words to express certain ideas."

During the last several minutes suspicious movements had been heard at the parlour door, the cause of which now became evident; the children had stolen in behind the Candidate, and now cast beseeching glances towards their mother that she should let all go on unobserved. Petrea and Eva stole in first, carrying between them a heavy pincushion, weighted with lead, five pounds in weight at least. The Candidate was standing, and at the very moment when he was doing his best to defend the rights of philosophy, the leaden cushion was dropped down into his coat-pocket. A motion backwards was perceptible through his whole body, and his coat was tightly pulled down behind. A powerful twitching shewed itself at the corners of his mouth, and a certain stammering might be noticed in his speech, although he stood perfectly still, and appeared to observe nothing; while the little rascals, who had expected a terrible explosion from their well-laid train, stole off to a distance.

All this while, however, there was in the good-hearted scholar such a powerful inclination to laugh, that he hastened to relate an anecdote which should give him the opportunity of doing so. And whether it was the nomads of Mrs. Gunilla which diverted him from his system, or the visit of the little herd of nomads to his pocket, true it is there was an end of his philosophy for that evening. Beyond this, he appeared now to wish by cheerful discourse to entertain Mrs. Gunilla, in which he perfectly succeeded; and so mild and indulgent was he towards her, that Elise began to question with herself whether Mrs. Gunilla's mode of argument were not the best and the most successful.

The children stood not far off, and observed all the actions of Jacobi. "If he goes out, he will feel the cushion," said they. "He will fetch a book! Now he comes—ah!"

The Candidate really went out for a book from his room, but he stepped with the most stoical repose, though with a miserably backward-pulled coat, through the astonished group of children, and left the room.

When he returned, the coat sat quite correctly; the cushion evidently was not there. The astonishment of the children rose to the highest pitch, and there was no end to their conjectures. Louise imagined that there must be a hole in his pocket, through which the pincushion had fallen on the stairs. Petrea, in whose suggestion the joke originated, was quite dismayed about the fate of the cushion.

Never once did it enter into the innocent heads of the children that the Candidate had done all this in order to turn their intended joke on him into a joke on themselves.

"How came you to be acquainted with Mrs. Gunilla W.?" asked Elise from Jacobi when the lady was gone.

"When I was studying in —," replied he, "I rented a small room on the ground floor of the same house where she lived. As I at that time was in very narrow circumstances, I had my dinner from an eating-house near, where all was supplied at the lowest price; but it often was so intolerably bad, that I was obliged to send it back untasted, and endeavour, by a walk in the fresh air instead, to appease my hunger. I had lived thus for some time, and was, as may be imagined, become meagre enough, when Mrs. W., with whom I was not personally acquainted, proposed to me, through her housekeeper, that she should provide me with a dinner at the same

low charge as the eating-house. I was astonished, but thankfully accepted the proposal. I soon discovered, however, that she wished in this way to become my benefactor without its appearing so, and without my thanks being necessary. From this day I lived in actual plenty. But her goodness did not end here. During a severely cold winter, in which I went out in a very thin great-coat, I received quite unexpectedly one trimmed with fur. From whom it came I could not for some time discover, till chance gave me a clue which led me to the Chamberlain's lady. But could I thank her for it? No, she became regularly angry, and drove me away whenever I spoke of my obligation to her."

Tears filled the eyes of Jacobi as he told this, and both Elise's eyes and those of her husband beamed with delight at this relation.

"It is," said Judge Frank, "a proof how much goodness there is in the world, although at a superficial glance one is so disposed to doubt it. What is bad is noised abroad, is echoed back from side to side, and newspapers and social circles find so much to say about it; whilst what is good goes at best, like sunshine, quietly through the world."

CHAPTER V.

DISAGREEABLE NEWS.

THE little quarrel which Mrs. Gunilla had with the Candidate, about monads and nomads, appeared to have displeased neither of them, but rather, on the contrary, to have excited in them a desire for others; and as Elise, who had no great inclination to spend her evenings alone with him, used frequently to invite Mrs. Gunilla to drink tea with them, it was not long before she and the Candidate were again in hot disputation together. Whenever too it happened that the Assessor also came in, there was a terrible noise among all three. The Candidate spoke his loudest, and leapt about almost beside himself, but was fairly out-talked, because his voice was weak, and because Mrs. Gunilla and the Assessor, who between them two selves never were agreed, leagued themselves nevertheless against him. Jacobi, notwithstanding this, had often the right side of an argument, and bore this overthrow with the best temper in the world. Perhaps he might have lost his temper, however, as well as his voice—he himself declared he should—had he not suddenly abandoned the contest. He vanished almost entirely from the evening circle.

"What has become of our Candidate?" asked Mrs. Gunilla. "I shall be much surprised if some of his monads or nomads have not carried him off bodily! He, he, he!"

Judge Frank and wife also began to question with some anxiety, "What has become of our Candidate?"

Our Candidate belonged to that class of persons who easily win many friends. His cheerful easy temper, his talents and good social qualifications, made him much beloved and sought after, especially in smaller circles. It was here, therefore, as it had been at the University—he was drawn into a jovial little company of good fellows, where, in a variety of ways, they could amuse themselves, and where the cheerful spirit of Jacobi was highly prized. He allowed himself, partly out of good-nature and partly out of his own folly, to be led on by them, and to take part

in a variety of pranks, which, through the influence of some members of the Club, went on from little to more, and our Candidate found himself, before he was aware of what he was about, drawn into a regular debauch—all which operated most disadvantageously upon him—kept him out late at night, and only permitted him to rise late in the morning, and then with headach and disinclination to business.

There was, of course, no lack of good friends to bring these tidings to Judge Frank. He was angry, and Elise was seriously distressed, for she had begun to like Jacobi, and had hoped for so much from his connexion with the children.

"It won't do, it won't do," grumbled Judge Frank. "There shall very soon be an end put to this! A pretty story indeed! I shall tell him that if he —. But, dear child, you yourself are to blame in this affair; you should concern yourself a little about him; you are so *fière* and distant to him; and what amusement do you provide for him here of an evening? The little quarrels between Mrs. Gunilla and Munter cannot be amusing to him, especially when he is always out-talked by them. It would be a thousand times better for the young man if you would allow him to read aloud to you, even if it were romances, or whatever you would. You should exert your talent for music; it would give yourself pleasure, and between whiles you could talk a little sound reason with him, instead of disputing about things which neither he nor you understand! If you had only begun in that way at first, he would perhaps never have been such a swashbuckler as he is, and now one must get order and good manners back into the house with oversight and trouble. I'll not allow such goings on!—he shall hear about it to-morrow morning! I'll give that pretty youth something which he shall remember!"

"Ah!" said Elise, "don't be too severe, Ernst! Jacobi is good; and if you talk seriously yet kindly to him, I am persuaded it will have the best effect."

Judge Frank made no reply, but walked up and down the room in very ill humour.

"Would you like to hear some news of your neighbour the pasquilla-writer?" asked Assessor Munter, who just then entered with a dark countenance. "He is sick, sick to death of a galloping consumption—he will not write any more pasquillas."

"Who looks after his little girl?" asked Elise; "I see her sometimes running about the street like a wild cat."

"Yes, there's a pretty prospect for her," snorted out the Assessor. "There is a person in the house—one must call her a person whether she be a beast or a devil—who looks after the housekeeping, but robs him and ruins that child. Would you believe it? She and two tall churls that she has about her amuse themselves with terrifying that little girl by dressing themselves up whimsically, and acting the goblins in the twilight. It is more than a miracle if they do not drive her mad!"

"Poor wretch!" exclaimed Judge Frank in rage and abhorrence. "How much destruction of character there is, how much crime, which the arm of the law cannot reach! And that child's father, can he bear that it is so treated?"

"He is wholly governed by that creature—that woman," said Munter; "besides, sick in bed as he now is, he knows but little of what goes on in the house."

"And if he die," asked the judge, "is there nobody who will look after that girl? Is there no relation or friend?"

"Nobody in the world," returned Jeremias. "I have inquired particularly. The bird in the wood is not more defenceless than that child. Poverty there will be in the house; and what little there is, that monster of a housekeeper will soon run through."

"What can one do?" asked the Judge in real anxiety. "Do you know anything, Munter, that one could do?"

"Nothing as yet," returned he; "at present things must take their own course. I counsel nobody to interfere; for he is possessed of the woman, and she is possessed of the devil; and as for the girl, he will have her constantly with him, and lets her give way to all her petulances. But this cannot long endure. In a month, perhaps, he will be dead; and He who sees the falling sparrow will, without doubt, take care of the poor child. At present nobody can save her from the hands of these harpies. Now, good evening! But I could not help coming to tell you this little history, because it lay burning at my heart; and people have the very polite custom of throwing their burdens upon others, in order to lighten themselves. Adieu!"

The Judge was very much disturbed this evening. What he had just heard weighed heavily on his heart.

"It is singular," said he, "how often Mr. N.'s course and mine have clashed. He has talent, but bad moral character; on that account I have opposed his endeavours to get into office, and thus operated against his success. It was natural that he should become my enemy, and I never troubled myself about it; but now I wish—the unhappy man, how miserable he lies there! and that poor, poor child! Ström," said he, calling to his servant, "is the Candidate at home? No, and it is nearly eleven! To-morrow he shall find out where he is at home!"

CHAPTER VI.

HERO-DEEDS.

On the following morning, as Judge Frank drew aside his window-curtains, the sun, so powerful in its beams and its silence, shone into his chamber, lighting it with its glorious splendour. These sunbeams went directly to his heart. "Dear Elise," said he, when his wife was awake, "I have a great deal to do to-day. Perhaps it would be better if you would speak with Jacobi, and give him his lecture. Ladies, in such circumstances, have more influence on men than we men can have. Besides this, what can be bent must not be broken. I—in short I fancy you will manage the affair best. Could you not take the children a long walk to-day? It would do both them and you good, and upon the way you would have an excellent opportunity for an explanation. Should this be of no avail, then I will—but I would gladly avoid being angry with him; one has things enough to vex one without that."

The Judge was not the only person in the house whom the sun inspired with thoughts of rambling. The Candidate had promised the children for a long time to take them to a wood, where there were plenty of hazel-bushes, and where they would gather a rich harvest of nuts.

Children have an incomparable memory for all such promises; and the little Franks thought that no day could, by any possibility, be more beautiful or more suitable for a great expedition than the present, and therefore, as soon as they discovered that the Candidate and their parents thought the same, their joy rose actually as high as the roof. Brigitta had not hands enough for Petrea and Eva, so did they skip about when she wished to dress them.

Immediately after noon the procession was ready to set forth. Henrik and Louise marched first; next came Eva and Leonore, between whom was Petrea, each one carrying a little basket containing a piece of cake, as provision for their journey. Behind the column of children came the mother, and near her the Candidate, drawing a little wicker carriage, in which sat little Gabriele, looking gravely about with her large brown eyes.

"Little Africa"—so the children called their little dark-eyed neighbour from the Cape—stood at her door as the little Franks tripped forth from theirs. Petrea, with an irresistible desire to make her acquaintance, rushed across the street and offered her a piece of cake which she had in her basket. The little wild creature snatched the piece of cake with violence, showed her row of white teeth, and vanished in the doorway, while Elise seized Petrea's hand, in order to keep her restless spirit in check.

As soon as they had passed the gate of the city the children were permitted full freedom, and they were not much more composed in their demeanour than a set of young calves turned out for the first time into a green meadow. We must even acknowledge that Louise fell into a few excesses, such as jumping over ditches where they were the broadest, and clapping her hands and shouting to frighten away phlegmatical crows. It was not long, however, before she gave up these outbreaks, and turned her mind to a much sedater course; and then, whenever a stiff-necked millifolium or a gaudy hip came in her way, she carefully broke it off, and preserved it in her apron, for the use of the family. Henrik ran back every now and then to the wicker carriage, in order to kiss "the baby," and give her the very least flowers he could find. Petrea often stumbled and fell, but always sprang up quickly, and then, unafrighted, sped forward on her way again.

The Candidate also, full of joyous animal spirits, began to sing aloud, in a fine tenor voice, the song, "Seats of the Vikings! groves old and hoary," in which the children soon joined their descant, while they marched in time to the song. Elise, who gave herself up to the full enjoyment of the beautiful day and the universal delight, had neither inclination nor wish to interrupt this by any disagreeable explanation; she thought to herself that she would defer it a while.

"Nay, only look, only look, sisters! Henrik, come here!" exclaimed little Petrea, beckoning with the hand, leaping, and almost out of herself for delight, while she looked through the trellis-work of a tall handsome gate into pleasure-grounds which were laid out in the old-fashioned manner, and ornamented with clipped trees. Many little heads soon surmounted Petrea's, and looked with great curiosity through the trellis-gate, and then up came the Candidate, not like a threatening cherub with a flaming sword, but a good angel, who opened the door of this paradise to the enraptured children. This surprise had

been prepared for them by Elise and the Candidate, who had obtained permission from the proprietor of the grounds to take the children through them on their way to the nut-wood.

Here the children found endless subject for admiration and inquiry, nor could either the Candidate or their mother answer all their questions. Before long the hearts of the children were moved at sight of a little leaden Cupid, who stood weeping near a dry fountain.

"Why does he cry?" asked they.

"Probably because the water is all gone," answered the Candidate, smilingly.

Presently again they were enchanted by sight of a Chinese temple, which to their fancy contained all the magnificence in the world—instead of, as was the case, a quantity of fowls; then they were filled with astonishment at trees in the form of pyramids—they never had seen anything so wonderful, so beautiful! But the most wonderful thing was yet to come.

They reached a gloomy part of the grounds. Melancholy sounds, incoherent, yet pleasurable, became audible, accompanied by an uninterrupted plashing of water. The children walked slower and closer together, in a state of excited expectation, and a kind of shuddering curiosity. The melancholy tones and the falling water became more and more distinct, as they found themselves inclosed in a thick fir wood; presently, however, an opening to the right showed itself, and then, thickly wreathed with a wild growth of plants and heavily-leaved trees, the vault of a grotto revealed itself, within which, and in the distance, stood a large white figure, with aged head, long beard, crooked legs, and goat's feet. To his lips he held a pandean pipe, from which the extraordinary sounds appeared to proceed. Little waterfalls leaped here and there from the rocks around, and then collected themselves at the foot of the statue in a large basin, in which the figure seemed, with a dreamy countenance, to contemplate himself and the leaf-garlanded entrance of the grotto.

The Candidate informed them that this was the wood-god Pan; but what farther information he gave respecting this deity of nature among the ancients, was listened to by nobody but Louise, who however shook her white head over the want of wisdom in the Grecians who could believe on such a god; and by Elise, who loved to discover in the belief of antiquity a god of nature; although we give in our day to such a deity a much truer, and, as we think, a much diviner nature.

The exhibition in the grotto had produced its effect upon all the spectators, great as well as small; but the brain of the little Petrea seemed quite intoxicated, not to say crazed by it. The Wood-god, with his music, his half-animal half-human figure, although only of gypsum, and, as the Candidate declared, the offspring only of a dim fancy, as well as that it was without life or actuality, still remained to her imagination a living existence, as real as wonderful. She could see nothing, think of nothing, but the Wood-god; and the foreboding of a new and wonderful world filled her soul with a delicious terror.

In the meantime the candidate conducted Elise by a path, which wound among alders and birches, from the grotto, up the mountain. When they reached the ascent, all was sunny and cheerful; and behold upon a mound, was set out so pleasantly in the sunshine, a little collation of fruit. The Candidate, who had great pleasure in being

the kind-hearted host on such occasions, had provided this little surprise for Elise and the children; and never, indeed, was a surprise more welcome or more joyous. It is the most thankful thing in the world to give pleasure to children; and, moreover, the good-will of the mother is always obtained thereby.

The Candidate spread his cloak upon a green slope under a hedge of roses, on which Elise's favourite flowers were still blooming, as a seat for herself and "the baby," which, now lifted out of the wicker-carriage, had its green silk bonnet taken off, and its golden locks bathed in sunshine. He chose out the best fruit for her and her mother; and then seating himself on the grass near her, played with her, and drove away the flies from her mother with a spray of roses, while the other children ran about at a distance, enjoying, with all the zest of childhood, gooseberries and freedom. The trees rustled with a soft south wind, while the melodious tones of the Wood-god, and the splash of the water, mingled gently with the whispering leaves. It was a delicious time, and its soft influence stole into the soul of Elise. The sun, the scent of the roses, the song of the wood and of the water, the beautiful scene before her, the happy children—all these called up into her breast that summer of the heart, in which all sentiments, all thoughts, are like flowers, and which makes life seem so light and so lovely: she conceived a friendship for that young man who had occasioned it, and whose good heart beamed forth from his eyes, which at one moment were fixed on the blue heavens, and then on her own soft blue eyes, with an expression of devotion and a certain pure earnestness, which she had never observed in him before. Elise felt that she could now undertake the explanation with him; she felt that she could talk with him openly and warmly as a sister, and that the truth would flow from her lips, without wounding him or giving him pain.

Scarcely, however, had she with cordial, though with tremulous voice, began to speak, when an uneasy movement among the children interrupted her. Some looked in the hedges, some ran about under the trees, and the name "Petrea! Petrea!" was repeated in every variety of tone. The mother looked uneasily around, and the Candidate sprang up to see what was amiss. It was nothing uncommon for Petrea to separate herself from the rest of the children, and, occupied by her own little thoughts, to lag behind; on that account, therefore, nobody had at first troubled themselves because she was not with them at the collation, for they said, "she will soon come." Afterward, Elise and the Candidate were too much occupied by their own thoughts; and the children said as usual, "She'll soon come." But when she did not come, they began to seek for her, and Elise and the Candidate came to their assistance. They ran back to the grotto; they sought and called, but all in vain—Petrea was nowhere to be found! and uneasiness very soon changed itself into actual anxiety.

We ourselves will now conduct the reader to Petrea. So enchanted was she with the Wood-god and his music, that no sooner had she, with the others, begun to climb the hill, than she turned back to the grotto, and there transported by its wonderful world, she was suddenly possessed by a desire to acquaint her father and Briggita with her having seen the Wood-god. Resolute and action are much more one with children than with women. To be the first who should carry

to the father the important tidings, "Father, I have seen the Wood-god!" was a temptation too strong for Petrea's ambition and craving for sympathy.

She had heard them say that they should rest on the hill; and as her organ of locality was as feeble as her imagination was powerful, she never doubted for a moment of being able to run home and back before they were aware even of her absence. As for the rest, to confess the truth, she thought nothing at all about it; but with a loudly-beating heart, and the words, "Oh, father! we have seen the Wood-god!" on her lips, she made a spring, and rushed forward on the wings of fancy as fast as her little legs would carry her, in a direction exactly the opposite of that which led homeward, and which at the same time removed her from the grotto; never thinking, the poor Petrea! that in this world there are many ways. Before long, however, she found it necessary to stand still, in order to rest herself: delicious odours breathed from the flowers; the birds sang; the heaven was cloudless; and here, where no Cupids nor Chinese temples dazzled her thoughts, the very remembrance of the god Pan vanished from her soul, and instead of it a thought, or more properly speaking a sentiment, took possession of it—a holy and beautiful sentiment, which the mother had early instilled into the hearts of her children. Petrea saw herself solitary, yet at the same time she felt that she was not so; in the deliciousness of the air, in the beauty of nature, she perceived the presence of a good spirit, which she had been taught to call FATHER; and filled, as her heart seemed to be, by a sense of his goodness and affection, which appeared never to have been so sensibly impressed upon her mind as then, her heart felt as if it must dissolve itself in love and happiness. She sank down on the grass, and seemed to be on the way to heaven. But, ah! the way thither is not so easy; and these heavenly foretastes remain only a short time in the souls of children, as well as of grown people.

That which brought Petrea from her heavenly journey back to the earth again, was a squirrel, which sprang directly across her path, and sent her forth immediately in chase of it. To catch such game, and to carry it home, would be indeed in the highest degree a memorable action. "What would Henrik and my sisters say? What would all the city say? Perhaps it will get into the newspapers!—perhaps the king may get to hear it!"—thought Petrea, while, out of herself with ambition and earnestness, she pursued the little squirrel over stock and stone.

Her frock was torn; her hands and feet were bruised; but that was a mere nothing! She felt it not, more particularly—oh, night of felicity!—as she fell down, and at that moment grasped in her trembling hands her little prey. Petrea cried for delight, and shouted to her mother and sisters, who—could not hear her.

"Oh, thou little most loveable creature!" said Petrea, endeavouring at the same time to kiss her little captive, in return for which that most loveable little creature bit her by the chin. Surprised, and sorely smarting from the pain, Petrea began to cry; yet for all that would not let go the squirrel, although the blood flowed from the wound. Petrea ran forward, wondering that she never came to the great trellis-gate, through which she knew she must pass in order to reach home. While she thus wondered with herself, and ran, and struggled with her little untractable

prisoner, she saw a gentleman coming towards her. It never once occurred to her that this could be any other than her father, and almost transported for joy, she exclaimed, "Father, I have seen the Wood-god!"

Greatly astonished to hear himself thus parentally addressed, the young man looked up from the book in which he read, and replied, "Nay, my child, he is gone in that direction," pointing with his finger towards that quarter whence Petrea had come. Imagining at once that he meant the Candidate, Petrea replied with anxiety and a quick foreboding that she was on a wrong track, "Oh, no, it is not he!" and then turned suddenly back again.

She abandoned now all thoughts of running home, and was only desirous of finding those whom she had so thoughtlessly left. She ran back, therefore, with all her speed, the way she had come, till she reached where two roads branched off, and there, unfortunately, taking the wrong one, came into a wild region, where she soon perceived how entirely confused she had become. She no longer knew which way to go, and in despair threw herself into the grass and wept. All her ambition was gone: she let the squirrel run away, and gave herself up to her own comfortable feelings. She thought now of the uneasiness and anxiety of her mother, and wept all the more at the thought of her own folly. But, however, consoling thoughts, before long, chased away these desponding ones. She dried her eyes with her dress—she had lost her pocket handkerchief—and looking around her she saw a quantity of fine raspberries growing in a cleft of the hill. "Raspberries!" exclaimed she, "my mother's favourite berries!" And now we may see our little Petrea scrambling up the cliff with all her might, in order to gather the lovely fruit. She thought that with a bouquet of raspberries in her hand, she could throw herself at the feet of her mother, and pray for forgiveness. So thought she, and tore up the raspberry bushes, and new courage and new hope revived the while in her breast. If, thought she, she clambered only a little higher, could she not discover where her home was? should she not see her mother, father, sisters, nay, the whole world? Certainly. What a bright idea it was!

With one hand full of raspberries, the other assisted her to climb; but, ah! first one foot slipped on the dry smooth grass, and then the other. The left hand could no longer sustain the whole weight of her body; the right would not let go the raspberries. A moment of anguish, a violent effort, and then Petrea rolled down the cliff into a thicket of bushes and nettles, where for the present we will leave her, in order to look after the others.

The anxiety of the mother is not to be described, as after a whole hour spent with Jacobi and Henrik (Louise remained with the baby near the grotto), in seeking and calling for Petrea, all was in vain. There were many ponds in the grounds, and they could not conceal from themselves that it was possible she might have fallen into one. It was a most horrible idea for Elise, and sent an anguish like death into her heart, as she thought of returning in the evening to her husband with one child missing, and that one of his favourites—missing through her own negligence. Death itself seemed to her preferable.

Breathless, and pale as a corpse, she wandered about, and more than once was near sinking to the earth. In vain the Candidate besought her to spare herself; to keep herself quiet, and leave

all to him. In vain! She heard him not; and restless and unhappy, she sought the child herself. Jacobi was afraid to leave her long alone, and kept wandering near her; while Henrik ran into other parts of the grounds, seeking about and calling.

It was full two hours of fruitless search after the lost one, when the Candidate had again joined the despairing mother, that at the very same moment their glances both fell suddenly on the same object—it was Petrea! She lay in a thicket at the foot of the hill; drops of blood were visible on her face and dress, and a horrible necklace—a yellow-spangled snake!—glittered in the sun around her neck. She lay motionless, and appeared as if sleeping. The mother uttered a faint cry of terror, and would have thrown herself upon her, had not the Candidate withheld her.

"For heaven's sake," said he fervently, and *voilà* as death, "be still; nothing perhaps is amiss; but it is the poisonous snake of our woods—the asp! An incautious movement, and both you and Petrea may be lost! No, you must not; your life is too precious—but I—promise me to be still, and—"

Elise was scarcely conscious of what she did. "Away! away!" she said, and strove to put Jacobi aside with her weak hands; she herself would have gone, but her knees supported her no longer—she staggered, and fell to the ground.

In that same moment the Candidate was beside Petrea, and, seizing the snake by the neck with as much boldness as dexterity, he slung it to a distance. By this motion awakened, Petrea shuddered, opened her sleep-drunken eyes, and, looking around her, exclaimed, "Ah, ah, father! I have seen the Wood-god!"

"God bless thee and thy Wood-god!" cried the delighted Candidate, rejoicing over this indisputable token of life and health; and then, clasping her to his breast, he bore her to her mother. But the mother neither heard nor saw anything; she lay there insensible, and was first recalled to consciousness by Henrik's kisses and tears.

"Is she dead?" whispered she, and looked around with an anxious and bewildered glance.

"No, no! she lives—she is unhurt!" returned Jacobi, who had thrown himself on his knees beside her; while the little Petrea, kneeling likewise, and holding forth the bunch of raspberries, sobbed aloud, and besought her forgiveness.

Light returned to the eyes of the mother; she started up, and, with a cry of inexpressible joy, clasped the recovered child to her breast.

"God be praised and blessed!" cried she, raising her folded hands to heaven; and then silently giving her hand to Jacobi, she looked at him with tears, which expressed what was beyond the power of words.

"Thank God! thank God!" said Jacobi, with deep emotion, pressing Elise's hand to his lips and to his breast. He felt himself happy beyond words.

They now hastened to remove from the dangerous neighbourhood of the snake, after Jacobi and Henrik had given up, at the desire of the mother, the probably ineffectual design of seeking out the poisonous but blameless animal, and killing it on the spot.

All this time little Louise had sat alone by the grotto, endeavouring to comfort her sisters, while she herself wept bitter tears over Petrea, whom she never expected to see again: on that

very account her joy was all the greater and louder, when she saw her carried in the arms of the Candidate; and no sooner did she learn from her mother how he had rescued her from the fangs of death, than she threw her arms round his neck in inexpressible gratitude. All this Petrea heard and saw with the astonishment and curiosity of one who meets with something unheard of; and then, thus seeing the distress which her inconsiderateness had occasioned, she herself melted into such despairing tears, that her mother was obliged to console and cheer her. Of her fall into the thicket Petrea knew no more, than that her head had felt hurt, that she could not get up again, had slept, and then dreamed of the Wood-god.

In the mean time it had become so late, that the harvest of nuts was not to be thought of, and as much on the mother's, as on Petrea's account, it was necessary to hasten home. The other children probably would have grieved more over the unfortunate pleasure journey, had they not felt an extraordinary desire to relate at home the remarkable occurrences of the day. New difficulties arose on the return. Petrea—who, besides that she was weary, was bruised and sadly dirtied by her fall—could not walk, and, therefore, it was determined that she must ride in the little carriage, while the Candidate carried Gabriele. When, however, the little one saw that Jacobi was without gloves, she would neither allow him to carry her nor to take hold of her, and set up the most pitiable cry. Spite of her crying, however, he took up the "little mother's dear," as he called her; and what neither his nor the mother's persuasions could effect was brought about by Henrik's leaps, and springs, and caresses—she was diverted: the tears remained standing half way down her cheeks, in the dimples which were suddenly made by her hearty laughter.

Petrea, after the paroxysm of sorrow and penitence was in some measure abated, began to think herself and her adventures particularly interesting, and sat in her little carriage a very important personage, surrounded by her sisters, who could not sufficiently listen to her relation, and who emulated each other in drawing the little equipage. As for Jacobi, he drew the carriage; he carried the baby, which soon fell asleep on his shoulder; he sang songs; told stories, in order to entertain Elise, who remained long time pale and depressed, from the danger which had threatened her, and the anxiety which she had endured.

At length they reached home. They poured forth their adventures; Briggita shed tears over her little angel, good Petrea; and the father, from the impulse of his feelings, pressed Jacobi to his heart.

After Petrea's scratches and bruises had been washed with Riga-balsam, the mother permitted the children to have a supper of pancakes and raspberry-cream, in order to console them for the unfortunate expedition.

Petrea wept some bitter tears on the breast of her father over the gentle admonition she received from him; but spite of tears, she soon slept sweetly in his arms.

And the lecture of the Candidate?

"Stay at home with us this evening," said Elise to him, with a kind, beseeching glance.

The Candidate stayed with them.

CHAPTER VII.

BREAKERS.

"STAY at home with us this evening," prayed Elise the next day, and for several other days, and the Candidate stayed.

Never before had he seen Elise so kind, so cordial towards him; never before had she shown him so much attention as now; and this attention, this cordiality, from a lady who, in her intercourse with men, was generally only polite and indifferent, flattered his vanity, at the same time that it penetrated his good heart. All occasion for explanation and lectures vanished, for the Candidate had entirely renounced his dissipated friends and companions, and now nobody could talk more edifying than he on the subject. He agreed so cordially with Elise, that the fleeting champagne of the orgies foamed only for the moment, leaving nothing but emptiness and flatness behind. "For once, nay for a few times," he was of opinion, "such excesses might be harmless, perhaps even refreshing, but often repeated—ah! that would be prejudicial, and demoralizing in the highest degree!"

All this seemed to the little Louise, who had heard it, remarkably well expressed.

Nobody seemed now better pleased at home than Jacobi; he felt himself so well in the regular course of life which he led, and there seemed so much that was genuine and fresh in the occupations and pleasures of those quiet days at home.

In the meantime, it was not long before the weak side of the Candidate began to develop itself even in this new life. Gratitude had, in the first instance, warmed Elise's heart towards him, and then his own real amiability made it so easy to gratify the wish of her husband respecting her behaviour towards him, and thus it soon happened that her intercourse with Jacobi entwined her own existence. In many respects their tastes were similar, especially in their love of music and polite literature, while his youthful enthusiasm gave to her common occupations a higher life and interest. Discussion lost all character of dispute, and became merely an agreeable interchange of thought: it was no longer now of any importance to him to be always right; there was a peculiar kind of pleasure in giving up his opinion to hers. He knew more out of books than she did, but she knew more of life—the mother of books—than he; and on this account she, on her part, proceeded as the older and guiding friend. He felt himself happy from the influence and gentle guidance of an agreeable woman, and became more and more devoted to her from his soul.

Still there was a quietness and a dream about this connexion that made him never forbode danger in it. He loved to be treated as a child by Elise, and he gave therefore free play to his naturally unsophisticated feelings. Her gentle reproofs were a sort of luxury to him; he had a delight in sinning, in order to deserve them; and then, while listening to them, how gladly would he have pressed her dress, or her white and beautiful hand to his lips; there was even a sort of painfully agreeable sensation to him in his not daring to do so. Whenever she approached, and he heard her light footsteps, or when he perceived the soft rose-odour which always accompanied her, it seemed to become indescribably warm around his heart. But that which, above all the rest, was the strongest bond between Jacobi and Elise, was her sufferings. Whenever

nervous pain, or domestic unpleasantness, depressed her spirits; when she bore the not unfrequent ill-humour of her husband with patience, the heart of Jacobi melted in tenderness towards her, and he did all that lay in his power to amuse and divert her thoughts, and even to anticipate her slightest wishes. She could not be insensible to all this—perhaps also it flattered her vanity to observe the power she had over this young man—perhaps even she might willingly deceive herself as to the nature of his sentiments, because she would not disturb the connexion which lent a sweet charm to her life.

"He loves the children," said she; "he is their friend and mine! May he only continue such!"

And certain it is that the children had never been better conducted, never had learned better, never been happier, than they were now, while Jacobi himself developed a more and more happy ability to teach and guide.

Adverse fate barricades the shore which the vessel is on the point of approaching, by dangerous breakers, and interrupts the bond between the dearest friends, which is just about to be cemented eternally. It was this fate which, at the very time when Jacobi was exhibiting his character in the fairest point of view, occasioned the Judge to exhibit the darker side of his.

Judge Frank belonged to that class of persons who are always in the best humour the more they have to do, and the more active is the life they lead. He was occupied at this very time in undertakings in which his heart was deeply interested, for the improvement of the province. Peculiar circumstances, however, over which he had no control, had for the present impeded him; and all this, which brought him much petty annoyance, occasioned him, likewise, much ill-temper. At home he was often imperious and quarrelsome, particularly towards his wife; thus placing himself, beside the kind and cheerful Jacobi, in a very disadvantageous light. He felt this, and was displeased with himself, and displeased with his wife, too, because she seemed to pay but little regard to his grumbling; occupying herself instead by her singing-practice with Jacobi. This very singing-practice, too, of which he himself had been the occasion, began to appear to him too much of a thing. Scolding, one might have imagined, he considered more agreeable to the ear; in fact, he was in that edifying state of mind, which excites and angers itself about that which a few good words alone would easily put an end to.

The reading, likewise, which at first he had so zealously recommended, became now to him another cause of vexation. Precisely at this very time he wished to have more of the society of his wife of an evening, and wished her to take more interest in his undertakings and his annoyances; but whenever he came into the parlour, he found them reading or occupied by music; and if these ceased at his entrance, there was still an evident damp on the spirits of all—the entertainment could not proceed; and if, on the contrary, he said "Go on with your music (or reading), go on," and they did so, he was still dissatisfied; and if he did not very soon return to his own room, he walked up and down like a snow-storm.

It was precisely this fate, of which we have just now spoken, which managed it so, that one evening as Judge Frank, the prey of ill-humour, was walking up and down the room, a letter

was put into his hand, at sight of which he burst into an exclamation of joyful surprise. "Nay, that is indeed delightful," said he in a very cheerful voice, as soon as he had read the letter. "Elise! Mrs. S., Emelie is here. She is only just this evening arrived; I must go to her directly. Dear Elise, will you not come with me? It would be polite."

"Oh, it is so late!" said Elise, much less pleased than her husband; "and I fancy it rains. Cannot you go alone to-night? to-morrow morning I will."

"Well, well, then," said the Judge, suddenly breaking off; and, somewhat offended at her refusal, hastening away.

It was rather late when he returned from his visit, but he was in high spirits. "She is a most interesting lady," said he; "dear Elise, it certainly would give you great pleasure to know her intimately."

"Ah! I question that," thought Elise.

"She talks," continued he, "of living in the city. I hope we shall decide her to do so."

"I hope not," thought Elise.

"We will do all that we possibly can," said he, "to make her residence here agreeable. I have invited her to dinner to-morrow," added he.

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Elise, half terrified.

"Yes, to-morrow," answered her husband, peremptorily; "I told her that to-morrow morning you would pay her a visit, but she insists on first coming to you. You need not trouble yourself much about the dinner to-morrow. Emelie will not expect much from an improvised dinner. At all events, it may be just as good as there is any need for, if people will only give themselves a little trouble. I hope Emelie will often come and take up with our simple way of living."

Elise went to rest that night with a depressed heart, and with an indefinite but most unpleasant feeling; thought of the next day's dinner, and then dreamed that her husband's "old flame" had set the house on fire, and robbed the whole family of its shelter.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE IMPROVISED DINNER.

You housewives who know the important meaning of a roast, who know the difficulties which sometimes overwhelm you, especially when you must improvise a family dinner; you who know that notwithstanding all inspiration, both of understanding and inclination,—yet inspiration is necessary to all improvisation,—one cannot inspire either chickens or heathcocks to come flying into the important dish, when the crust is ready to put on it; you housewives who have spent many a long morning in thoughts of cookery and in anguish; you can sympathise in Elise's troubles, as she, on the morning of this important dinner, saw the finger of the clock stand at half-past eleven without having been able to improvise a roast.

It is true that an improvised dinner might do without a roast: this we grant as a general law; but in the case of this particular dinner, we deny it altogether, in proof of which we might easily give the arrangement of the whole dinner, did we not flatter ourselves that we are believed on our bare word. Beyond this, the Judge was particularly fond of a roast, fond of all kinds of

meat, which circumstance increased still more Elise's difficulty; and as if to make difficulty still greater, Elise, on this very day, was remarkably in want of assistants, for her husband had sent out, on his own business, those servants who, on extraordinary occasions, Elise found very good help. The cook, too, was confused to-day in a remarkable manner; the children were in a fermentation; Eva and Leonore quarreled; Petrea tore a hole in her new frock; Henrik broke a bottle and six glasses; the baby cried and screamed for nothing; the clock was on the stroke of twelve, and no roast would come!

Elise was just on the point of falling into despair over roasts, cooks, children, nay, over the whole world, when the door opened, and the words, "your most devoted servant," were spoken out shrilly and joyously, and the widow of the Chamberlain—to Elise she seemed an angel of light from heaven—stood in the room, with her beaming friendly countenance; took out of her monstrous reticule one chicken after another, and laid them upon the table, fixing her eye on Elise, and making with each one a little curtsy to her. Enraptured by the sight, Elise embraced her, hastened into the kitchen with the chickens, and then returning, poured forth her thanks and all her cares to this friend in need.

"Well, well, patience!" exhorted Mrs. Gunilla, kindly and full of cordial sympathy, and somewhat touched by Elise's communication, "Best-beloved, one should not take it so much to heart,—such troubles as these soon pass away,—yes, indeed, they soon pass. Now listen, and I'll tell you something, 'when need is greatest, help is nearest.' Yes, yes, remember that! As for the chickens, I saw them in a peasant's cart, as I crossed the market, and as I knew what was going on here, I lost no time in buying them and bringing them under my cloak, and I have nearly run myself out of breath in my haste. He, he, he! And so now I must go, for the dear lady must dress herself nicely, and so must I too. Adieu, dear Elise, I wish you the happiness of getting both the dinner and the young folks in order. He, he, he!"

Gunilla went, dinner-time came, and with it the guests and the Judge, who had spent the whole morning in the business of his own office, out of the house.

Emelie, the Colonel's lady, was elegant in the highest degree; looked handsome and distinguished, and almost outdid herself in politeness; but still Elise, spite even of herself, felt stiff and stupid beside her husband's "old flame."

"Oh, that the chickens may be nicely done!" was the incessant master-thought of Elise's soul; and it prevailed over the Pope, the church of St. Peter's, Thorwaldsen, and Pasta, and over every subject on which they talked.

The hour of dinner was come, and yet the dinner kept the company waiting. The Judge, who expected from everybody else the punctuality which he himself practised, began to suffer from what Elise called his "dinner-fever," and threw uneasy glances, first at the dining-room door, and then at his wife, whose situation, it must be confessed, was not a very enviable one. She endeavoured to look quite calm, but whispered something to the little Louise, which sent her speedily out of the room. Elise's entertainment, both that part which was audible, and that which was inaudible, was probably at the moment carried on something after the following fashion:

"It must be inexpressibly pleasant to know;

(ah, how unbearably long it is!) "it must be very interesting." (I wish Ernst would fire again on his old flame, and forget dinner :) "Yes, indeed, that was very remarkable." (Now, are those chickens not roasted!) "Poor Spain!" (Now, thank goodness, dinner is ready at last—if the chickens are only well done!)

And now to dinner! A word which brightens all countenances, and enlivens all tempers. Elise began to esteem the Colonel's lady very highly, because she kept up such a lively conversation, and she hoped this would divert attention from any of the dishes which were not particularly successful. The Judge was a polite and agreeable host, and he was particularly fond of dinner-time, when he would willingly have made all men partakers of his good appetite, good humour, and even of his good eating—N. B. If this really was good—but if the contrary happened to be the case, his temper could not well sustain it.

During the dinner Elise saw now and then little clouds come over her husband's brow, but he himself appeared anxious to disperse them, and all went on tolerably till the chickens came. As the Judge, who adhered to all old customs, was cutting them up, he evidently found them tough, whereupon a glance was sent across the table to his wife which went to her heart like the stab of a knife, but no sooner was the first pang over than his reproachful glance aroused a degree of indignation in her which determined her to steel herself against a misfortune which in no case was her fault; she, therefore, grew quite lively and talkative, and never once turned her eyes to her husband, who, angry and silent, sate there with a very hot brow, and the knife sticking still in the fowls.

But, after all, she felt as if she could again breathe freely when the dinner was over, and on that very account longed just to speak one word of reconciliation with her husband; but he now seemed to have only eyes and ears for Emelie, nor was it long before the two fell into a lively and most interesting conversation, which certainly would have given Elise pleasure, and in which she might have taken part, had not a feeling of depression stolen over her, as she fancied she perceived a something cold and depreciating in the manners of her husband towards her. She grew still and paler; all gathered themselves round the brilliant Emelie; even the children seemed enchanted by her. Henrik presented her with a beautiful flower, which he had obtained from Louise by flattery. Petrea seemed to have a passion for her, took a footstool and sat near her, and kissed her hand as soon as she could possess herself of it.

The lady devoted herself exclusively to her old worshipper, cast the beams of her beautiful eyes upon him, and smiled bewitchingly.

"This is a great delight!" thought Elise, as she wiped away a traitorous tear; "but I will keep a good face on it!"

The Candidate, who perceived all this, quickly withdrew from the enchanted circle in which he also had been involved, and, taking "the baby" on his knee, began to relate a story which was calculated as much to interest the mother as the child. The children were soon around him: Petrea herself forsook her new flame to listen, and even Elise for the moment was so amused by it that she forgot everything else. That was precisely what Jacobi wanted, but it was not what pleased the Judge. He rose for a moment, in or-

der to hear what it was which had so riveted the attention of his wife.

"I cannot conceive," said he to her in a half-whisper, "how you can take delight in such absurdity; nor do I think it good for the children that they should be crammed with such nonsense!"

At length Emelie rose to take her leave, overwhelming Elise with a flood of polite speeches, which she was obliged to answer as well as she could, and the Judge, who had promised to shew her the lions of the place, accompanied her; on which the rest of the guests dispersed themselves. The elder children accompanied the Candidate to the school-room, to spend an hour in drawing, the younger went to play, and Elise retired to her own chamber.

Poor Elise! she dared not at this moment descend into her own heart; she felt a necessity to abstain from thought; a necessity—entirely to forget herself and the troubling impressions which to-day had overwhelmed her soul. A full hour was before her—an hour of undisturbed repose, and she hastened to her manuscript, in order to busy herself with those rich moments of life which her pen could call up at pleasure, and to forget the poor and weary present—in one word, to loose the lesser in the higher reality. The sense of suffering, of which the little annoyances of life gave her experience, made her alive to the sweet impressions of that beauty and that harmonious state of existence which was so dear to her soul.

She wrote and wrote—her heart was warm—her eyes filled with tears—the words glowed upon her page—life became bright: the moments flew—one half-hour passed after another. Her husband's time came; he was so fond of his tea—had such delight in coming home at this hour to find his wife and his children all assembled round the tea-table in the family room. It very rarely happened that Elise had not all in readiness for him; but now, the striking of seven o'clock roused her suddenly from her writing; she laid down her pen, and was in the act of rising when her husband entered.

A strong expression of displeasure was visible in his countenance, as he saw her occupation,

"You gave us to-day a very bad dinner, Elise," said he, going up to her and speaking with severity; "but when this novel-writing occupies so much of your time, it is no wonder that you neglect your domestic duties: you may just as well trouble yourself as little about everything else as about my wishes."

It would have been easy for Elise to excuse herself, and make all right and straight; but the severe tone in which her husband spoke, and his scornful glance, wounded her deeply.

"You must have patience with me, Ernst," said she; "I am not accustomed to renounce all innocent pleasures; my education, my earlier connexions, have not prepared me for this."

These words excited the Judge greatly, and with a bitter voice and great severity he replied, "You should have thought about that before you gave me your hand," said he; "before you had descended into so humble and care-full a circle. It is too late now. Now I will—" but he did not finish his sentence, for he himself perceived a storm rising within him, before which he yielded. He went to the door, opened it, and said in a calm voice, yet still with an agitated tone and glance, "I would just tell you that I have taken tickets for the concert to-morrow, if you would wish to go. I hoped to have found

you at the tea-table, but it is just as desolate and deserted there as if there were the plague.—Don't give yourself any trouble, I shall drink my tea at the club!" and thus saying he banged the door and went.

Elise seated herself—she really could not stand—and hid her face in her trembling hands. "Good heavens! is it come to this? Ernst, Ernst! What words! what looks! And I, wretched being, what have I said?"

Such were Elise's broken and only half-defined thoughts, while tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Words, words, words!" says Hamlet, disparagingly. But God preserve us from the destructive power of words! There are words which can separate hearts sooner than sharp swords—there are words whose sting can remain in the heart through a whole life!

Elise wept long and violently, her whole soul was in excitement.

In moments of violent struggle, bad and good spirits are at hand; they surrounded Elise and spoke to her thus:—

BAD SPIRITS.—"Think on what thou hast given up! think on thy own merits! Recollect the many little acts of injustice which thou hast had to bear, the bitter pains which the severity of thy husband has occasioned thee! Why shouldst thou crawl in the dust? Raise thyself, depressed one! raise thyself, offended wife! think of thy own worth, of thy own rights! Do not allow thyself to be subjected; show some character. Requite that which thou hast endured. Thou also canst annoy; thou also canst punish! Take refuge in thy nerves, in unkindness; make use of thy power, and enjoy the pleasure of revenge!"

GOOD SPIRITS.—"Think on thy wants, on thy faults! Recollect all the patience, all the kindness, all the tenderness, which has been shown thee! Think on thy husband's worth, on his beautiful noble qualities! Think also on life, how short it is; how much unavoidable bitterness it possesses, how much which it is easy either to bear or to chase away; and think how the power of affection can make all things right. Tremble before the chains of selfishness; free thyself from them by a new sacrifice of love, and purify the heaven of home; ascending clouds can easily expand into destructive tempest, or can disperse and leave not a trace in the air. Oh, chase them hence with the powerful breath of love!"

The happiness of a long life depends, not unfrequently, upon which of these invisible counsellors we give ear to. On this it depends whether the gates of heaven or hell shall be opened upon earth to men. Elise listened to the good counsellors; she conversed long with them, and the more pure recollections they sent into her soul, the easier was it for her. The light of love was kindled in her, and that made her clear-sighted in many directions. She saw now what it was right for her to do respecting her novel, and this revelation warmed her heart. She knew also that this was the only one she could ever write, and that her husband should never again miss her from the tea-table, and therefore be obliged to drink his tea at the club (but he should be reconciled with the sinner, the novel); and she would, moreover, prepare a dinner for the Colonel's lady, which should compensate for the unlucky one of this day, and—"Would that Ernst would but come home soon," thought she; "I would endeavour to banish all his displeasure, and make all right between us."

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It was the bathing-day of the children, and the message that the hour of bathing was come interrupted Elise's solitude. She ordered Brigitta to commence her preparations, and when she had somewhat composed herself, and washed away the traces of her tears with rose-water, she herself went down into the chamber.

"What a blessing is water!" thought Elise, at the first view of the scene which presented itself. The soft glowing young forms in the clear warm water, the glimmering of the open fire, the splashing and jubileering of the children in their unspeakable comfort, their innocent sport one with another, in the peaceful little lake of the bath, in which they had no fear of raising stormy waves; nay, even Brigitta's happy face, under her white cap, her lively activity, amid the continual phrases of "best-beloved," "little alabaster arm," "alabaster foot," "lily bosom," and such like, while over the lily-white bosom, and the alabaster arm, she spread soap-foam scarcely less white, or wrapped them in snowy cloths, out of which nothing but little, lively, glowing, merry faces peeped and played with one another at bo-peep—all this united to present a picture full of life and pleasure.

Poor Elise, however, could not fully enjoy it; the thought of what had just occurred, longings for reconciliation with her husband, fear that he might remain out too long, that he might return too much displeased for her easily to make all straight again, these thoughts occupied her mind; yet still she could not help smiling as Gabriele, who had sunk down into the bath alone, exclaimed, almost beside herself for fright, "I am drowning! I am drowning!" In order to reassure her, her mother stretched out her white hands to her, and under their protection she laughed and splashed about like a little fish in water.

A shower of flowers streamed suddenly over both mother and child, and Gabriele screamed aloud for joy, and stretched forth her little arms to catch gilly-flowers, roses, and carnations, which fell upon and around her. Elise turned herself round in surprise, and her surprise changed itself into the most delightful sensation of joy, as the lips of her husband were pressed to her forehead.

"Ah, you!" exclaimed Elise, and threw her arms round his neck, and caressingly stroked his cheek.

"I shall get wet through with all this," said he laughing, yet without leaving the bath, nay, he even stooped down his head to little Gabriele, kissed her, and allowed her to splash him with water.

"Thank God! all is right again! and perhaps it will be best to take no farther notice of this unpleasant affair!" thought she, and prepared to follow her husband into the parlour.

The Judge had, probably, during his bad tea at the club, listened to the invisible speakers as well as his wife, the consequence whereof was his visit to the bathing-room, and the shower of flowers from the nosegay he had brought with him for her, and the kiss of reconciliation which effaced every thoughtless and wounding word. He felt now quite pleased that everything was as it should be, and that the gentle and yielding temper of his wife would require nothing further. But, perhaps, on that very account, he was dissatisfied with himself, and, therefore, felt a necessity to pronounce one word—one word, which it is so hard for the lips of a man to pronounce.

yet, which Ernst Frank was too manly, too firm, to shun.

When, therefore, his wife entered, he offered her his hand; "Forgive me, Elise," said he, with the deepest feeling; "I have behaved severely, nay, absurdly to-day!"

"Oh, forgive me, Ernst!" said Elise, deeply affected, whilst she pressed his hand to her heart.

Accused be all-disturbers of the peace in this world! Such a one entered at that moment, and undid that which would otherwise have bound them so closely to each other. It was a messenger from the Colonel's lady with a note, together with a book for the Judge, and two little bottles of select Eau de rose for Elise, "of which, I know," said the note, "she is very fond."

The Judge's cheek grew crimson as he read the note, which he did not show to his wife.

"An extremely polite and interesting person," said he, "I will immediately answer it."

"Ernst," said Elise, "should we not invite her to dinner to-morrow? I thought of something very nice, which is sure to succeed; then we go altogether to the concert, and afterwards she might sup with us."

"Now that is good a idea, and thank you for it, my dear Elise," said he, extremely pleased.

Yes, if the Colonel's lady had not been there,—if the Candidate had not been there,—and if there had been no *if* in the case, all might have gone on quite smoothly. But it was quite otherwise.

CHAPTER IX.

ONE SWALLOW MAKES NO SUMMER.

Too many chaotic elements had collected together in the family of the Franks, for one sun-gleam to dissipate. Even the married pair did not clearly understand their own actions.

The Judge, truly, was too much enchanted by his former beloved-one; and the beautiful Emelie did all that was in her power to enslave again her early adorer.

Judge Frank, who would have been as cold and proud as possible if he had been assailed by coarse and direct flattery, was yet by no means steeled against the refined and almost imperceptible flattery of Emelie, who, with all her peculiar gifts of soul and understanding, made herself subordinate to him, in order to be enlightened and instructed by him.

"An extraordinarily amiable and interesting lady," thought he still with greater animation, although he seldom asserted so much; and exactly in the proportion in which he found Emelie interesting, it was natural that he should find Elise less so, especially as he found in Emelie precisely those very qualities, the want of which he had so much regretted in his wife: namely, an interest in his activity as a citizen, and in general for the objects connected with which he occupied himself in the liveliest manner.

Elise, on her part, was neither calmer nor clearer as to the nature of her actions than her husband. The connexion between him and Emelie was painful to her; and she felt a sort of consolation from the devotion of Jacobi, even when it was beginning to assume that passionate character which made her seriously uneasy.

A letter, which she wrote to her sister about this time, exhibits her state of feeling:

"It is long since I wrote to you, Cecilia—I hardly know why; I hardly know, indeed, my

own feelings—all is so unquiet, so undefined. I wish it were clear!

"Do you know she is very lovely, this old flame of my husband's, and very brilliant. I fancy I am jealous of her. Last evening I went out to a supper-party—the first for several years. I dressed myself with great care, for I wished to please Ernst, and had flowers in my hair. I was greatly satisfied with my appearance when I went. My husband was to come later. I found Emelie already there; she was beautiful, and looked most elegant. We were seated together; a looking-glass was before us, on which I threw stolen glances, and saw—a shadow! I thought at first it was some illusion, and looked again; but again it revealed unmercifully to me a pale ghost beside the beautiful and dazzling Emelie. 'It is all over, irremediably over,' thought I, 'with my youth and my bloom! But if my husband and children only can love me, I can then resign youth and beauty.'

"But again I felt compelled to look at the shadow in the glass, and grew quite melancholy. Emelie also cast glances at the mirror, and drew comparisons, but with feelings far different from mine. Then came Ernst, and I saw that he too made comparisons between us.

"He was, all this evening, very much occupied with Emelie. I felt unwell and weak; I longed so to support myself on his arm; but he did not come near me the whole time: perhaps he imagined I was out of humour—perhaps I looked so. Ah! I returned home before supper, and he remained. As I drove home through those deserted streets in the wretched hackney-coach, a sense of misery came over my heart such as I cannot describe; many a bitter thought was awoke within me, before which I trembled.

"At the door of my own home I met Jacobi; he had sate up for me, and wished to tell me something amusing about my children. He seemed to have foreboded my feelings this evening. My favourite fruit, which he had provided for me, should have refreshed me. His friendship and his devotion cheer me. There is something so beautiful in feeling one-self beloved.

"Every new emotion, every new connexion, among men, has its danger, its temptation; the most beautiful, the most noble, may have their dangerous tendency. O! how is this to be prevented without a separation?—how is the poison to be avoided without deadening the sting? O Cecilia! at this moment I need a friend; I need you, to whom I could turn, and from whom, in these disquieting circumstances, I in my weakness could derive light and strength. I am discontented with myself; I am discontented with — Ah! he alone it is who, if he would, could make all right!

"Oh, Cecilia, this is a mist-enveloped hour of my life!—does it announce day or night? My glance is dark; I see the path no longer! But I will resign myself into the hand of Him who said, 'let there be light.'

"Thank God, all is now better and clearer! In a few hours this day will be over;—I long for it!

"To-day we have a children's dance at our house. Emelie will be here also. There is not a good understanding between us two. She is too cold for me, too witty, and too — but I will do my best to be a good hostess; and when the

day is ended, I will look at my sleeping boy, and make myself happy over my children."

CHAPTER X.

THE END OF THE DAY.

EVENING came, and with it lights and guests. A strong, self-sacrificing amiability governed Elise's manner this evening. She was almost cordial towards Emelie; cared for the comfort of every one, played the piano for the children's dance, and appeared to exist only in order to serve others. The beautiful Emelie, on the contrary, thought of herself; was livelier and more brilliant than ever, and, as usual, assembled all the gentlemen around her; she turned her conversation from politics to literature, and then spoke of theatricals, characterizing, in the most animated and sarcastic manner, the dramatic manufactory of the Scribe-Mellesville school.

"For the rest," added she, "the stage acts very prudently and sensibly in letting the curtain fall the moment the hero and heroine approach the altar; novels do the same, and that, also, with good reason, otherwise nobody would be able to read them."

"How so?" asked the Judge with great earnestness.

"Because," answered Emelie, "the illusion of life is extinguished on the other side of this golden moment, and reality steps forward then in all its heaviness and nakedness. Look at a young couple in the glowing morning of their union, how warm love is then; how it penetrates and beautifies every thing; how it glows and speaks in glance and word, and agreeable action; how its glory changes the whole of life into poetry! 'Thou, thou!' is the one thought of the young people then. But observe the same couple a few years later—'I, I!' and 'that which will give me pleasure,' is the one thought then. The adoring, all-resigning lover is then become the authoritative husband, according to whose law everybody must regulate themselves, and to whom everybody must attend. And the loving, all-sacrificing bride, she is become the unwieldy and care-burdened housewife, who talks of nothing but trouble, bad sausages, and negligent maid-servants. And what are *tête-à-tête* communications between these two? 'How, my dear! is the butter really used up already? Why, I gave you money only the other day for butter? You really must look better after things, and see what the cook does with the butter; I will not allow such extravagance in the house even if you will!' or 'Indeed, my love, I and the children must have new over-dresses. Little Peter's coat is worn out, and little Paul has grown out of his; and my old cloak cannot last to eternity!' People," continued the sarcastic Emelie, "may thank their stars, too, if out of such interesting communications as these no hateful quarrels arise; and if, in the happy repose of their homes, harmless yawnings have only taken place of the kisses which have left it. Contracted circumstances, the miserableness and difficulties of housekeeping, destroy the happiness of marriage, even as the worm destroys the flower, bringing bitterness and sourness into the temper; and though the married pair may continue to the very day of their death to address each other as 'My dear child,' yet, very often, *in petto*, it is

'My sour child.' Yet, after all, this is nothing, in fact, but what is perfectly natural; and, in this respect, marriage only follows the eternal law of nature in all earthly existence. Every form of life carries in itself decay and dissolution—a poisonous snake-king* has forced itself to the root of the world."

Several of the listeners, and among them the Candidate, had laughed loudly at Emelie's descriptions; but the Judge had not once moved his lips, and replied, when she had done, with an earnestness that confounded even her satire.

"If all this were true, Emelie," said he, "then were life, even in its best point of view, good for nothing; and with justice might it indeed be called an illusion. But it is not so; and you have only described marriage in its lowest, and not either in its best or its truest sense. I do not deny the difficulties which exist in this, as in every other circumstance of life; but I am confident that they may and must be overcome: and this will be done if the married pair bring only right intentions into the house. Then may want and care, disturbing, nay even bitter hours may come, but they will also go; and the bonds of love and truth will be consolation, nay, even will give strength. You have spoken, Emelie, of death and separation as the end of the drama of life; you have forgotten the awaking again, and the second youth, of which the ancient Walat sings. Married life, like all life, has such a second youth; yes, indeed, a progressive one, because it has its foundation in the life which is eternal; and every contest won, every danger passed through, every pain endured, change themselves into blessing on home and on the married pair, who have thus obtained better knowledge, and who are thus more closely united."

He spoke with unusual warmth, and not without emotion, and his expressive glance sought and dwelt upon his wife, who had approached, unobserved, and who had listened to Emelie's bitter satire with stinging pain, because she knew that there was a degree of truth in it.

But as her husband spoke, she felt that he perceived the whole and full truth, and her heart beat freer and stronger, and all at once a clearness was in her soul. With her head bent forward, she gazed on him with a glance of tenderness and confidence, forgetting herself, and listening with fervour to every word which he uttered. In this very moment their eyes met, and there was much, inexpressibly much, in their glance; a clear crimson of delight flushed her cheek, and made her beautiful. The gentle happiness which now animated her being, together with her lovely figure, her graceful movements, and the purity of her brow, made her far more fascinating than her lovely rival. Her husband followed her with his eyes, as, kindly and attentively she busied herself among her guests, or with the little Gabriele in her arms, mingled in the children's dance, for which Evelina's foster daughters were playing a four-handed piece. He had suddenly cooled towards his "old flame," nor was he at all warmed again by the sharp tone with which the little caressing Petrea was reproved for being too obtrusive.

"Our Louise in time will dance very well," remarked the Judge to his wife, as he noticed

* According to the Northern mythology, Nidhogg, the snake-king, lives in Nifheim, the nether world.

† A kind of Northern sibyl or prophetess.

with great pleasure the little *glissades* and *chassés* of his daughter, whom Miss Gabriel Sternhök twirled round, and with whom he conversed with great gravity, and a certain knightly politeness.

In the meantime Mrs. Gunilla was instructing Emelie on the manners and character of the French; and Emelie, whose countenance since the discussion of the marriage question had worn a bitter expression, endeavoured with a tolerably sharp tone to make her superior information felt, and in return was mown down, as it were, at one stroke by Mrs. Gunilla, who—had never been in France.

The Candidate followed Elise everywhere with glances of devotion, and appeared this evening perfectly enchanted by her amiability.

"Fie, for shame!—to take all the confections to yourself!" moralized the little Louise to a young guest, a fat, quiet boy, who took the confections and the reproof with the same stoical indifference. Louise cast a look of high indignation upon him, and then gave her share of sweetmeats to a little girl, who complained she had none.

Supper same, and Emelie, whose eyes flashed unusual fire, seemed to wish fervently to win back that regard which she, perhaps, feared to have lost already, and with her playful and witty conversation electrified the whole company. Jacobi, who was excited in no ordinary manner, drank one glass of wine after another, talked and laughed very loud, and looked between whiles upon Elise with glances which expressed his sentiments in no doubtful manner. These glances were not the first of the kind which the quick eyes of Elise's rival observed.

"That young man," said she, in a low but significant whisper to the Judge, and with a glance on Jacobi, "seems to be very charming; he has really remarkably attractive talents—he is nearly related to Elise, of course."

"No," returned he, looking at her rather surprised; "but he has been for nearly three months a member of our family."

"Indeed!" said she, in purposely emphatic and grave manner; "I should have thought—but as for that," added she, in an evidently careless tone—"if Elise be really so kind and so amiable to everybody who is with her daily as she is to him, it must be very difficult not to love her."

The Judge felt the sting of the viper, and with a glance which flashed a noble indignation, he replied to his beautiful neighbour, "You are right, Emelie; I know no woman who deserves more love or esteem than she!"

Emelie bit her lip and grew pale; and she would assuredly have grown yet paler, could she only have understood the sentiment which she had awakened in the breast of her former admirer.

Ernst Frank had a keen sense of moral meanness, and in his estimation no intellectual power could compensate for it. He clearly understood her intentions and despised her for them. In his eyes, at this moment, she was hateful. In the mean time his composure was destroyed. He looked on Jacobi, and observed his glances and his feelings towards his wife; he looked on her, and saw that she was uneasy and avoided his eye.

A horrible spasmodic feeling thrilled through his soul; in order to conceal which he became more than usually animated, yet there was a

something bitter, a something keenly sarcastic in his words, which still, on account of the general gaiety, remained unobserved by most.

Never before was Assessor Munter so cheerful, so comically cross with all mankind. Mrs. Gunilla and he seemed quite desperate against each other. The company rose from the supper-table in full strife, and adjourned to the dancing-room.

"Music, in heaven's name! music!" exclaimed the Assessor, with a gesture of despair, and Elise and the Colonel's lady hastened to the piano. It was a pleasant thought, after the screaming of that rough voice had been heard, to play one of Blangini's beautiful night-pieces, which seem to have been inspired by the Italian heaven, and which awakened in the soul of the hearer a vision of those summer nights, with their flowery meadows, of their love, of their music, and of all their unspeakable delights.

"Un' eterna constanza in amor," were the words which, repeated several times with the most bewitching modulations, concluded the song.

"Un' eterna constanza in amor!" repeated the Candidate, softly and passionately pressing his hand to his heart, as he followed Elise to a window, whither she had gone to gather a rose for her rival. As Elise's hand touched the rose, the lips of Jacobi touched her hand.

Emelie sang another song, which delighted the company extremely; but Ernst Frank stood silent and gloomy the while. Words had been spoken this evening which aroused his slumbering perception; and after what he had just seen between Jacobi and his wife, he felt as if the earth were trembling under his feet, as if he literally gasped for breath. A tempest was aroused in his breast; and at the same moment turning his eyes, he encountered those of another person, which were riveted upon him with a questioning, penetrating expression. They were those of the Assessor. Such a glance as that from any other person had been poison to the temper of Frank, but from Jeremias Munter it operated quite otherwise; and as shortly afterwards he saw his friend writing something on a strip of paper, he went to him, and looking over his shoulder, read these words:

"Why regardest thou the mote in thy brother's eye, yet seest not the beam in thine own eye?"

"Is this meant for me?" asked he in a low but excited voice.

"Yes," was the direct reply.

The Judge took the paper, and concealed it in his breast.

He was pale and silent, and began to examine himself. The company broke up; he had promised Emelie to accompany her home; but now, while she, full of animation, jested with several gentlemen, and while the servant drew on her fur-shoes, he stood silent and cold beside her as a pillar of ice. Mrs. Gunilla and the Assessor quarreled till the last moment. Whilst all this was going on, Elise went quietly to Jacobi, who stood somewhat apart, and said to him in a low voice, "I wish to speak with you when they are all gone; I will wait for you in the parlour." Jacobi bowed; a burning crimson flashed to his cheek; the Judge threw a penetrating glance upon them, and passed his hand over his pale countenance.

"It gives me great pleasure," cried Mrs. Gunilla, speaking shrilly and staccato; "it gives

me great pleasure to see my fellow-creatures, and it gives me great pleasure if they will see me. If they are not always agreeable, why, I am not always agreeable myself! Heart's-dearest! in this world one must have patience one with another, and not be everlastingly requiring and demanding from others. For my part, I am satisfied with the world, and with my own fellow-creatures, as God has made them. I cannot endure that people should be perpetually blaming and criticising, and making sour faces, and cutting their jokes on every thing, and saying, 'I will not have this!' and 'I will not have that!' and 'I will not have it so!' It is folly; it is unbearable; it is wearisome; it is stupid! precisely as if they themselves only were endurable, agreeable, and clever! No, I have learned better manners than that. It is true that I have no genius, nor learning, nor talents, as so many people in our day lay claim to, but I have learned to govern myself."

During this moral lecture, and endeavouring all the time to overpower it, the Assessor exclaimed, "And can you derive the least pleasure from your horrible social life? No, that you cannot! What is social life, but a strift to get into the world in order to discover that the world is unbearable? but a scheming and labouring to get invited, to be offended and put out of sorts if not invited; and if invited, to complain of weariness and vexation? Thus people bring a mass of folks together, and wish them—at Jericho! and all this strift only to get poorer, more out of humour, more out of health; in one word, to get the exact position, *vis-à-vis*, of happiness! See there! Adieu, Adieu! When the ladies take leave, they never have done."

"There is not one single word of truth in all that you have said," was the last but laughing salutation of Mrs. Gunilla to the Assessor, as, accompanied by the Candidate, she left the door. The Judge, too, was gone; and Elise, left alone, betook herself to the parlour.

Suddenly quick steps were heard behind her—she thought "Jacobi!"—turned round and saw her husband; but never before had she seen him looking as then; there was an excitement, an agitation, in his countenance that terrified her. He threw his arm violently round her waist, riveted his eyes upon her with a glance that seemed as if it would penetrate into her inmost soul.

"Ernst, be calm!" whispered she, deeply moved by his state of mind, the cause of which she imagined. He seized her hand and pressed it to his forehead—it was damp and cold; the next moment he was gone.

We will now return to the Candidate.

Wine and love, and excited expectation, had so inflamed the imagination of the young man, that he hardly knew what he did—whether he walked, or whether he flew; and more than once, in descending the stairs, had he nearly precipitated Mrs. Gunilla, who exclaimed with kindness, but some little astonishment, "God preserve me! I cannot imagine, heart's-dearest, how either you or I walk to-night! See, now again, all's going mad! No, I thank you, I'll take care of myself. I think I can go safe by myself. I can hold by—"

"A thousand times pardon," interrupted the Candidate, whilst he pressed Mrs. Gunilla's arm tightly; "it is all my fault. But now we will go safely and magnificently; I was a little dizzy!"

"Dizzy!" repeated she. "Heart's-dearest, we should take care on that very account; one should take care of one's head as well as one's heart, or every thing will fare worse than it has now fared with us! He, he, he! But listen to me, my friend," said Mrs. Gunilla, suddenly becoming very grave: "I will tell you one thing, and that is —"

"Your Honour, pardon me," interrupted he, "but I think—I feel rather unwell—I—there, now we are at your door! Pardon me!" and the Candidate tumbled upstairs again.

In the hall of the Franks' dwelling, he drew breath. The thought of the mysterious meeting with Elise filled him at the same time with joy and uneasiness. He could not collect his bewildered thoughts, and with a wildly-beating heart went into the room where Elise awaited him.

As soon as he saw her white lovely figure standing in the magical lamplight, his soul became intoxicated, and he was just about to throw himself at her feet, when Elise, hastily and with dignity, drew back a few paces.

"Listen to me, Jacobi," said she, with trembling but earnest voice.

"Listen to you!" said he, passionately—"Oh, that I might listen to you for ever!—Oh, that I—"

"Silence!" interrupted Elise, with a severity very unusual to her; "not one word more of this kind, or our conversation is at an end, and we are separated for ever!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Jacobi, "what have—"

"I beseech you, listen to me!" continued Elise; "tell me, Jacobi, have I given you occasion to think thus lightly of me?"

Jacobi started. "What a question!" said he, stammering and pale.

"Nevertheless," continued Elise, with emotion, "I must have done so; your behaviour to me this evening has proved it. Could you think, Jacobi, that I, a wife, the mother of many children, could permit the sentiment which you have been so thoughtless as to avow this evening? could you imagine that it would not occasion me great uneasiness and pain? Indeed, it is so, Jacobi; I fear that you have gone sadly wrong; and if I myself, through any want of circumspection in my conduct, have assisted thereto, may God forgive me! You have punished me for it, Jacobi—have punished me for the regard I have felt and shown to you; and if I now must break a connexion, which I hoped would gladden my life, it is your own fault. Only one more such glance—one more such declaration, as you have made this evening, and you must remove from this house."

The crimson of shame and indignation burned on Jacobi's cheek. "In truth," said he, "I have not deserved such severity."

"Ah! examine yourself, Jacobi," said she, "and you will judge yourself more severely than I have done. You say you love me, Jacobi, and you do not dread to destroy the peace and happiness of my life. Already, perhaps, are poisonous tongues in activity against me. I have seen this evening glances directed upon me and upon you, which were not mild; and thoughts and feelings are awakened in my husband's soul, which never ought to have been awakened there. You have disturbed the peace of a house, into which you were received with friendship and confidence. But I, know," continued she, mildly,

"that you have not intended anything criminal; no bad intentions have guided your behaviour; folly only has led you to treat so lightly that relationship which is the holiest on earth. You have not reflected seriously enough on your life, or your duty and your situation, in this family."

Jacobi covered his face with his hands, and a strong emotion agitated him.

"And Ernst," again began Elise, with warmth and yet greater feeling, "what an excellent husband he is—scarcely has he his equal—Jacobi, the saviour of my child—my young friend! I would not have spoken thus to you if I had not had great faith on your better—your nobler self; if I had not hoped to have won a friend in you—a friend for my whole life, for myself and Ernst. Oh, Jacobi, listen to my prayer! you are thrown among people who are willing from their very hearts to be your friends! Act so that we may love and highly esteem you; and do not change into grief that hearty good will which we both feel for you! Combat against, nay, banish from your heart, every foolish sentiment which you, for a moment, have cherished for me. Consider me as a sister—as a mother!—Yes," continued she, pausing over this word, and half prophetically, "perhaps you may even yet call me mother; and if you will show me love and faith, Jacobi, as you have said, I will accept it—from my son! O, Jacobi! if you would deserve my blessing, and my eternal gratitude, be a faithful friend, a good instructor of my boy, my Henri! Your talents as a teacher are of no common kind. Your heart is good—your understanding is capable of the noblest cultivation—your path is open before you to all that makes man most estimable and most amiable. Oh! turn not away from it, Jacobi—tread this path with Ernst—"

"Say not another word!" exclaimed Jacobi. "Oh, I see all! forgive me, angelic Elise! I will do all, everything, in order to deserve your esteem and friendship. You have penetrated my heart—you have changed it. I shall become a better man. But tell me that you forgive me—that you can be my friend, and that you will!"

Jacobi, in the height of his excitement, had thrown himself on his knee before her; Elise also was deeply affected; tears streamed from her eyes, while she extended her hand to him, and bending over him said, from the very depths of her heart, "Your friend for ever!"

Calmly, and with cheerful countenances, both raised themselves; but an involuntary shudder passed through her as she saw her husband standing in the room, with a pale and stern countenance.

Jacobi went towards him: "Judge Frank," said he, with a firm but humble voice, "you behold here a—"

"Silence, Jacobi!" interrupted Elise, quickly; "you need not blush on account of your bended knee, nor is any explanation needful. It is not, is it, Ernst?" continued she, with the undaunted freshness of innocence: "you desire no explanation; you believe me when I say, that Jacobi now, more than ever, deserves your friendship. A bond is formed between us three, which, as I hope, nothing will disturb, and no poisonous tongue censure. You believe me, Ernst?"

"Yes," said he, giving her his hand; "if I could not, then—" he did not finish the sentence, but fixed his eyes with a stern expression immovably on her. "I will speak with you," said he, after a moment, and in a calmer voice. "Good night, Mr. Jacobi."

Jacobi bowed, withdrew a few steps, and then returned: "Judge Frank," said he, in a voice which showed the excitement of his feelings, "give me your hand; I will deserve your friendship."

The outstretched hand was grasped firmly and powerfully, and Jacobi left the room in haste.

"Come here, Elise," said the Judge with warmth, leading his wife to the sofa, and enclosing her in his arms. "Speak to me! Tell me, has anything in my behaviour of late turned your heart from me?"

Elise's head sunk upon the breast of her husband, and she was silent. "Ah, Ernst!" said she at length, with a painful sigh, "I also am dissatisfied with myself. But," added she, more cheerfully, "when I lean myself on you thus, when I hear your heart beating, and know what is within that heart, then, Ernst, I feel how I love—how I believe on you! Then I reproach myself with being so weak, so unthankful, so ready to take offence! Oh, Ernst! love me, look on me always as now, then life will be bright to me; then shall I have strength to overcome all—even my own weakness; then I shall feel that only a cloud, only a shadow of mist, and no reality can come between us. But now all is vanished; now I can lay open to you all the innermost loopholes of my heart—can tell you all my weaknesses—"

"Be still, be still now," said the Judge, with a bright and affectionate look, and laying his hand on her mouth. "I have more failings than you; but I am awake now. Weep not, Elise; let me kiss away your tears! Do you not feel, as I do now, that all is right? Do we not believe in the Eternal Good, and do we not believe in each other? Let us forgive and forget, and have peace together. Some time, when the error of this time has in some measure passed from our remembrance, we will talk it over, and wonder how it ever came between us. Now, all is so bright between us, and we both of us see our way clearly. Our errors will serve us for warnings. Wherefore do we live in the world, unless to become better? Look at me, Elise. Are you friendly towards me? Can you have confidence in me?"

"I can! I have!" said she; "there is not a grain of dust any longer between us."

"Then we are one!" said he, with a joyful voice. "Let us, then, in God's name, go thus together through life. What he has united, let no man, no accident, nothing in this world, separate!"

Night came; but light had arisen in the breast both of husband and wife.

The fruit of disunion is commonly thorns and thistles, but it may likewise bear seed for the granary of heaven.

CHAPTER XI.

JACOBI.

WHEN Jacobi entered his room, he found a letter lying on the table near his bed. He recognised the handwriting as that of Judge Frank, and quickly opened it. A bank-note, of considerable value, fell out; and the letter contained the following words:

"You are indebted to several persons in the city, Jacobi, with whom I wish, for your own sake, that you should have as little to do as

possible. Within, you will find the means of satisfying their demands. Receive it as from a paternal friend, who sincerely wishes you to regard him as such, and who embraces with pleasure an opportunity of making an acknowledgment to the friend and instructor of his children. To the preserver of my child I shall always remain indebted; but should you desire anything, or need anything, do not apply to any other than

"Your friend,
"E. FRANK."

"He! and he, too!" exclaimed Jacobi, deeply agitated. "O, the kind, noble, excellent man! And I—I shall, I will become worthy of him! From this day forward I am another person!"

He pressed the letter to his breast, and looked up to the star-lighted heaven with silent but fervent vows.

CHAPTER XII.

TIME GOES.

LIFE has its moments of strength and bloom; its bright moments of inspiration, in which the human artist, the painter of earthly life, seizes on, and utters what is purest, most beautiful and divine. If, in our human life, we acted only then; if then all sacrifices were made, all victories won, there would be but little difficulty in life. But the difficult part is to preserve, through a long course of years, the flame which has been kindled by inspiration only; to preserve it while the storms come and go, while the everlasting dust-rain of the moment falls and falls; to preserve it still and uniform, amid the unvarying changing of unvaried days and nights. To do this, strength from above is required; repeated draughts from the fountain of inspiration, both for the great and the small—for all labourers on earth.

It was the good fortune of Ernst and Elise that they knew this; and knew, also, how to make it available to them. On this account they succeeded more and more in conquering their natural failings; on this account they came nearer to each other by every little step, which in itself is so unobservable, but which yet, at the same time, twines so firmly and lovingly together the human heart and life, and which may be contained in the rubric—*regard for mutual inclinations, regard for mutual interests.*

Through this new-born intimacy of heart, this strengthening and pure affection, Elise assumed a secure and noble standing with regard to Jacobi. Her heart was vanquished by no weaknesses, even when she saw suffering expressed in his youthful countenance; nay, she remained firm, even when she saw that his health was giving way, and only besought her husband to name an earlier day for his and Henrik's departure, in which her husband's wish accorded with her own. She found him now by her side like a good angel, gentle, yet strong. No wonder was it, therefore, that, to try him, Elise went forward successfully; no wonder was it, therefore, that from the firm conduct of her husband, and from the contemplation of the good under-

standing which existed between them, the whispered blame, which had already begun to get abroad at their expense, died of itself, like a flame wanting nourishment.

Of Judge Frank's "old flame," which Elise had feared so much, we must relate how that she found herself so wounded, and so cooled likewise, by the ice-cold behaviour of her former adorer, that she quickly left the city, having abandoned all thoughts of settling there.

"Life there, would be too uniform for me, would possess too little interest," said she, yawning, to the Judge, who was warmly counselling her return either to France or Italy.

"In our good North we must find that which can give interest and enjoyment to life in ourselves and our own means,—from our families, from our own breasts."

"She is extremely beautiful and interesting," said Elise, with a kindly feeling towards her when she was gone. The Judge made no reply, nor was he ever heard to speak again of this his former beloved one.

Days went by. The Judge had much to do. Elise occupied herself with her little girls, and the Candidate with Henrik and his own studies.

The children grew like asparagus in June, and their father rejoiced over them. "Little Louise will grow over all our heads," prophesied he many a time; and when he heard Eva's playing "*Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre*," on the piano, his musical sense awoke, and he would observe to his wife, "Has not Eva already a great deal of feeling in music?"

The evenings, on which all the members of the family assembled, assumed constantly a livelier and more comfortable character for every one; often they played and danced with the children.

The children! What a world of pleasure and pain do they not bring with them into a house! of a truth all is not of as rosy a hue as their cheeks. Elise discovered that in her children which was not always exactly good. "Do to others what thou wouldst that they should do to thee." "Patience is a good root." "You do not see that your father and mother do so and so." The standing, customary speeches which have gone through the world from the time when "Adam delved and Eve span," down to the present day, and which to the very end of time will be ever in use,—together with assurances to the children, whenever they were punished, that all this was done for their benefit, and that the time would come when they would be thankful for it—which the children very seldom, if ever, believe—this citizen-of-the-world patriarchal household-fare, which was dealt out in the family of the Franks, as in every other worthy family,—did not always produce its proper effect.

Perhaps Elise troubled herself too much sometimes about the perpetual recurrence of the same fault,—perhaps she calculated too little on the invisible but sun-like and powerful influence of paternal love on her little human plants. True it is that she had great anxiety on their account, and that the development and future prospects of her daughters awoke much disquiet and trouble in her mind.

One day when such thoughts had troubled her more than usual, she felt the necessity of a pru-

dent and, in this respect, experienced female friend, to whom she could open her mind.

"Ernst," said she to her husband, as he prepared himself to go out immediately after dinner, "I shall go below for a few minutes to Evelina, but I will be back again by the time you return."

"Don't trouble yourself about that, Elise," said he; "remain as long as you like, I'll fetch you. Take my arm, and let us go down together, that I may see exactly whence I must fetch you."

CHAPTER XIII.

A LITTLE EDUCATION AND COFFEE COMMITTEE.

As Elise entered Evelina's room, Pyrrhus sprang, barking, towards her, and wagging his tail. Mrs. Gunilla was there, and she and the hostess emulated each other in welcoming their friend.

"Nay! best-beloved, that is charming!" exclaimed Mrs. Gunilla, embracing Elise cordially. "Now, how does the little lady!—somewhat pale!—somewhat out of spirits, I fancy? I will tell you confidentially that we shall presently get some magnificent coffee, which will cheer her up."

Evelina took Elise's hand, and looked kindly and sympathizing at her with her calm, sensible eyes. Pyrrhus touched her foot gently with his nose, in order to call her attention, and then seating himself on his hind-legs before her, began growling, which was his mode of expressing his sympathy also. Elise laughed, and she and Mrs. Gunilla vied with each other in caressing the little animal.

"Ah, let me sit down here and chat with you, where every thing seems so kind," said Elise, in reply to Evelina's glance, which spoke such a kind 'how do you do?' "Let me sit with you here where all is so quiet and so comfortable. I do not know how you manage, Evelina, but it seems to me as if the air in your room were clearer than elsewhere; whenever I come to you it seems to me as if I entered a little temple of peace."

"Yes, and so it seems to me," said Mrs. Gunilla.

"Yes, thank God," said Evelina, smiling, but with tears in her eyes; "here is peace!"

"And at our little lady's, the young folks raise dust sometimes in the temper, as well as in the rooms," said Mrs. Gunilla, with facetiousness. "Well, well," added she, by way of consolation, "every thing has its time, and all dust will in time lay itself, only have patience."

"Ah, teach me that best thing, Aunt," said Elise, "for I am come here precisely with the hope of gaining some wisdom—I need it so much. But where are your daughters to-day, Evelina?"

"They are gone to-day to one of their friends," replied she, "to a little festival, which they have long anticipated with pleasure; and I also expect to have my share, from their relation of it to me."

"Ah! teach me, Evelina," said Elise, "how I can make my daughters as amiable, as good, and as happy, as your Laura and Karie. I confess that it is the anxiety for the bringing up of

my daughters which ever makes me uneasy, and which lies so heavy on my heart this very day. I distrust my own ability—my own knowledge, rightly to form their minds—rightly to unfold them."

"Ah, education, education!" said Mrs. Gunilla angrily; "people are everlastingly crying out now for education. One never can hear any thing now but about education. In my youth I never heard talk of education; nevertheless, a man was a man in those days for all that. But now, ever since *le tiers état* have pushed themselves so much forward, have made so much of themselves, and have esteemed themselves as something exclusive in the world with their education—now the whole world cries out, 'educate! educate!' Yes, indeed, they even tell us now that we should educate the maid-servants. I pray God to dispense with my living in the time when maid-servants are educated; I should have to wait on myself then, instead of their waiting on me. Yes, yes! things are going on towards that point at a pretty pass, that I can promise you! Already they read Frithiof and Axel; and before one is aware, one shall hear them talk of 'husband and wife,' and 'wife and husband,' and that they fancy themselves 'to be vines, which must wither if they are not supported,' and of 'sacrifices,' and other such affecting things, until they become quite incapable of cleaning a room, or scouring a kettle. Yes, indeed, there would be a pretty management in the world with all their education! It is a frenzy, a madness, with this education. It is horrible!"

The longer Mrs. Gunilla talked on this subject, the more excited she became.

Elise and Evelina laughed heartily, and then declared that they themselves, as belonging to the *tiers-état*, must take education, nay, even the education of maid-servants, under their protection.

"Ah," said Mrs. Gunilla, impatiently, "you make all so artistical and entangled with your education; and you cram the heads of children full of such a many things, that they never get them quite straight all the days of their life. In my youth, people learned to speak 'the language,' as the French was then called, just sufficient to explain a motto; enough of drawing to copy a pattern, and music enough to play a *contre danse* if it were wanted; but they did not learn, as now, to gabble about every thing in the world; but they turned to think, and if they knew less of art and splendour, why, they had the art to direct themselves, and to keep the world in peace!"

"But, your honour," said Evelina, "education in its true meaning, as it is understood in our time, teaches us to take a clearer view of ourselves and of the world at large, so that we may more correctly understand our own allotted station, estimate more properly that of others, and, in consequence, that every 'one may be fitted for his own station, and contented therewith,'"

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Gunilla, "all that may be very good, but——" But just then coffee came in, with biscuits and gingerbread, which made an important diversion in the entertainment, which took a livelier character. Mrs.

Gunilla imparted to Elise a variety of good counsel in the education of children. She recommended a certain *Orbis Pictus*, which she herself had studied when a child, and which began with the words, "Come here, boy, and learn wisdom from my mouth," and in which one could see clearly how the soul was fashioned, and how it looked. It looked like a pancake spread out on a table round and smooth, with all the five senses properly numbered. Mrs. Gunilla assured Elise, that if her children paid attention to this picture, it would certainly unravel and fashion their ideas of the human soul. Furthermore, she proposed the same educational course as had been used with such distinguished success upon her deceased father, and which consisted in every boy being combed with a fine comb every Saturday, and well whipt, whilst an ounce of English salt was allowed to each, in order to drive the bad spirits out of him. Beyond this they had, too, on the same day, a diet of bread and beer, in which was a dumpling called "Grammatica," so that the boys might be strengthened for the learning of the following week.

During all the merriment which these anecdotes occasioned, the Judge came in: delighted with the merriment, and delighted with his wife, he seated himself beside her, quite covetous of an hour's gossip with the ladies. Mrs. Gunilla served him up the human soul in the *Orbis Pictus*, and Elise instigated her still further to the relation of the purification of the boys. The Judge laughed at both from the bottom of his heart, and then the conversation turned again on the hard and disputable ground of education; all conceding, by general consent, the insufficiency of rules and methods to make it available.

Evelina laid great stress on the self-instruction of the teacher. "In the degree," said she, "in which man develops in himself goodness, wisdom, and ability, he succeeds commonly in calling out these in children."

All the little committee, without exception, gave their most lively approval; and Elise felt herself quite refreshed, quite strengthened by the words which showed her so clearly the path to her great object. She turned now, therefore, the conversation to Evelina's own history and development. It was well known that her path through life had been an unusual one, and one of independence, and Elise wished now to know how she had attained to that serenity and refreshing quiet which characterised her whole being. Evelina blushed, and wished to turn the conversation from herself; but as the Judge, with his earnest cordiality, united in the wish of his wife and Mrs. Gunilla, that Evelina would relate to them some passages in the history of her life, she acceded, remarking only that what she had to relate was in no way extraordinary; and then, after she had bethought herself for a moment, she began—addressing herself more especially to Elise—the narrative, which we will here designate

EVELINA'S HISTORY.

Have you ever been conscious, while listening to a beautiful piece of music, of a deep necessity, an indescribable longing, to find in your own life a harmony like that which you perceive

in the tone?—if so, you have then an idea of the suffering and the release of my soul. I was yet a little child when, for the first time, I was seized upon by this longing without at that time comprehending it. There was a little concert in the house of my parents: the harp, piano, horn, and clarionette, were played by four distinguished artists. In one part of the symphony the instruments united in an indescribably sweet and joyous melody, in the feeling of which my childish soul was seized upon by a strong delight, and at the same time by a deep melancholy. It seemed to me as if I had then an understanding of heaven, and I burst into tears. Ah! the meaning of these I have learned since then. Many such, and many far more painful, tears of longing, have fallen upon the dark web of my life.

To what shall I compare the picture of my youthful years? All that it, and many other such family pictures exhibit, is unclear, indefinite—in one word, blotted. It resembles a dull autumn sky, with its gray, shapeless, intermingling cloud-masses; full of feature without precision, of contour without meaning, of shadow without depth, of light without clearness, which so essentially distinguish the work of a bungler from that of a true master.

My family belonged to the middle classes, and we were especially well content to belong to this noble class; and as we lived from our rents, and had no rank in the state, we called ourselves, not without some self-satisfaction, people of rank. We exhibited a certain genteel indifference towards the *haute volée* in the citizen society, not only in words, but sometimes also in action; yet, nevertheless, in secret we were highly flattered or wounded by all those who came in contact with us from this circle; and not unfrequently too the family conversation turned, quite accidentally as it were, on the subject of its being ennobled on the plea of the important service which our father could render to the state in the House of Knights; and in the hearts of us young girls it excited a great pleasure when we were addressed as "my lady:" farther than this, however, our ambition did not ascend.

The daughters of the house were taught that all pomp and pleasure of this world was only vanity, that nothing was important and worth striving after but virtue and unblemished worth; yet for all this, it so happened that the most lively interests and endeavours, and the warmest wishes of the hearts of all, were directed to wealth, rank, and worldly fortune of every kind. The daughters were taught that in all things the will of God must alone direct them; yet in every instance they were guided by the fear of man. They were taught that beauty was nothing, and of no value; yet they were often compelled to feel, and that painfully, in the paternal house, that they were not handsome. They were allowed to cultivate some talents, and acquire some knowledge, but God forbid that they should ever become learned women; on which account they learned nothing thoroughly, though in many instances they pretended to knowledge, without possessing anything of its spirit, its nourishing strength, or esteem-inspiring earnestness. But above all things they learned, and this only more and more profoundly the more their years in-

creased, that marriage was the goal of their being; and in consequence whereof (though this was never inculcated in words,) to esteem the favour of man as the highest happiness, denying all the time that they thought so.

We were three sisters. As children, it was deeply impressed upon us that we must love one another; but in consequence of partiality on the side of our teachers, in consequence of praise and blame, rewards and punishments, which magnified little trifles into importance, envy and bitterness were early sown among the sisters. It was said of my eldest sister and myself, that we were greatly attached to each other; that we could not live asunder. We were given as examples of sisterly love; and from constantly hearing all this, we at last came to believe it. We were compared to the carriage horses of the family; and as we always, of our own accord, seated ourselves every day after dinner on each side of our good father, we were caressed by him, and called his carriage horses. Yet, in fact, we did not pull together. My sister was more richly endowed by nature than I, and won favour more easily. Never did I envy human being as I envied her, until in later years, and under altered circumstances, I learned to love her rightly, and to rejoice over her advantages.

We were not very rich, and we cast a philosophically compassionate glance upon all who were richer than we, who lived in a more liberal manner, had more splendid equipages, or who dressed themselves more elegantly. "What folly—what pitiable vanity!" said we; "poor people, who know nothing better!" We never thought that our philosophy was somewhat akin to the fox and the grapes.

If we looked in this manner upon the advantages of the great, we despised still more the pleasures of the crowd (we ought to find enough in ourselves—ah! alas!); and if even a theatrical piece was much talked of and visited, we had a kind of pride in saying, with perfect indifference, that we never had seen it; and whenever there was a popular festival, and the crowd went toward Huga or the Park, it was quite as certain that our caleche—if it were out at all—would drive on the road to Sabbatsburgh, or in some other direction equally deserted at the time; for all which, we prided ourselves on our philosophy. Yet in our hearts we really never were happy.

The daughters came out into society. The parents wished to see them loved and wooed; the daughters wished it no less—but they were not handsome—they were dressed without any pretension. The parents saw very little company; and the daughters remained sitting at balls, and were nearly unobserved at suppers. Yet from year to year they slid on with the stream.

The daughters approached to ripened youth. The parents wished them married; they wished it likewise, which was only natural, especially as at home they were not happy; and it must be confessed that neither did they themselves do much to make it pleasant there. They were peevish and discontented—no one knew exactly what to do, or what she wanted; they groped about as if in a mist.

It is customary to hear unmarried ladies say that they are satisfied with their condition, and do not desire to change it. In this pretension

there lies more truth than people in general believe, particularly when the lively feelings of early youth are past. I have often found it so; and above all, wherever the woman, either in one way or another, has created for herself an independent sphere of action, or has found in a comfortable home that freedom, and has enjoyed that pure happiness of life, which true friendship, true education, can give.

A young lady of my acquaintance made what was with justice called a great marriage, although love played but a subordinate part. As some one felicitated her on her happiness, she replied, quite calmly, "O yes! it is very excellent to possess something of one's own." People smiled at her for her thus lightly esteeming, what was universally esteemed so great a good fortune; but her simple words, nevertheless, contain a great and universal truth. It is this "one's own," in the world, and in his sphere of action, which every man unavoidably requires if he would develop his own being, and win for himself independence and happiness, self-esteem, and the esteem of others. Even the nun has her cell, where she can prepare herself in peace for heaven, and in which she possesses her true home. But in social life, the unmarried woman has often not even a little cell which she can call her own; she goes like a cloud of mist through life, and finds firm footing nowhere. Hence, therefore, are there often marriages which ought never to have taken place, and that deep longing after that deep quiet of the grave, which is experienced by so many. But there is no necessity for this, and in times, in which the middle classes are so much more enlightened, it becomes still less so; we need, indeed, only contemplate the mass of people who strive for a subsistence, the crowds of neglected and uncared-for children that grow up in the world, in order to see that whatever is one-sided in the view of the destination of woman vanishes more and more, and opens to her a freer sphere of action.

But I return to the pros and cons of my own life, one feature of which I must particularly mention. If young ladies of our acquaintance connected themselves by marriage with men who were rather above than below them in property and station, we considered it, without exception, reasonable and estimable. But if a man whose connexions and prospects were similar to our own, walked towards our house for a wife, we considered it great audacity, and treated it accordingly. We were secretly looking out for genteeler and richer individuals than we. N. B. This *looking-out* in the great world is a very useful thing, both for gentlemen and ladies, although anybody who would be *naïve* enough to acknowledge as much, would not be greatly in favour either with those who looked-out, or those who did not.

In the mean time, a spirit, full of living energy was developed within me, which woke me to a sense of its after-existence—to a sense of the enslaving contradictions in which it moved, and to the strong desire to free itself from them. As yet, however, I did not understand what I was to do with my restless spirit. By contemplation, however, of noble works of art, it appeared to me that the enigma of my inner self was solved. When I observed the antique vestal, so calm, so assured, and yet so gentle—

when I saw how she stood, self-possessed, firm, and serene—I had a foretaste of the life which I needed, and sought after, both outwardly and inwardly, and I wept tears of melancholy longing.

Tortured by the distorted circumstances (many of which I have not mentioned) under which I moved in my own family, I began, as years advanced, to come in connexion with the world in a manner which, for a temper like mine, was particularly dangerous.

We have heard of the daughters of the Hausgiebel family, who grew old yawning over the spinning-wheel and the weaving-stool; but, better a thousand times, to grow old over the spinning-wheel and the ashes of the cooking-stove, than to become gray with artificial flowers—oh, how artificial!—in the hair, on the benches of the ballroom, or the seat of the supper-room, smiling over the world, which smiles over us no longer. This was the case with me.

There are mild, unpretending beings, who bow themselves quietly under the yoke which they cannot break; move, year after year, through the social circle, without any other object than to fill a place there—to ornament or to disfigure a wall. Peace to such patient souls! There, too, are joyous, fresh, ever youthful natures, who, even to old age, and under all circumstances, bring with them cheerfulness and new life into every circle in which they move. These belong to social life, and are its blessings. Many persons—and it is beautiful that it should be so—are of this description. I, however, belonged neither to the joyous and enlivening, nor yet to the patient and unpretending. On this account I began to shun social life, which occasioned in me, still more and more, a mortal weariness; yet, nevertheless, I was driven into it, to avoid the disquiet and discomfort which I experienced at home. I was a labourer who concealed his desire for labour, who had buried his talent in the earth, as was the hereditary custom of the circle in which I lived.

The flower yields odour and delight to man, it nourishes the insect with its sap; the dew-drop gives strength to the leaf on which it falls. In the relationships in which I lived, I was less than the flower or the dew-drop; a being endowed with power and with an immortal soul! But I awoke at the right time to a consciousness of my position. I say at the right time, because there may be a time when it is too late. There is a time when, under the weight of long, wearisome years, the human soul has become inflexible, and has no longer the power to raise itself from the slough into which it has sunk.

I felt how I was deteriorating; I felt clearly how the unemployed and uninterested life which I led, nourished, day after day, new weeds in the waste field of my soul. Curiosity, a desire for gossip, an inclination to malice and scandal, and an increasing irritability of temper, began to get possession of a mind which nature had endowed with too great a desire for action for it blamelessly to vegetate through a passive life, as so many can. Ah! if people live without an object, they stand, as it were, on the outside of active life, which gives strength to the inward occupation, even if no noble endeavour, or sweet friendship, give that claim to daily life which makes it occasionally, at least, a joy to live;

disquiet rages fiercely and tumultuously in the human breast, undermining health, temper, goodness, nay, even the quiet of conscience, and conjuring up all the spirits of darkness: so does the corroding rust eat into the steel-plate, and deface its clear mirror with a tracery of disordered caricatures.

I once read these words of that many-sided thinker, Steffan: "He who has no employment to which he gives himself with true earnestness, which he does not love as much as himself, has not discovered the true ground on which Christianity brings forth fruit. Such an occupation becomes a quiet and consecrated temple in all hours of affliction, in which the Saviour pours out his blessing; it unites us with other men, so that we can sympathize in their feelings, and makes our actions and our wills administer to their wants; it teaches us to know our own circumscribed condition, and rightly to weigh the worth of others. It is the true, firm, and fruit-bearing ground of real Christianity."

These words came like a breath of air on glowing sparks. A light was kindled in my soul, and I knew now what I wanted, and what I ought to do. After I had well considered all this with myself, I spoke with my parents, and opened my whole heart to them. They were surprised, opposed me, and besought me to think better of it. I had foreseen this; but as I adhered firmly and decidedly to my wishes, they surprised me by their kindness.

I was very fond of children; my plan was, therefore, to begin housekeeping for myself, and to undertake some work or occupation which should, by degrees, enable me to take two or three children, for whom I would provide, whom I would educate, and altogether adopt as my own. I was well persuaded that I needed many of the qualifications which make a good teacher; but I hoped that that new fountain of activity would, as it were, give to my whole being a new birth. My good-will, my affection for children, would, I believed, be helpful to make me a good guide to them; and thus, though I could not become a wife, I might yet enjoy the blessing of a mother.

"And why could you not—why could you not?" interrupted Elise.

"People say," returned Evelina, smiling, "that you had to make your selection of a husband from many adorers; you cannot then understand a case in which there should not even be one choice. But truly, indeed, that was my case. But do not look at me so amazed—don't look at me as if I were guilty of high treason. The truth is, that I never had an opportunity to say either yes or no to a lover. With my sisters, who were much more agreeable, and much more attractive than I, it was otherwise.

But now I must return to that moment of my life when I released myself from every-day paths—but, thank God! not with violence, not amid discontent; but with the blessing of those who had given me life, for which I now, for the first time, blessed them.

Touched by my steadfastness of purpose, and by the true good-will which they had perceived in me, my parents determined to bestow upon my desired domestic establishment the sum of money which they had put aside for my dowry, in case I married. Indeed, their and my sis-

ters' kindness made them find pleasure in arranging all for me in the best and most comfortable manner; and when I left the paternal roof, it was with tears of real pain. Yet I had too clearly studied my own character and position to be undecided.

It was a day in April, my thirtieth birthday, when, accompanied by my own family, I went to take possession of my new, small, but pretty dwelling. Two young father-and-motherless girls, not quite without means, followed me to my new habitation. They were to become my children, I their mother.

I never shall forget the first morning of my waking in my new abode. At this very moment it is as if I saw how the day dawned in the chamber; how all the objects gradually assumed, as it seemed to me, an unaccustomed definiteness. From the near church ascended the morning hymn with its pleasant serious melody, which attuned the soul to harmonious peace. I rose early; I had to care for house and children. All was cheerful and festival-like in my soul; a sweet emotion penetrated me, like the enlivening breeze of spring. I saw the snow melt from the roofs and fall down in shining drops, yet never had I seen the morning light in them so clear as now. I saw the sparrows on the edge of the chimneys twittering to greet the morning sun. I saw without, people going joyfully about their employments: I saw the milk-woman going from door to door, and she seemed to me cheerfuller than any milk-woman I had ever seen before; and the milk seemed to me whiter and purer than common. It seemed to me as if I now saw the world for the first time. I fancied even myself to be altered as I looked in the glass; my eyes appeared to me larger; my whole appearance to have become better, and more important. In the chamber near me, the children awoke—the little immortals whom I was to conduct to eternal life. Yes, indeed, this was a beautiful morning! In it the world first beamed upon me, and at the same time my own inner world, and I became of worth and consequence in my own estimation.

The active yet quiet life which I had from this time forth, suited me perfectly well. From this time I became happily more and more in harmony with myself. The day was often wearisome, but then the evening rest was the sweeter, and the thought that I had passed a useful day refreshed my soul. The children gave me many griefs, many troubles; but they gave likewise an interest to my life, and happiness to my heart, and all the while, in pleasure and want, in joy and sorrow, they became dearer and dearer to me. I cannot imagine that children can be dearer to their own mother than Laura and Karie are to me.

In this new position I also became a better daughter, a more tender sister than I had hitherto been; and I could now cheer the old age of my parents far more than if I had remained an inactive and superfluous person in their house. Now for the first time I had advantage of all that was good in my education. Amid lively activity, and with a distinct object in life, my being lost by degrees what was vain and false; and the knowledge which I had obtained, the truths which I had known, were productive in heart and deed since I had, so to say, struck root in life.

Evelina ceased. All had heard her with sympathy, but no one more than Ernst Frank. A new picture of life was opened to his view, and the truest sympathy expressed itself on his manly features. He felt in this picture a contracted world in a depressed and insecure condition, and his thoughts already busied themselves how best to let in warmth and light and cheerfulness.

"Ah, yes!" said Mrs. Gunilla, with a gentle sigh, "everybody here in this world has their difficult path, but if every one walks in the fear and admonition of the Lord, all arrive in the end at their home. Our Lord God helps us all!" And Mrs. Gunilla took a large pinch of snuff.

"Don't forget the *Orbis Pictus*," exclaimed she to Elise, who with her husband was preparing to go; "don't forget it, and let the children be educated from it, that they may observe how the soul looks. He! he! he!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ORPHAN.

THE day was declining, and Ernst and Elise sat in one of the windows of the best parlour. Mutual communications, received with mutual sympathy, had made them have joy in each other—had let them feel at peace with life. They were now silent; but a presentiment that for the future they should be ever happier with each other, like an harmonious tone, responded in their hearts, and brightened their countenances. In the meantime, the shadows of evening began to grow broader and a soft rain pattered on the window. The sonorous voice of the Candidate, as he told stories to the children, interrupted occasionally by their questions and exclamations, was heard in the saloon. A feeling of home-peace came over the heart of the father; he took the hand of his wife affectionately between his, and looked joyfully into her gentle countenance, while she was projecting little domestic arrangements. In the midst of this sense of happiness a cloud suddenly passed over the countenance of the Judge, and tears filled his eyes.

"What is it, Ernst! what is amiss, Ernst?" asked his wife tenderly, while she wiped away the tears with her hand.

"Nothing," added he, "but that I feel how happy we are. I see you, I hear our children without there, and I cannot but think on that unfortunate child opposite, which will be ruined in that wretched home."

"Ah, yes!" sighed Elise; "God help all unfortunate little ones on the earth!"

Both cast their eyes involuntarily towards the opposite house. Something was moving before the nearest window; a female figure mounted on the window ledge, and a large white cloth, which was quickly unrolled, hid all the rest.

"He is dead!" said both husband and wife, looking at each other.

The Judge sent over to inquire how it was; the messenger returned with the tidings that Mr. N. had been dead some hours.

Lights were now kindled behind the blind,

and shadows, moving backward and forward, showed that people were busy within the chamber. The Judge walked up and down his room, evidently much affected. "The poor child!—the poor little girl! what will become of her, poor child?" were his broken exclamations.

Elise read the soul of her husband. She had now for some time, in consequence of a wish which she had perceived in his heart, accustomed herself to a thought, which yet at this moment her lips seemed unwilling to express.

"Ernst," at length, began she with a sigh, "the vessel which holds food for six girls will hold it for seven also."

"Do you think so?" asked he, with pleasure and with beaming eyes. He embraced his wife tenderly, placed her beside him, and continued, "Have you proved your own strength? The heaviest part of this adoption would rest upon you. Yet if you feel that you have courage to undertake it, you would fulfil the wish of my heart."

"Ernst," said she, repressing a tear, "I am weak, and nobody knows that better than you do; but my will is good, and will undertake the trouble—you will support me?"

"Yes, we will help one another," said he, rising up joyfully. "Thank you, dear Elise," said he, kissing her hand affectionately. "Shall I go to fetch the child immediately? but perhaps it will not come with me."

"Shall I go with you?" asked she.

"You!" said he; "but its gets dark—it rains."

"We can take an umbrella," replied she; "and besides that, I will put on my cloak. I will be ready immediately."

Elise went to dress herself, and her husband went to help her, put on her cloak for her, and paid her a thousand little affectionate attentions.

After Elise had given sundry orders to Briggita, she and her husband went out, leaving the children setting their little heads together full of curiosity and wonder.

The two crossed the street in wind and rain; and after they had ascended the dark staircase, they arrived at the room which Mr. N. had inhabited. The door stood half open; a small candle, just on the point of going out, burned within, spreading an uncertain and tremulous light over everything. No living creature was visible within the room, which had a desolate, and, as one might say, stripped appearance, so naked did it seem. The dead man lay there on his bed, near to which was no trace of anything which might have mitigated the last struggle. A cloth covered his face. Ernst Frank went towards the bed, and softly raising the cloth, observed for a moment silently the terrible spectacle, felt the pulse of the deceased, and then covering again the face, returned silently, with a pale countenance, to his wife.

"Where can we find the child?" said she hastily. They looked searchingly around; a black shadow, in a human form, seemed to move itself in one corner of the room. It was the orphan who sat there, like a bird of night, pressing herself close to the wall. Elise approached her, and would have taken her in her arms, when the child suddenly raised her hand, and gave her a fierce blow. Elise drew back

astonished, and then, after a moment, approached again the half-savage girl with friendly words; again she made a threatening demonstration, but her hands were suddenly grasped by a strong manly hand, and a look so serious and determined was riveted upon her, that she trembled before it, and resigned herself to the power of the stronger.

The Judge lifted her up and set her on his knee, while she trembled violently.

"Do not be afraid of us," said Elise, caressingly; "we are your good friends. If you will come with me this evening to my little children, you shall have sweet milk and white bread with them, and then sleep in a nice little bed with a rose-coloured coverlet."

The white bread, the rose-coloured coverlet, and Elise's gentle voice, seemed to influence the child's mind.

"I would willingly go with you," said she, "but what will father say when he wakes?"

"He will be pleased," said Elise, wrapping a warm shawl about the shoulders of the child.

At that moment a sound was heard on the stairs, little Sara uttered a faint cry of terror, and began to tremble anew. Mr. N.'s house-keeper entered, accompanied by two boys. Frank announced to her his determination to take little Sara, as well as the effects of her deceased father, under his care. At mention of the last word, the woman began to fume and swear, and the Judge was obliged to compel her silence by severe threats. He then sent one of the boys for the proprietor of the house, and after he had in his presence taken all measures for the security of the effects of the deceased, he took the little Sara in his arms, wrapped her in his cloak, and, accompanied by his wife, went out.

All this time, an indescribable curiosity was excited among the little Franks. Their mother had said, in going out, that perhaps, on her return, she should bring them another sister. It is impossible to say the excitement this occasioned, and what was conjectured and counselled by them. The Candidate could not satisfy all the questions which were let loose upon him. In order, therefore, somewhat to allay their fermentation, he set them to hop through the room like crows, placing himself at the head of the train. A flock of real crows could not have fluttered away with greater speed than did they as the saloon door opened and the father and mother entered. Petrea appeared curious in the highest degree, as her father, opening his wide cloak, softly set down something which, at the first moment, Petrea, with terror, took for a chimney-sweep; but which, on closer inspection, seemed to be a very nice thin girl of about nine years old, with black hair, dark complexion, and a pair of uncommonly large black eyes, which looked almost threateningly on the white and bright-haired little ones which surrounded her.

"There, you have another sister," said the father, leading the children towards each other; "Sara, these are your sisters—love one another, and be kind to one another, my children."

The children looked at each other, somewhat surprised; but as Henrik and Louise took the little stranger by the hand, they soon all emulated each other in bidding her welcome.

Supper was served up for the children, more lights were brought in, and the scene was lively. Every thing was sacrificed to the newcomer. Louise brought out for her two pieces of confectionary above a year old, and a box in which they might be preserved yet longer.

Henrik presented her with a red trumpet, conferring gratuitous instruction on the art of blowing it.

Eva gave her her doll Josephine in its new gauze dress.

Leonore lighted her green and red wax tapers, before the dark-eyed Sara.

Petrea—ah, Petrea, would so willingly give something with her whole heart. She rummaged through all the places where she kept any thing, but they concealed only the fragments of unlucky things; here a doll without arms; here a table with only three legs; here two halves of a sugar-pig; here a dog without head and tail. All Petrea's playthings, in consequence of experiments which she was in the habit of making on them, were fallen into the condition of that which had been—and even that gingerbread-heart with which she had been accustomed to decoy Gabriele, had, precisely on this very day, in an unlucky moment of curiosity, gone down Petrea's throat. Petrea really possessed nothing which was fit to make a gift of. She acknowledged this with a sigh; her heart was filled with sadness, and tears were just beginning to run down her cheeks, when she was consoled by a sudden thought: The girl and the rose-bush! That jewel she still possessed; it hung still, undestroyed, framed and behind glass, over her bed, and fastened by a rose-blue ribbon. Petrea hesitated only a moment; in the next she had clambered up to her little bed, taken down the picture, and hastened now with beaming eyes and glowing cheeks to the others, in order to give away the very loveliest thing she had, and to declare solemnly that now "Sara was the possessor of the girl and the rose-bush."

The little African appeared very indifferent about the sacrifice which the little European had made to her. She received it, it is true, but she soon laid it down again without caring any more about it, which occasioned Louise to propose that she should keep it for her.

In the midst of these little occurrences the Assessor came in. He looked with an inquisitive glance round the room, showed his white teeth, and said to himself, "Yes, it's all right; it is what I expected. So, indeed," added he, aloud, and in his angry manner, while he cordially shook the hand of his friend, "I see you thought you had not children enough of your own in the house, but you must drag in those of other people! How many do you mean to burden yourself with? Will there not be another to-morrow? Were you not satisfied with a whole half dozen girls of your own? And what will become of them? One shall presently not be able to get into the house for children! I suppose that you have such a superfluity of money and property, that you must go and squander it on others! Nay, good luck to you! good luck to you!"

Ernst Frank and his wife replied only by smiles to the grumbling of their friend, and by the request that he would spend the evening

with them. But he said he had not time; and then, after he had laid large pears, which he took from his pocket, under the napkins on the children's plates, he went out.

Every one of these pears had its own distinctive sign: round Sara's was a gold-coloured ribbon; and upon her plate, under the pear, was found a bank-note, of considerable value. It was his gift to the fatherless, yet he never would acknowledge it. That was his way.

As the mother took Sara by the hand, in order to conduct her to rest, Petrea had the indescribable delight of seeing that, from all the little presents which had been made to her, she only took with her the girl and the rose-bush, which she appeared to regard with pleasure.

Sara was seized with violent grief in the comfortable bedroom; tears streamed from her eyes, and she called loudly for her father. Elise held her quietly in her arms, and let her weep out her grief on her bosom, and then gently undressing her, and laying the weary child in bed, had the pleasure of feeling how affectionately she clasped her arms round her neck.

The girl and the rose-bush hung over her bed, but still there seemed to be no rest on the snow-white couch for the "little African." Her dark eyes glanced wildly about the room, and her hands grasped convulsively Elise's white dress.

"Don't go," whispered she, "or else they will come and murder me."

Elise took the child's hands in hers, and repeated a simple and pious little prayer, which she had taught to her own children. Sara said the words after her; and though it was only mechanically, she seemed to become calmer, though shudders still shook her frame, and she held fast by Elise's dress. Elise seated herself by her, and, at the request of the other children, "Mother, sing the song of the dove. Oh, the song of the dove!" She sang, with a pleasant, low voice, that little song which she herself had made for her children:

There sitteth a dove so white and fair,
All on the lily spray,
And she listeneth how, to Jesus Christ,
The little children pray.

Lightly she spreads her friendly wings,
And to heaven's gate hath sped,
And unto the Father in heaven she bears
The prayers which the children have said.

And back she comes from heaven's gate,
And brings—that dove so mild—
From the Father in heaven, who hears her speak,
A blessing for every child.

Then, children, lift up a pious prayer,
It hears whatever you say,
That heavenly dove, so white and fair,
That sits on the lily spray.

During this song, the dove of peace descended on the soul of the child. Pleasant images passed before her mind: the girl, and the rose-bush, and the singing Elsie were the same person—the rose diffused pleasant odour; and while the long dark lashes approached her cheek yet nearer and nearer, it seemed to her as if a white lovely singing bird spread out his wings caressingly and purifyingly over her breast. By degrees the little hand opened itself, and let go the dress which it had grasped, the tearful eyes closed, and the sweetness of repose came over the fatherless and the motherless.

Elise raised herself gently, and went to the beds of the other children. The dove on the lily-spray sent sleep also to them; and after the mother had pressed her lips to their cheeks, had spoken with Brigitta about the new-corn, and had received from the child-loving, good-natured old woman, the most satisfactory promises, she hastened back to her husband.

He listened with curiosity to what she had to relate of Sara. This new member of the family, this increase of his cares, seemed to have expanded and animated his soul. His eyes beamed with a gentle emotion as he spoke of the future prospects of the children. Evelina's history, which was still fresh in his and Elise's mind, seemed to spur him on to call forth for his family quite another picture of life.

"We will bring up our children," said he, warmly, "not for ourselves, but for themselves. We will seek for their good, for their happiness; we will rightly consider what may conduce to this, as much for one child as for another; we will endeavour to win and to maintain their full confidence; and should there, dear Elise, be any harshness or severity in me, which would repel the children from me, you must assist me; let their secret desires and cares come to me through you!"

"Yes! where else could they go?" returned she, with the deepest feeling; "you are my support, my best strength in life! Without you how weak should I be!"

"And without you," said he, "my strength would become sternness. Nature gave me a despotic disposition. I have had, and have still, many times the greatest difficulty to control it; but with God's help I shall succeed! My Elise, we will improve ever. On the children's account, in order to make them happy, we will endeavour to ennoble our own nature."

"Yes, that we will, Ernst!" said she; "and may the peace in the house make betimes the spirit of peace familiar to their bosoms!"

"We will make them happy," began the father again, with yet increasing warmth; "with God's help, not one of them shall wander through life unhappy and infirm of spirit. My little girls! you shall not grow up like half-formed human beings; no illusions shall blind your eyes to what are the true riches of life; no noble desires shall you experience unsatisfied. Ah! life is rich enough to satisfy all our wishes, and no one need be neglected on earth! Your innocent life shall not fail of strength and joy; you shall live to know the actuality of life, and that will bring a blessing on every day, interest on every moment, and importance on every occupation. It will give you repose and independence in sorrow and in joy, in life and in death!"

While Elise listened to these words, she felt as if a refreshing breeze passed through her soul. Nothing more seemed to her difficult. All the troubles of life seemed light, on account of the bright end to be attained. And then, as she thought on the manly warm heart which lived so entirely for her good and the children's, she felt a proud joy that she could look up to her husband; and at the same time a sense of humility slid into her heart, she bowed herself over his hand, and kissed it fervently.

CHAPTER XV.

THE NEW HOUSE.

"FAREWELL, O house of my childhood! Farewell, you walls, insensible witnesses of my first tears, my first smiles, and my first false steps on the slippery path of life—of my first acquaintance with watergruel and A B C! Thou corner, in which I stood with lessons difficult to be learned; and thou, in which I in vain endeavoured to tame the most thankless of all created things, a fly and a caterpillar!—you floors, which have sustained me sporting and quarrelling with my beloved brother and sisters!—you papers, which I have torn in my search after imagined treasures!—you, the theatre of my battles with carafs and drinking glasses—of my heroic actions in manifold ways—I bid you a long farewell, and go to live in new scenes of action—to have new adventures and new fate!"

Thus spake Petrea Frank, whilst, with dignified gestures, she took a tragic-comic farewell of the home which she and her family were about to leave.

It was a pleasant day, in the middle of April. A black silk cloak, called merrily the "Court-Preacher," a piece of property held in common by the Frank family, and a large red umbrella, called likewise "the Family-Roof, which was common property too, were on this day seen in active promenade on the streets of the city of R—. What all this passing to and fro denoted, might probably be conjectured if one had seen them accompanied by a tall, fair, blue-eyed maid-servant, and a little brown, active servant-man carrying bandboxes, baskets, packages, etc., etc.

Towards twilight might have been seen, likewise, the tall thin figure of Jeremias Munter, holding "the family-roof" over the heads of himself and Petrea Frank. Petrea seemed to be carrying something under her cloak, laughed and talked, and she and the Assessor seemed to be very much pleased with each other. Alas! this satisfaction did not endure long; on the steps of the front-door Petrea accidentally trod on the dangling lace of her boot, made a false step and fell. A large paper-case of confectionary suddenly proceeded from under the "court-preacher," and almond-wreaths and iced-fruits rolled in all directions. Even amid the shock and the confusion of the first movements it was with difficulty that Petrea restrained a loud laugh from bursting forth when she saw the amazement of the Assessor, and the leaps which he made, as he saw the confections hopping down the steps towards the gutter. It was the Assessor's own tribute to the festival of the day, which was thus unluckily dispersed abroad.

"Yes, indeed, if there were no ladies," said the Assessor, vexed, "one should be able to accomplish something in this world. But now they must be coming and helping, and on that account things always go topsy-turvy. 'Let me only do it—let me only manage it,' say they; and they manage and make it, so that—'Did one ever see anything so foolish!—To fall over your foot-lace!—but women have order in nothing; and yet people set up such to govern kingdoms! I would ask nothing more from

them than that they should govern their feet, and keep their boot and shoestrings tied. But from the queen down to the charwoman, there is not a woman in this world who knows how to keep her shoes tied!"

Such was the philippic of Jeremias Munter, as he came into the room with Petrea, and saw, after the great shipwreck, what remained of the confectionary. Petrea's excuses, and her prayers for forgiveness, could not soften his anger. True it is, that an unfortunate disposition to laugh, which overcame her, gave to all her professions of distress a very doubtful appearance. Her distress, however, for all that, was real; and when Eva came, and said with a beseeching, flattering voice, "Dear uncle, do not be angry any longer; poor Petrea is really quite cast down—besides which she really has hurt her knee," the good man replied with a very different voice:

"But has she, indeed! But why are people so clumsy—so given to tripping and stumbling, that one ——"

"One can always get some more confections," said Eva.

"Can one!" exclaimed Jeremias; "does it grow on trees, then?" How! Shall one then throw away one's money for confectionary, in order to see it lie about the streets? Pretty management that would be, methinks!"

"Yet just say one kind word to Petrea," besought Eva.

"A kind word!" repeated Jeremias: "I would just tell her that another time she should be so good as to fasten her shoe-strings. Nay, I will go now after some more confectionary; but only on your account, little Miss Eva. Yes, yes; say I—I will now go: I can dance also, if it be for —— But how it rains! lend me the "family-roof," and the cloak there I need also. Now, then, what a face is that to make!—What, will the people stare at me!—all very good; if it gives them any pleasure, they may laugh at me; I shall not find myself any the worse for it. Health and comfort are above all things, and one dress is just as good as another."

The young girls laughed, and threw the Court-Preacher, which hardly reached to his knees, over the shoulders of the Assessor, and thus appeared he went forth with long strides.

The family had this day removed into a new house. Judge Frank had bought it, together with a small garden, for the life-time of himself and his wife, and for the last two years he had been pulling down, building up, repairing and arranging: some doors he had built up, others he had opened, till all was as convenient and as comfortable as he wished. His wife, in full confidence, had left all to his good judgment, well pleased on her own account to be spared the noise of bricklayers and carpenters; to be spared the sound of sawing, from going under scaffolding, and from clambering over troughs full of mortar. Papers for the walls, and other ornamental things, had been left to the choice of herself and her daughters.

And now he went, full of pleasure, with his wife from one story to another, from one room into another—greatly pleased with the convenient, spacious, and cheerful-looking habitation, and yet even more so with his wife's lively gratification in all his work, from the very top to

the bottom; from cellar up to the roof; into the mangling-room, the wood-chamber, and everywhere.

We will not weary the reader by following them in this domestic survey, but merely make him acquainted with some of the rooms in which he will often meet the family. We merely pass through the saloon and best parlour; they were handsome, but resembled all such apartments; but the room which the Judge had arranged with most especial love, which was designed for daily use, and as the daily assembling place of the family, and which deserves our most intimate acquaintance, was the library, so called. It was a large, very lively room, with three windows on one side looking into a spacious market-place. Louise rejoiced especially over this, for thus they could look out of the windows on market-days, and see at once what they wished to buy; directly opposite lay the church, with its beautiful churchyard well planted with trees; these objects pleased Elise greatly. The side of the room opposite to the windows, was entirely covered with books; the shelves consisted of several divisions, each one of which contained the literature of a different country. In niches between the several divisions stood, on simple but tasteful pedestals, busts of distinguished men, great for their heroic and peaceful actions—standing there, said the Judge, not because they separated the different nations of the earth, but because they united them. Ernst Frank's library was truly a select one; it had been the pleasure of his life, and still it was his delight to be increasing his collection of books. Now, for the first time, they were collected and arranged all in one place. He rejoiced over these treasures, and besought his daughters freely to make use of them, on this one express condition, that every book should be restored again to its right place. To Louise was consigned the office of librarian, to Petrea that of amanuensis. Both mother and daughters were delighted with this room, and began to consider where the work-table, the flower-table, and the bird-cage should stand, and when all were arranged, they were found to suit their places admirably. Against one of the short walls stood the green sofa, the appointed place for the mother; and against the opposite one the piano, and the harp, which was Sara's favourite instrument, together with a guitar, whose strings were touched by Eva, as she sang "Mamma mia."

An agreeable surprise awaited Elise as she was led through a papered door which conducted from the library into a sort of boudoir, whose one window had the same prospect as the library—this was solely and entirely her own consecrated room. She saw with emotion that the tasteful furniture of the room was the work of her daughters; her writing-table stood by the window, several beautiful pictures and a quantity of very pretty china adorned the room. Elise saw, with thankful delight, that all her favourite tastes, and all her little fancies, had been studied and gratified both by husband and children.

A small papered door, likewise, on the other side, conducted Elise into her sleeping-room; and her husband made her observe how smoothly these doors turned on their hinges, and how easily she, from either side, could lock herself in and remain in quiet.

After this room, nothing gave Elise greater delight than the arrangements for bathing, which the Judge had made particularly convenient and comfortable; and he now turned the white taps with remarkable pleasure, to exhibit how freely the warm water came out of this, and the cold—no, out of this came the warm water, and out of the other the cold. The cheerfulness and comfort of the whole arrangement was intended to give to the bathing day—which was almost as religiously observed in this family as the Sunday—a double charm. In a room adjoining that which was appropriated to dressing, the old cleanly Brigitta had already her fixed residence. Here was she and the great linen-press to grow old together. Here ticked her clock, and purred her cat; here blossomed her geraniums and balsams, with the Bible and Prayer-book laying between them.

The three light and pleasant rooms intended for the daughters lay in the story above, and were simply but prettily furnished.

"Here they will feel themselves quite at home," said the father, as he looked round with beaming eyes, "don't you think so, Elise?" We will make home so pleasant to our children, that they shall not wish to leave it without an important and urgent cause. No disquiet, no discontent with home and the world within it, shall drive them from the paternal roof. Here they can have leisure and quiet, and be often alone, which is a good thing. Such moments are needed by every one, in order to strengthen and collect themselves; and are good for young girls as well as for any one else!"

The mother gave her applause fully and cheerfully; but immediately afterward she was a little absent, for she had something of importance to say to her eldest daughter; and as at that very moment Louise came in, an animated conversation commenced between them, of which the following reached the father's ear.

"And after them pancakes; and, my good girl, take care that six of them are excellently thick and savoury; you know, indeed, how Henrik likes them."

"And should we not," suggested Louise, "have whipped cream, with raspberry jam, with the pancakes?"

"Yes, with pleasure," returned the mother, "Jacobi would unquestionably recommend that."

Louise blushed, and the Judge besought that there might be something a little more substantial for supper; which was promised him.

The Assessor shook out "the family roof" in the saloon in indignation: "The most miserable roof in all Christendom," said he; "it defends neither from wind or rain, and is as heavy as the ark! and —"

But at the very moment when he was shaking and scolding his worst, he perceived a sound—Exclamations and welcomes, in every possible variety of joyous and cordial tones. The "court-preacher" was thrown over head and shoulders into "the family roof," and with great leaps hastened Jeremias forward to shake hands with the son and the friend of the house, who were just now returned home from the University.

Tokens of condolence mingled themselves with welcomes and felicitations.

"How wet, and pale, and cold you are!"

"O, we have had a magnificent shower!" said Henrik, shaking himself, and casting a side-glance on Jacobi, who looked lamentably in his wet apparel. "Such weather as this is quite an affair of my own. In wind and rain one becomes so—I don't know rightly how—do you, *mon cher*?"

"A jelly, a perfect jelly!" said Jacobi, in a mournful voice! "how can one be otherwise, knocked about in the most infamous of peasant-cars, and storm, and pouring rain, so that one is perfectly battered and melted! Hu, hu, u, u, uh!"

"O, according to my opinion," said Henrik, laughing at the gestures of his travelling companion, "it is a hardening sort of weather; there is a proud exalting feeling in it, sitting there quite calm under the raging of the elements; especially when one looks down from one's elevation on other fellow-mortals, who go lamenting, and full of anxiety, under their umbrellas. Thus one sits on one's car as on a throne; nay, indeed, one gets quite a flattering idea of oneself, as if one were a little philosopher. Apropos! I bethink myself now, as if we had seen, as we came this way, a philosopher in a lady's cloak walking hither. But, how are you all, dear sisters? How long it is since I saw you!" and he pressed their hands between his cold and wet ones.

This scene, which took place in twilight, was quickly brought to an end by the ladies resolutely driving the gentleman out to their own chamber to change their clothes. Jacobi, it is true, on his own account, did not require much driving, and Louise found Henrik's philosophy on this occasion not so fully adopted. Louise had already taken care that a good blazing fire should welcome the travellers in their chamber.

"By Jove, my dear girls, how comfortable it is here!" exclaimed the Judge in the joy of his heart, as he saw the library thus populous, and in its for-the-future every-day state. "Are you comfortable there, on the sofa, Elise? Let me get you a footstool. No sit still my child! what are men for in this world?"

The Candidate—we beg his pardon, the Master Jacobi—appeared no longer to be the same person who had, an hour before, stood there in his wet dress, as he made his appearance, handsomely appareled, with his young friend, before the ladies, and his countenance actually beamed with delight at the joyful scene which he there witnessed.

People now examined one another. They discovered that Henrik had become considerably paler as well as thinner, which Henrik received as a compliment to his studies. Jacobi wished also a compliment on his studies, but it was unanimously refused to him on account of his blooming appearance. Louise thought privately to herself, that Jacobi's bearing was considerably more manly; that he had a simpler and more decided demeanour; he was become, she thought, a little more like her father. Her father was Louise's ideal of perfection.

Little Gabriele blushed deeply, and half hid herself behind her mother, as her brother addressed her.

"How is your highness, my most gracious princess Turndot?" said he; "has your high-

ness no little riddle at hand with which to confute weak heads?"

Her little highness looked in the highest degree confused, and withdrew the hand which her brother kissed again and again. Gabriele was quite bashful before the tall student.

Henrik had a little *tête-à-tête* with every sister, but it was somewhat short and cold with Sara; after which he seated himself by his mother, took her hand in his, and a lively and general conversation began, whilst Eva handed about the confectionary.

"But what is amiss now?" asked Henrik suddenly. "Why have the sisters all left us to take counsel together there, with such important judge-like faces? Is the nation in danger? May not I go, in order to save the native land? If one could only first of all have eaten one's supper in peace," added he, speaking aside, after the manner of the stage.

But it was precisely about the supper that they were talking. There was a great danger that the pancakes would not succeed; and Louise could not prevent Henrik and Jacobi running down into the kitchen, where, to the greatest amusement of the young ladies, and to the tragicomic despair of the cook, they acted their parts as cooks so ridiculously that Louise was obliged at length, with an imposing air, to put an end to the laughter, to the joking, and to the burnt pancakes, in order that she herself might put her hand to the work. Under her eye all went well; the pancakes turned out excellently. Jacobi besought one from her own hand, as wages for his work; graciously obtained it, and then swallowed the hot gift with such rapture that it certainly must have burnt him inwardly, had it not been for another species of warmth—which we consider very probable—a certain well-known spiritual fire, which counteracted the material burning, and made it harmless. Have we not here, in all simplicity, suggested something of a homeopathic nature?

But we will leave the kitchen, that we may seat ourselves with the family at the supper-table, where the mother's savouring, white pancakes, and the thick ones for Henrik, were to be found, and where, with raspberry cream, the whole was devoured with the greatest enjoyment.

After this, they drank the health of the travellers, and sang a merry little song, made by Petrea. The father was quite pleased with Petrea, who, quite electrified, sang too with all her might, although not with a most harmonious voice, which however did not annoy her father's somewhat unmusical ear.

"She screams above them all," said he to his wife, who was considerably less charmed than he with her accompaniment.

Although every one in the company had had an exciting and fatiguing day, the young people began immediately after supper, as if according to a natural law, to arrange themselves for the dance.

Jacobi, who appeared to be captivated by Sara's appearance, led her in the magic circle of the waltz.

"Our sensible little Louise," a rather broad-set, but very well-grown blonde of eighteen, distinguished herself in the dance by her beautiful steps and her pleasing though rather too grave

carriage. Everybody, however, looked with greater admiration on Eva, because she danced with heart and soul. Gabriele with her golden curls, flew round like a butterfly. But who did not dance this evening? Everybody was actually enthusiastic—for all were infected with the joyous animal spirits of Henrik. Even Jeremias Munter, to the amazement of everybody, led Eva, with most remarkable skill, through the *Palska*,* the most artificial and perplexing of dances.

At midnight the dance was discontinued on account of Elise. But before they separated, the Judge begged his wife to sing the little well-known song, "The first evening in the new house." She sang it in her simple, soul-touching manner, and the peaceful cheerfulness which this song breathed penetrated every heart; even the grave countenance of the Judge gleamed with an affectionate emotion. A quiet transfiguration appeared to rest on the family, and brightened all countenances; for it is given to Song like the sun, to throw its glorifying light upon all human circumstances, and to lend them beauty, at least for a moment. "The spinner," and "the aged man by the road-side," are led by song into the kingdom of beauty, even as they are by the gospel into the kingdom of heaven.

On taking leave for the night, all agreed upon a rendezvous the next morning after breakfast in the garden, in order to see what was to be made of it.

The father conducted the daughters up into their chambers. He wanted to see yet once more how they looked, and inquired from them again and again, "Are you satisfied my girls? Do they please you? Would you wish anything besides? If you wish anything, speak out from your whole heart!"

There was not a happier man on the face of the earth than Judge Frank, when his daughters had assured him of their hearty and grateful contentment.

The mother, on her part, had taken her first-born with her into her boudoir,—she had as yet not been able to speak one word to him alone. Now she questioned him on everything, small and great, which concerned him, and how freely and entirely he opened his whole heart to her!

They talked of the circumstances of the family: of the purchase of this said property; of the debt which they had thereby contracted; of the means through which, by degrees, it would be paid off, and of the necessity there was for greater economy on all sides; they talked too of the daughters of the house.

"Louise is superb," said Henrik, "but her complexion is rather muddy; could she not use some kind of wash for it? She would be so much handsomer if she had a fresher complexion; and then she looks, the least in the world, cathedral-like. What a solemn air she had to-night, as Jacobi made some polite speech or other to her! Do you know, mother, I think they all sit too much; it is in that way that people get such grave cathedral-like looks. We must make them take more exercise; we must

* A wild and animated Swedish national dance, mentioned before in "The Neighbours."

find out some lively exercise for them. And Eva! how she is grown, and how kind and happy she looks! It is a real delight to see her—one can actually fall in love with her! But what in the world is to be done with Petrea's nose! It does, indeed, get so long and large, that I cannot tell what is to be done! It is a pity, though, for she is so good-hearted and merry. And Leonore, how sickly and unhappy she looks! We must endeavour to cheer her up."

"Yes," said the mother, with a sigh; "if she were but healthy, we could soon manage that; but how does little Gabriele please you?"

"Ah! she is very lovely, with her high-bred little airs; altogether quite fascinating," said Henrik.

"And Sara?" asked she.

"Yes," said he, "she is lovely—very lovely, I think; but still there is a something, at least to my taste, very unpleasant in her. She is not like my sisters; there is a something about her so cold—so, almost repulsive."

"Yes," said the mother, sighing; "there is at times something very extraordinary about her, more particularly of late. I fear that a certain person has too great, and that not a happy influence over her. But Sara is a richly gifted, and truly interesting girl, out of whom something very good may be made, if—if— She gives us, a great deal of anxiety at times, for we are as much attached to her as if she were our own child. She has a most extraordinary talent for music—you must hear her. There really is much that is distinguishing and truly amiable in her; you will see it as you remain so much longer time with us."

"Yes, thank God!" said Henrik, "I can now reckon on that, on remaining some months at home."

The conversation now turned on Henrik's future prospects. His father wished him to devote himself to mining, and with this end in view he had studied, but he felt ever, more and more, a growing inclination to another profession, and this had become a ground of dissatisfaction in the family. The mother besought him to prove himself carefully and seriously before he deserted the path to which his father was attached, and which Henrik himself had selected in common council with his father. The young man promised this solemnly. His soul was warm and noble. His young heart possessed very fine sentiment—a high enthusiasm for virtue and for his country, with a glowing desire to live only to that end. The wish to be useful to the community generally, united itself with all his views of self-advantage, and he only saw his own prosperity in connexion with that of his family. These thoughts and sentiments poured themselves forth in that sweet hour of confidential intercourse with his mother—his happy mother—whose heart beat with joy and with proudest hope of her first-born—the favourite of her soul—her summer child!

"And when I have made my own way in the world," added Henrik, joyfully kissing the hand of his mother; "and have a house of my own, then, mother, you shall come to me, and live with me, will you not?"

"And what would your father say to that?" said she, in a tone like his own.

"Oh! there are all the sisters that can keep house for him," said Henrik, "and—"

"Do you intend to sit up here all the whole night?" asked a voice at the door: it was the voice of Ernst, and both mother and son rose up as if they had been caught in the fact of conspiracy. The father, however, was informed of the plot against him, whereupon he declared that all this would lead to such fearful consequences that they had better say no more about it.

Both mother and son laughed, and said "Good night" to each other.

"Heavens! what a white hand!" exclaimed Henrik in a sort of ecstasy, over the hand which he had pressed to his lips. "And what small fingers! nay, how can people have such small fingers?" and with a sort of comic devotion, he again kissed that beautiful hand.

"I see I must carry you off forcibly, if I would have you to myself," said the Judge, cheerfully, and taking his wife at the same time in his arms, he carried her out.

But her thoughts remained still with her first-born—her handsome and richly endowed son; and she uttered a glowing prayer for the fulfilment of all her wishes for him, while all were sleeping sweetly that first night in the new house.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MORROW.

How pleasant it must have been to the family the next morning to assemble round their amply-supplied breakfast-table in a handsome and spacious saloon! But saloon, and breakfast-table, and all outward comforts, signify nothing, if the inward are wanting; if affectionate dispositions and kind looks do not make the saloon bright, and the breakfast well-flavoured. But nothing was wanting on this occasion to the family of the Franks—not even the sun. It shone in brightly to illumine the pleasant scene.

Henrik made a speech to Madame Folette, in testimony of his love and reverence for her, and of his joy on meeting her again in so good a state of preservation.

Louise, with the help of Eva, served tea and coffee, bread and butter, etc., taking particular care that everybody had just what they liked best—the basket which held sugar-biscuits was pushed constantly into the neighbourhood of Jacobi.

"How glorious this!" exclaimed Henrik, rubbing his hands and casting a glance of pleasure around on his parents and sisters, "it is quite paradisaical! What does your majesty desire? Ah, your most devoted servant! Coffee, if I might ask it, excellent Madame Folette!"

"After breakfast," said the mother, "I have something for you to guess."

"Something to guess?" said Henrik, "what can it be? Tell me, what is it like? what name does it bear?"

"A wedding," replied she.

"A wedding! A most interesting novelty! I cannot swallow another morsel till I have made it out! Jacobi, my best fellow, can I possess myself of a biscuit? A wedding! Do I know the parties?"

"Perfectly well."

"It cannot be our excellent Munter," suggested he. "It is very extraordinary."

"Oh, no, no! He'll not marry!"

"He is so horribly old," said Eva.

"Old!" exclaimed the father. "He is something above forty, I fancy; you don't call that so horribly old, do you, my little Eva? But it is true he has always had an old look."

"You must guess better than that," said the mother.

"I have it! I have it!" said Petrea, blushing.

"It is Laura, Aunt Evelina's Laura!"

"Ah, light breaks in," said Henrik; "and the bridegroom is Major Arvid G., is it not?"

"You have guessed," said his mother. "A very good match for Laura. Major G. is a very good-looking, excellent young man; and beyond this, has a good property. He has persuaded Evelina to remove with Karie to his beautiful seat, at Axelholme, and to consider Laura's and his home as theirs for the future. Eva dear, set the ham before Henrik; what do you want, my angel Gabriele? Leonore, shall I give you some more bread and butter, my child? No?"

"But I hope," exclaimed Henrik, "that we are invited to the wedding. Evelina, who is such a sensible woman, must have had the good sense to invite us. Most gracious sister Louise, these rolls—very nourishing and estimable rolls no doubt—but, were they baked before or after the Flood?"

"After," replied Louise, smiling, but a little piqued.

"O, I humble myself in the dust," said he.

"I pray your majesty most graciously to pardon me—[aside—but after all they taste remarkably either of the ark or of a cupboard.] But what in all the world sort of breakfast are you making, Petrea? Nay, dear sister, such a superfluity in eating never can be good—ah, I pray you do not eat yourself ill!"

Petrea, who had her curious fancies, or as Louise called them, her raptures, had now for some time had the fancy to take only a glass of cold water and a piece of dry bread for her breakfast. On account of this abstinence, Henrik now jested, and Petrea answered him quite gaily; Louise, on the contrary, took up the matter quite seriously, and thought—as many others did—that this whim of Petrea's had a distant relationship to folly; and folly, Louise—the sensible Louise—considered the most horrible of horrors.

"Now, really, you must not sit gossiping any longer," exclaimed the father, when he saw their mouths only put in motion by conversation, "else I must go away and leave you; and I should very much like to go into the garden with you first."

A general rising followed these words, and all betook themselves to the garden, with the exception of Leonore, who was unwell, and the little Gabriele, who had to be careful on account of the damp.

In the meantime the garden had its own extraordinary circumstances, and all here did not go on in the usual mode; for although the place was yet not laid out, and the April snow covered the earth and still hung in great masses on the low fruit-trees, which were the only wealth of the garden, yet these, not at all according to the commonly established laws of nature, were covered with fruit the most beautiful; rennets and oranges clustered the twigs, and shone in the sun. Exclamations were uttered in every variety of tone; and although both Jacobi and

Henrik protested that they could not discover any way of accounting for this supernatural phenomenon, still they did not escape the suspicion of being instrumental in the witchcraft, spite of all the means they used to establish their innocence. The opinion, however, was universally adopted, that good and not bad elves had been thus busily at work; and the fruit therefore was gathered without fear of bad consequences, and laid in baskets. The elves were praised, both in prose and verse; and there never was a merrier harvest-feast.

The judge had some trouble to get anybody to listen to all his plans of lilac-hedges, strawberry-beds, of his arbour, and his garden-house. The narrow space, however, in which he had to work troubled him.

"If one could only get possession of the piece of land beyond this!" striking with his stick upon the tall red-boarded fence which bounded one side of the garden. "Look here, Elise, peep through that gap; what a magnificent site it is for building—it extends down to the river! what a magnificent promenade it would make, properly laid out and planted! It might be a real treasure to the whole city, which needs a regular walk in its neighbourhood; and now it lies there desolate, and useful to nobody, but only for a few cows, because the proprietor does not know how to make use of it; and our good men of the city have not public spirit enough to purchase it out of the common fund for the general good. If I were but rich enough to buy the place, it should soon have a different appearance, and instead of cows human beings should be walking there; these boards should be torn down, and our garden should be united to the great promenade. What a situation it would be!"

"Would not beehives answer very well here!" asked our sensible Louise; "the sun strikes directly on these boards."

"You are perfectly right, Louise," said her father, well pleased, "that is a good thought; this is an excellent place for beehives: to-morrow I'll see about some. Two or three we must have, and that directly, that the bees may have the advantage of the apple and cherry bloom. Thus we can see them working altogether and learn wisdom from them, and watch how they collect honey for us. That will be a pleasure—don't you think so, Elise?"

Elise rejoiced sincerely over the bees, and over the garden. It would give her great pleasure to lay it out. She would set Provence-roses as soon as possible; and forcing houses also—they should soon be erected. Eva thought she should give herself up to gardening.

But it was necessary to leave for the present the future home of radishes and roses, because it was wet and uncomfortable out of doors.

Gabriele made large eyes when she saw the basketful of fruit which had been gathered in the garden. But the little princess Turandot could not unravel the riddle respecting them, as Henrik presented it to her.

The forenoon was spent in clearing away, and in arranging things in the house. Sara alone took no part in it, but took lessons on the harp from a distinguished young musician of the name of Black, who had come a stranger to the city. She sate the whole morning at her music, which she loved passionately; in the meantime, Petrea had promised to enact the part of lady's-maid to her, and to put all her clothes and things in order.

Henrik sate perfectly happy in his sisters' rooms, and nearly killed himself with laughing while he watched in part their clearing away and bustling about, and in part taking a share in all. The quantities of bundles of pieces, old bonnets, cloaks, dresses, etc. which were here in motion, and played their parts, formed a singular contrast to his student-world, in which such a thing as a piece of printed cotton or a pin might be reckoned quite a curiosity. Then the seriousness with which all these things were treated, and the jokes and merriment which arose out of all this seriousness, were for him most delicious things.

Nothing, however, amused him more than Louise and all her "properties," as well as the great care which, with a half-comic, half-grave earnestness, she took of them; but he declared he would disclaim all relationship with her if ever he should see her wearing a certain pale green shawl, called jokingly "spinage," and a pale grey dress, with the surname of "water-gruel." None of the sisters had so many possessions as Louise, and none treated them with so much importance; for she had in the highest degree that kind of turn which may be called a turn for accumulation. Her bandboxes and bundles burst themselves out of the space in which she wished to stow them, and came tumbling down upon her head. She accused Henrik of being guilty of these accidents; and certain it is, that he helped her, not without some mischievous pleasure, to put them up again in their places.

Louise was well known in the family for her love of what was old; the more shabby a dress was, the more distinguished she seemed to think it; and the more faded a shawl, the more, according to her, it resembled a Cashmere. This affection for old things extended itself sometimes to cakes, biscuits, creams, etc., which often occasioned Henrik to inquire whether an article of a doubtful date had its origin before or after the Flood. We will here add to the description of Louise a few touches, which may make the reader more fully acquainted with her character.

Pure was she both in heart and intention, with great love of truth, and a high moral sense, although too much given to lecturing, and somewhat a little wanting in charity towards erring fellow-mortals. She had much of her father's understanding and prudence, but came of course far short of him in knowledge of mankind and in experience, although now, in her eighteenth year, she considered herself to have a perfect knowledge of mankind. The moral worth of her soul mirrored itself in her exterior, which, without her being handsome, pleased, and inspired a degree of confidence in her, because good sense expressed itself in her calm glance, and her whole demeanour was that of a decided and well-balanced character. A certain comic humour in her would often dissolve her solemn mien and important looks into the most hearty laughter; and when Louise laughed, she bore a charming resemblance to her mother, for she possessed Elise's beautiful mouth and teeth.

She was as industrious as an ant, and in the highest degree helpful to those who were deserving of help, but less merciful than Lafontaine's ants were to thoughtless crickets and their fellows. Louise had three hobby-horses, although she never would confess that she had a single one. The first was to work tapestry; the sec-

ond, to read sermons; and the third, to play Patience, and more especially Postillion. A fourth had of late begun to discover itself, and that was for medicine—for the discovering and administering of useful family medicines; nay, she had herself decocted a certain elixir from nine bitter herbs, which Henrik declared would be very serviceable in sending people to the other world. Louise was no way disturbed by all this, for she did not allow herself to be annoyed by remarks.

She prized, enjoyed, and sought, above all things, after "the right;" but she also set a high value on respectability and property, and seemed to think that these were hers of course. She had the excellent habit of never undertaking any thing that she could not creditably get through with; but she had a great opinion of her own ability, in which her family participated, although they sometimes attempted to set her down. In the meantime she was in many instances the adviser and support of the family; and she had a real genius for the mighty department of housekeeping.

The parents called her, with a certain satisfaction—the father with a secret pride—"our eldest daughter." The sisters styled her rather waggishly "our eldest sister," and sometimes simply "our eldest;" and "our eldest" knew exceedingly well how to regard her own dignity in respect to rank and priority. Beyond this, she had a high idea of the value of woman.

Louise had an album, in which all her friends and acquaintance had written down their thoughts or those of others. It was remarkable what a mass of morality this book contained.

We fear that our readers may be somewhat weary of hearing the names of Sara, Louise, Eva, Leonore, Petrea, Gabriele, repeated so often one after another, and we are very sorry that we find it unavoidable yet once more to present the whole array in connexion with Louise. But we will see what little variety we can make by taking them at hap-hazard, and therefore now steps forward

PETREA.

We are all of us somewhat related to chaos. Petrea Frank was very nearly so. Momentary bursts of light and long periods of confusion alternated in her. There was a great dissimilarity between Louise and Petrea. While Louise required six drawers to contain her possessions, there needed scarcely half a one for the whole wardrobe of Petrea; and this said wardrobe too was always in such an ill-conditioned case, that it was, according to Louise, quite lamentable, and she not unfrequently lent a helping hand to its repair. Petrea tore her things, and gave away without bounds or discrimination, and was well-known in the sisterly circle for her bad management. Petrea had no turn for accumulation, on the contrary, she had truth, although Louise would not allow it, a certain turn for art.

She was always occupied by creations of one kind or another, either musical, or architectural, or poetical. But all her creations contained something of that which is usually called folly. At twelve years old she wrote her first romance, "Annette and Belis loved each other tenderly; they experienced adversity in their love; were at last however united, and lived henceforth in a charming cottage, surrounded with hedges of roses, and had eight children in one year," which we may call a very honourable beginning. A

year afterwards she began a tragedy, which was to be called "Gustavus Adolphus and Ebba Brahe," and which opened in the following manner:—

"Now from Germania's coast returned,
I see again the much-loved strand;

From war I come, without a wound,

Once more into my native land.

Say, Banner say, what woe has caused these tears, —
Am I not true to thee, or is it idle hope alone that will
befool my years?"

Whether no sheet of paper was broad enough to contain the lengthened lines, or any other cause interfered to prevent the completion of the piece, we know not; but certain it is that it was soon laid aside. Neither did a piece of a jocular nature, which was intended to emulate the fascinating muse of Madame Lenngren,* advance much farther—the beginning was thus:—

In the castle of Elpasklastie,

Which lay in sooth, somewhere in Sweden,

There lived the lovely Melanie,

Sole daughter of the Count Sterneden.

At the present time Petrea was engaged on a poem, the title of which, written in large letters, ran thus—"The Creation of the World!"

The Creation of the World began thus—

CHAOS.

Once in the depths etern of darkness lying,

This mighty world

Waited expectantly the moments flying,

When light should be unfurled.

The world was nothing then, which now is given

To crowds of busy men;

And all our beautiful star-spangled heaven

Was desolate darkness then;

Yet He was there, who before time existed,

Who will endure for ever.

The creation of the world ceased with this faint glimmering of light, and was probably destined under Petrea's hand never to be brought forth from chaos. Petrea had an especially great inclination for great undertakings, and the misfortune to fail in them. This want of success always wounded her deeply, but in the next moment the impulse of an irresistibly vigorous temperament raised her above misfortune in some new attempt. Her young head was filled with a mass of half-formed thoughts, fancies, and ideas; her mind and her character were full of disquiet. At times joyous and wild beyond bounds, she became on the other hand wretched and dispirited without reason. Poor Petrea! she was wanting in every kind of self-regulation and ballast, even outwardly; she walked ill—she stood ill—she curtsied ill—sate ill, and dressed ill; and occasioned in consequence much pain to her mother, who felt so acutely whatever was unpleasant; and this also was very painful to Petrea who had a warm heart, and who worshipped her mother.

Petrea also cherished the warmest affection and admiration for Sara, but her manner even of evidencing her affection was commonly so entirely without tact, as rather to displease than please the object of it. The consciousness of this fact embittered Petrea's life; but it conducted her by degrees to a love in which tact and address are of no consequence, and which is never unreturned.

Sometimes Petrea was seized with a strong consciousness of the chaoticness of her state; but then, again, at other times she would have

a presentiment that all this would clear itself away, and then that something which was quite out of the common way would come forth, and then she was accustomed to say, half in jest and half in earnest, to her sisters, "You'll see what I shall turn out sometime!" But in what this extraordinary turning out should consist nobody knew, and least of all poor Petrea herself. She glanced full of desire towards many suns, and was first attracted by one and then by another.

Louise had little faith in all Petrea's prophecies, but the little Gabriele believed in them all. She delighted herself, moreover, so heartily in all that her sister began, that Petrea sacrificed to her her most beautiful gold-paper temple;—an original picture by herself of shepherdesses and altars; and her island of bliss in the middle of peaceful waters, and in the bay of which lay a little fleet of nut-shells, with rigging of silk, and laden with sugar-work, and from the motion of which, and the planting of its wonderful flowers, and glorious fruit-bearing trees, Petrea's heart had first had a foretaste of bliss.

Petrea's appearance imaged her soul;—for this too was variable; this too had its raptures; and here too at times also a glimmering light would break through the chaos. If the complexion were muddled and the nose red and swollen, she had a most ordinary appearance; but in cooler moments, and when the rose-hue confined itself merely to the cheeks, she was extremely good-looking; and sometimes too, and that even in her pleasant moments, there would be a gleam in her eye, and an expression in her countenance, which had occasioned Henrik to declare that Petrea was after all handsome.

To a chaotic mind, the desire for controversy is in-born; it is the conflict of the elements with each other. There was no subject upon which Petrea had not her conjectures, and nothing upon which she was not endeavouring to get a clear idea; on this account she discussed all things, and disputed with every one with whom she came in contact—reasoned, or more properly made confusion, or politics, literature, human free-will, the fine arts, or anything else; all which was very unpleasant to the tranquil spirit of her mother, and which, in connexion with want of tact, especially in her zeal to be useful, made poor Petrea the laughing-stock of every one; a bitter punishment this, on earth, although before the final judgment-seat of very little, or of no consequence at all.

LEONORE.

Spite of the mother's embraces, and the appellation, "their beloved, plain child!" the knowledge by degrees had come painfully to Leonore that she was ugly, and that she was possessed of no charm—of no fine endowment whatever; she could not help observing what little means she had of giving pleasure to others, or of exciting interest; she saw very plainly how she was set behind her more gifted sisters by the acquaintance and friends of the family; this, together with feeble health, and the discomfort which her own existence occasioned to her, put her in a discordant state with life and mankind. She was prone to think every thing troublesome and difficult; she fell easily into a state of opposition to her sisters, and her naturally quick temper led her often

* Anna Lenngren, a distinguished Swedish poetess, admired especially for her Idylls. She died in 1817.

into contentions which were not without their bitterness. All this made poor Leonore feel herself very unhappy.

But none—no, none—suffer in vain; however for a while it may appear so. Suffering is the plough which turns up the field of the soul; into whose deep furrows the all-wise Husbandman scatters his heavenly seed; and in Leonore, also, it already began to sprout, although, as yet, only under the earth. She was not aware of it herself yet, but all that she experienced in life, together with the spirit which prevailed in her family, had already awakened the beauty of her soul. She was possessed of deep feeling, and the consciousness of her many wants made her, by degrees, the most unpretending and humble of human beings; and these are virtues which, in private life, cannot be exceeded. If you come near a person of this character, the influence on you is as if you came out of the sun's heat into refreshing shadow, a soft coolness is wafted over your soul, which refreshes and tranquilizes you at the same time.

In the period at which we have now to meet Leonore, she had just recovered from the scarlet fever, which had left behind it such an obstinate and oppressive head-ache as compelled her almost constantly to remain in her own room; and although her parents and her sisters visited her there, it afforded her but little pleasure, for as yet she had not learned how, by goodness and inward kindness, to make herself agreeable to others.

But, poor Leonore! when I see thee sitting there in deep thought, thy weak head supported by thy hand, I am ready to lay thy head on my bosom, and to whisper a prophesying into thy ear—but this may as well remain to a future time. We leave thee now, but will return another time to thy silent chamber.

And now step forth, thou, the joy and ornament of home, the beautiful

EVA.

Eva was called in the family, "our rose," "our beauty." There are many in the world like Eva, and it is well that it is so; they are of a pleasing kind. It is delightful to look upon these blooming young girls, with smiles on their lips, and goodness and joy of life beaming from their beautiful eyes. All wish them so well, and they wish so well to all; every thing good in life seems as if it came from themselves. They have favourable gales in life—it was so with Eva. Even her weakness, a desire to please, which easily went too far, and an instability of character which was very dangerous to her, exhibited themselves only on their pleasing side, within the circle of her family and of her acquaintance, and helped to make her more beloved.

Eva, although, perhaps, strictly speaking, not beautiful, was yet blooming lovely. Her eyes were not large, but were of the most exquisite form, and of the clearest dark blue colour, and their glance from under their long black lashes was at once modest, lively, and amiable. The silky chesnut brown hair was parted over a not lofty but classically-formed brow. Her skin was white, fine, and transparent, and the mouth and teeth perfectly beautiful; add to all this, Eva had the fine figure of her mother, with her light and graceful action. Excellent health, the happiest temper, and a naturally well-tuned soul, gave a beautiful and harmonious expres-

sion to her whole being. Whatever she did, she did well, and with grace; and whatever she wore became her; it was a kind of proverb in the family, that if Eva were to put a black cat upon her head it would be becoming.

A similarity in understanding and talent, as well as companionship together, had made Laura and Eva hitherto "*les inseparables*," both at home and abroad; of late, however, without separating herself from Louise, Eva had been drawn, as it were, by a secret power to Leonore. Louise, with all her possessions, was so sufficient for herself. Leonore was so solitary, so mournful, up there, that the good heart of Eva was tenderly drawn towards her.

But it seems to us as if Gabriele looks rather poutingly, because she has been so long, as it were, pushed aside. We will therefore hastily turn to—

THE LITTLE LADY.

It did not please our little lady to be neglected at all. Gabriele was in truth a spoiled child, and often made "*la phrase*," and the "*beau temps*," in the house. She was defended from cold, and wind, and rain, and vexation, and saddled with and indulged in all possible ways, and praised and petted as if for the best behaviour, if she were only gracious enough to take a cup of bouillon, or the wing of a chicken for dinner. She herself is still like the chicken under the mother's wing; yet she will sometimes creep from under, and attempt little flights on her own account. Then she is charming and merry, makes enigmas and charades, which she gives to her mother and Petrea to guess. It gives her particular pain to be treated as a little girl; and nothing worse can happen to her than for the elder sisters to say, "Go out just for a little while, Gabriele dear!" in order that they may then impart to each other some important affair, or read together some heart-rending novel. She will willingly be wooed and have homage paid to her; and the Assessor is always out of favour with her, because he jokes with her, and calls her little Miss "Curled-pate," and other such ugly names.

Learning and masters are no affairs of hers. She loves a certain "*far niente*," and on account of delicate health, her tastes are indulged. Her greatest delight is in dancing, and in the dance she is captivating. In opposition to Petrea, she has a perfect horror of all great undertakings; and in opposition to Louise, a great disinclination to sermons, be they by word of mouth, or printed. The sun, the warm wind, flowers, but, above all, beloved and amiable human beings, make Gabriele feel most the goodness of the Creator, and awaken her heart to worship.

She has a peculiar horror of death, and will neither hear it, nor indeed anything else dark or sorrowful, spoken of; and, happily for Gabriele, true parental love has a strong resemblance to the Midsummer sun of the North, which shines as well by night as by day.

If we turn from the bright-haired Gabriele to Sara, to "that Africa," as the Assessor called her, we go from day to night. Sara was like a beautiful dark cloud in the house—like a winter night, with its bright stars, attractive, yet at the same time repulsive. To us, nevertheless, she will become clear, since we possess the key to her soul, and can observe it in the following

NOTICES FROM SARA'S JOURNAL.

"Yesterday evening Macbeth was read aloud;

they all trembled before Lady Macbeth: I was silent, for she pleased me; there was power in the woman."

"Life! what is life? When the tempest journeys through space on strong pinions, it sings to me a song which finds an echo in my soul. When the thunder rolls, when the lightning flames, then I divine something of life in its strength and greatness. But this tame everyday life—little virtues, little faults, little cares, little joys, little endeavours—this contracts and stifles my spirit. O! thou flame which consumest me, what wilt thou? There are moments in which thou illumineest, but eternities in which thou tormentest and burnest me!"

"This narrow sphere satisfies them; they find interest in a thousand trifles; they are able to deny themselves in order to obtain little enjoyments for each other. It may do for them, I was made for something different."

"Why should I obey? Why should I submit my inclination—my will, to gratify others?—Why? Ah, freedom—freedom!"

"I have obtained 'Volney's Ruins' from B—. I conceal the book from these pious fearful people; but to-night!—to night!—when their eyes are closed in sleep, mine shall wake and read it. The frontispiece to this book gives me extraordinary pleasure: a wreck combats with stormy waves; the moon goes down amid black clouds; on the shore, among the ruins of a temple, sits a Mussulman—a beautiful and thoughtful figure—and surveys the scene. I likewise observe it, and an agreeable shudder passes through me. A vast ruin is better and far more beautiful than a small and an empty happiness."

"The book pleases me. It expresses what has long lain silent in me. It gives clear light to my dark anticipations. Ah! what a day dawns upon me! A dazzling light that clears away all misty illusions, but my eyes are strong enough to bear it! Let the net of prejudice, let the miserable bond of custom be rent asunder, let the fettering supports fall! my own strength is sufficient for me."

"Why am I a woman? As a man, my life and my conduct would have been clear and easy; as a woman, I must bow myself in order to clear myself. Miserable dependence! Miserable lot of woman!"

"I do not love—but he makes a certain impression upon me. The dark strength in his eye pleases me, the reckless strong will, that will bow itself only to me; and when he takes the harp in his arms, with what powerful strength he compels it to express all that which the heart only dreams! Then he grasps the strings of my heart—then I acknowledge in him my master."

"But never, he shall never govern me; his spirit is not powerful enough for that. He never can be other to me than as a means to my end. Nor will I herein deceive him. I am too proud for a hypocrite. I know well whom I could love. I know well the man who could be the aim of my ambition."

"Nature never created me for this narrow sphere—for this narrow foot-track through life. B. shows me another, which captivates my mind: I feel that I am created for it."

"I have observed myself in the glass, and it tells me, as well the glance of mankind, that I

am handsome. My growth is strong, and accords with the character of my countenance. I cannot doubt the assurance of B. My person, in connexion with the powers of my mind and my talent, will ensure me a brilliant future."

"What purpose would it serve to create illusions? Away with all illusions! I stand upon a higher point than those around me—than they who consider themselves entitled to censure my faults, to exalt themselves in secret above me; perhaps because they have taken me out of compassion! Subjecting, humiliating thought!"

"Yet, at the same time, they are good; yes, angelically good to me. I wish they were less so!"

"To-night, now for the second time in my life, I have had the same extraordinary dream. It appeared to me that I was in my chamber, and saw in heaven vast masses of black cloud above my head, driving towards the horizon, accompanied with a strong rushing sound in the air.

"Save thyself, Sara!" cried the voices of my sisters; "come, come with us!" But I felt in my limbs that peculiar sluggishness which one perceives in dreams when one wishes to hasten. My chamber-window flew open before the tempest, and impelled by a strong curiosity I looked out. The sun stood opposite to me, pale and watery, but the air around me seemed to burn: a glow of fire passed over all things. Before me stood a tall aspen, whose leaves trembled and crackled, while sparks of fire darted forth from them. Upon one twig of the tree sat a large blackbird, looking on me with a fiery glance, and singing hoarse and tunelessly, while the tempest and flame rioted around him. I heard the voices of my adopted mother and sisters anxiously calling on me from a distance ever farther and farther removed.

"I leaned myself out of the window to hear what the blackbird with the wonderful voice sang. I no longer had any fear. I awoke; but the dream has a charm for me."

"The blackbird sings of me otherwise than in my dream. My adopted mother has wept to-day on my account. I am sorry for it, but—it is best that I go. They do not love me here—they cannot do it. They do not need me, nor I them, any longer. It is best that we separate."

Thus Sara:

We will now cast a glance on the parents themselves, who were not greatly altered, excepting that Elise's whole appearance exhibited much more health and strength than formerly. The energetic countenance of the Judge had more wrinkles, but it had, besides, an expression of much greater gentleness. A slight, but, perhaps, not wholly unpardonable weakness might be observed in him. He was completely captivated with his daughters. God bless the good father!

CHAPTER XVII.

THE OBJECT.

WE must now say how the family grouped themselves in the new house. Since the arrival of Henrik and Jacobi, the liveliness of the family had visibly increased. Henrik zealously followed up his purpose of making his sisters take

more active exercise, and Jacobi assisted him with his whole heart. Long walks were arranged, but, to Henrik's annoyance, it seldom was possible to induce Louise to take exercise of that kind which, according to his opinion, she needed so much. Louise had always such a vast deal to do at home; Sara lived only for her harp and her singing; Leonore was not strong enough; and for Gabriele, it was generally either too cold or too dirty, or too windy, or she was not in the humour to walk. Eva, on the contrary, was always in the humour, and Petrea had always the desire to speed away. It was Henrik's greatest pleasure to give one of his sisters his arm, especially when they were well and handsomely dressed.

At seven o'clock in the evening all the members of the family assembled themselves in the library, where the tea-table was prepared, at which Louise presided. The evenings were uncommonly cheerful, particularly when the family were alone. Between tea and supper, they either talked, or read aloud, or had music; after supper they danced, and then Louise exercised herself with remarkable grace. Sometimes they had charades or social games. Henrik and Petrea had always some new flash of merriment or other. It was the greatest delight of the Judge to see all his children around him, especially in an evening, and to see them happy too. The door of his study, which adjoined the library, always stood open in an evening, and whether he read or wrote there, he still was conscious of all that went forward among them. Sometimes he would come out and take part in their entertainment, or would sit on the green sofa beside his wife, and watch the dance, rejoicing himself over his daughters, and sometimes was even taken out into the dance by them.

The young people remarked, that whatever might for the time occupy Jacobi, he was somewhat absent and incomprehensible; he sighed frequently, and seemed rather to enjoy quiet conversation with the ladies, than charades and other amusements. It was discovered, between Henrik and Petrea, that these fits of absence, and these sighs, must have an object; but it was a long time, that is to say, three or four days, before they could decide who it really was.

"It cannot be our mother," said Petrea, "because she is married; and besides this, she is so much older than any of us, although prettier than all of us together; and though Master Jacobi has such pleasure in talking with her, and conducts himself towards her as if he were her son, still it cannot be she. Do you know, Henrik, I fancy Sara is the object—he looks at her so much; or perhaps Eva, for he is always so lively with her; and I heard him say yesterday to Mr. Munter, that she was so uncommonly charming. But it is rather improper that he should pass 'our eldest' so!"

Henrik was greatly amused by Petrea's difficulty and conjectures, for he had his own peculiar notions about the object; and by degrees Petrea herself began to have a clearer foreknowledge, and to think that perhaps, after all, the true object might be no other than "our eldest" herself. After this insight into things, which Petrea was not slow in circulating among her sisters, Louise was called in their jocular phraseology, "the object." All this while, however,

"the object" herself appeared to pay very little attention to the speculations which had thus reference to herself. Louise was at the present time greatly occupied by setting up a piece of weaving, and had in consequence, greatly to Henrik's horror, brought again into use the dress surnamed "water-gruel;" and as it happened, moreover, that the piece of weaving was of a pattern which was much perplexed and difficult to arrange, she assumed almost constantly the "cathedral demeanour," which occasioned her to look all the less attractive. But so things stood. Jacobi looked a great deal at Sara, joked with Eva, and remained sitting beside Louise, as if he found by her side only true happiness and satisfaction.

In vain did Petrea draw him into all kind of controversial subjects, in order to make him, during the contest, somewhat forgetful of "the object." He did not become abstracted; and it was particularly observable, that the Master had much less desire for disputation than the Candidate had had; and when Mrs. Gunilla took the field against him more than once with a whole host of monads and nomads, he only laughed. Now, indeed, Jacobi had a favourite topic of conversation, and that was his Excellence D. The distinguished personal qualities of his Excellence, his noble character, his goodness, his spirit, his imposing exterior, could not be sufficiently celebrated and exalted by Jacobi; nay, even his lion-like forehead, his strong glance, and his beautiful patrician hands, were many a time described.

Jacobi had for some time been attached to his Excellence as his secretary, and he had now the hope of his assistance in his future prospects. In the meantime, his Excellence had shown him the greatest kindness; had given him many opportunities of increasing his knowledge, and had offered to take him with him on a journey into foreign countries; besides all which, he had himself practised him in French. In one word, Excellence D. was the most excellent excellence in all the world, an actual excellectissimus. Jacobi was devoted to him heart and soul, and was rich in anecdotes about Excellence D., and in anecdotes which his Excellence had told.

Louise, more than any member of the family, had the property of being a good listener, and therefore she heard more than any one else of his Excellence D., but yet not alone of him; Jacobi had always something to relate to her—a something on which he wanted her consideration—and if Louise were not too much occupied with her thoughts about the evening, he was always quite sure, not only of her sincere sympathy, but of her most deliberate judgment, as well on moral questions as on questions of economical arrangement, dress, plans for the future, and so forth. He himself imparted to her good advice—which, however, was not often followed—for playing Postillion. He drew patterns for her embroidery, and read aloud to her gladly, and that novels in preference to sermons.

But he was not long permitted to sit in peace by her side, for very soon the seat on the other side of her was occupied by a person, who, in all due respect, we will call "the Landed-proprietor," from the distinguished circumstance of his possessing an estate in the neighbourhood of the city.

The Landed-proprietor appeared to the Candidate—we will for the future adhere to this our old appellation, for in a certain sense, in this world all men are Candidates—to him, therefore, it seemed as if the new-comer were quite disposed to make a quarrel about the place he was inclined to take.

Beside his large estate, the Landed-proprietor was possessed of a large body, round cheeks, plump from excess of health, a pair of large gray eyes remarkable for their unmeaning expression, a little ruddy mouth which preferred eating rather than speaking, which laughed without meaning, and which now directed to cousin Louise—he considered himself related to her father—sundry speeches which we will string together in our next chapter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

STRANGE QUESTIONS.

"COUSIN LOUISE, are you fond of fish? for example, bream?" asked the Landed-proprietor one evening as he seated himself beside Louise, who was industriously working a landscape in her embroidery frame.

"O yes! bream is very good fish," replied she, very phlegmatically, and without looking up from her work.

"O, with red-wine sauce," said the Landed-proprietor, "delicate!" I have magnificent fishing on my estate at Oestanvik. Big fellows of bream! I catch them myself."

"Who is that great fisher there?" asked Jacobi, with an impatient sneer, "and what matters it to him whether Louise likes bream?"

"Because in that case she might like him *mon cher*," replied Henrik; "a most respectable is my cousin Thure of Oestanvik. I advise you to cultivate his acquaintance. Well, now, Gabriele dear, what wants your highness?—I shall lose my head about the riddle—Mamma dear, come and help your stupid son?"

"No, no, mother knows it already! 'Mother must not tell,' exclaimed Gabriele, terrified.

"What king do you set up above all other kings, Master Jacobi?" for the second time asked Petrea, who this evening had a sort of question-mania.

"Charles the Thirteenth," replied he, and listened to Louise's answer to the Landed-proprietor.

"Cousin Louise, are you fond of birds?" asked the Landed-proprietor."

"O yes, particularly of fieldfares," answered Louise.

"Nay, that's capital!" said the Landed-proprietor. "There are innumerable fieldfares on my estate of Oestanvik. I often go out myself with my gun and shoot enough for dinner; piff-paff! with two shots I have killed a whole dish-full!"

"Don't you imagine, Master Jacobi, that the people before the Flood were much wickeder than those of our time?" asked Petrea, who wished to occupy the Candidate, nothing deterred by his evident abstraction, and whom nobody had asked if she liked fieldfares.

"O much, much better," answered Jacobi.

"Cousin Louise, are you fond of roast hare?" asked the Landed-proprietor.

"Master Jacobi, are you fond of roast hare?" whispered Petrea waggishly to the Candidate.

"Bravo, Petrea!" whispered her brother to her.

"Cousin Louise, are you fond of cold meat?" asked the Landed-proprietor, as he handed Louise to the supper-table.

"Should you like to be a landed-proprietor?" whispered Henrik to her as she left it.

Louise answered exactly as a cathedral would have answered—looked very solemn, and was silent.

Petrea, like something let quite loose, after supper, would not let anybody remain quiet who by any possibility could be made to answer her.

"Is reason sufficient for mankind?" asked she. "What is the foundation of morals? What is the proper meaning of revelation? Why is the nation always so badly off? Why must there be rich and poor?" etc., etc.

"Dear Petrea," said Louise, "what can be the use of asking such questions?"

It was an evening for questions, there was not even an end of them when people separated for the night.

"Do you not think," asked the Judge from his wife when they were alone together, "that our little Petrea begins to be quite disagreeable with her perpetual questions and disputations? She leaves nobody at peace, and is at times in a sort of unceasing disquiet. She will, some time or other, make herself quite ridiculous if she goes on so."

"Yes," replied Elise, "if she goes on so; but I think she will not. I have observed Petrea narrowly for some time, and do you know I fancy there is something out of the common way in that young girl."

"Yes, yes," said he, "in the common way she certainly is not; the merriment and the everlasting joviality which she occasions, and the occasions, and the comical devices that she has——"

"Yes," replied the mother, "do they not indicate a decided turn for art? And then she has a remarkable thirst for knowledge. Every morning she is up between three and four, in order to read or write, or to work at her Creation. It is, in fact, quite uncommon; and may not this unrest, this zeal to question and dispute, arise from a sort of intellectual hunger? Ah! many a woman suffers deeply through the whole of her life, because this, their intellectual hunger, has not been appeased. Unrest, discontentedness, nay, innumerable faults, spring from want of intellectual culture."

"I believe you are right, Elise," said her husband; "and no condition in life is more melancholy, particularly in advanced years. But this shall not be the lot of my Petrea—that we will prevent. What do you think, now, would be good for her?"

"I fancy," said Elise, "that a course of serious and well-directed study would assist in regulating her mind. She is too much left to herself, with her disarranged bent—with her enthusiasm and her attempts. I myself have too little knowledge to instruct her, you have too little time, and there is no one here who would take the guidance of her young, unsettled mind. I am sometimes extremely grieved about her; for her sisters do not understand the workings of

her mind, which I must confess sometimes gives me pain. I wish I were better able to help her. Petrea requires a ground on which to take her stand—as yet, she has none; her thoughts require some firm holding-place; from the want of this comes her unrest. She is like a flower without roots, which is driven about by wind and wave.”

“She shall be firmly rooted; she shall find firm ground to stand upon, if such is to be found in the world!” said the Judge, with a grave yet beaming eye, and striking his hand at the same time with such violence on a volume West-Gotha law, that it fell to the ground. “We will think about it,” continued he; “Petrea is yet too young for one to say with certainty what is her decided bent; but we will strengthen her powers; she shall no longer know hunger of any kind, so long as I live and can get my own bread. You know my friend, the excellent Bishop B——. Perhaps we can at first confide Petrea to his guidance. After a few years we shall—as yet she is only a child. But don’t you think we might speak with Jacobi, whether he could not read with her and talk with her—apropos! how is it with Jacobi? I fancy he begins to think about Louise.”

“Yes, yes, you are not wrong,” said Elise; “and our cousin Thure of Oestankvik—have you remarked nothing there?”

“Yes, I did remark something,” replied he. “What stupid questions those were which he asked her! ‘Do you like this?’ or, ‘Do you like that?’ But I don’t like this! Louise is not yet grown up, and why should people come with such questions? Nay, perhaps after all it means nothing; that would please me best. What a pity it is, however; that our cousin Thure is not more of a man! A most beautiful estate he has, and so in the neighbourhood!”

“Yes, a pity,” said Elise; “because such as he is now, I am quite convinced Louise would find it impossible to endure him.”

“You do not think she would like Jacobi?” asked the father.

“To tell the truth,” returned she, “I think it probable she might.”

“Nay,” said he, “that would be very unpleasant and very imprudent; I am very fond of Jacobi, but he has nothing, and he is nothing.”

“But, my love,” reasoned his wife, “he may become something, and he may get something. I confess, dear Ernst, that he would suit Louise better for a husband than almost any one else, and I would willingly call him son.”

“Would you, Elise!” exclaimed the Judge, “then I suppose I must prepare myself to do the same. You have had most trouble, most labour with the children, and you have, therefore, most to say in their affairs.”

“You are so good, Ernst,” said Elise.

“Say reasonable—nothing more than reasonable,” said he; “beyond this I have the belief that our thoughts and inclinations do not differ much. I confess that I consider Louise as a great treasure, and I know nobody whom I should favour from my own heart; still, if Jacobi obtains her affections, I could not find in my heart to oppose a union between them, although, on account of uncertain prospects, it would make me anxious. I am much attached to Jacobi, and, on Henrik’s account, we have much to thank him for. His

excellent heart, his honesty, his good qualities, will make him as good a citizen as husband and father, and he belongs at the same time to that class of persons with whom it is most pleasant to have daily intercourse. But, God forbid! I am talking just as if I wished the union, and I am a long way from that yet. I would much rather keep my daughters with me as long as they could feel themselves happy with me; but when girls grow up, one cannot reckon on peace. I wish all wooers and question-askers at Jericho! Now, we could live here as in a kingdom of bliss, since we have got all into such nice order—some little improvements, it is true, I could make yet. I have been thinking that we could so easily make a wardrobe-room if—here at this wall. How, my love, are you asleep already?”

CHAPTER XIX.

AN INVITATION.

ABOUT this time the sisters of the house began to dream a great deal about conflagrations, and there was no end of the meanings of dreams, hints, little jokes, and communications among the sisters, none of whom dreamt more animated or more significant dreams than Petrea. Gabriele, who in her innocence did not dream at all, wondered what all this extraordinary talk about conflagration meant; but she could not learn much, for as often as she desired to have her part in the mysteries, it was said “Go out for a little while, Gabriele dear.”

One evening, Sara, Louise, Eva, and Petrea, were sitting together at a little table, where they were deep in the discussion of something which seemed to possess extraordinary interest for them, when Gabriele came and asked just for a little place at the table for herself and her books; but it was impossible, there was no room for the little one. Almost at the same moment Jacobi and Henrik came up; they too sought for room at the circle of young ladies, and now see! there was excellent room for them both, whereupon Gabriele stuck her little head between Louise and Petrea, and prayed her sisters to solve the following riddle.

“What is that at which six places may be found, but not five?”

The sisters laughed; Louise kissed the little refined moralist; and Petrea left the table, the gentlemen, and a political discussion which she had begun with Henrik, in order to sit on one side and relate to Gabriele the Travels of Theodor, which was one of the greatest enjoyments of our little lady.

“Apropos!” cried Henrik, “will there not be a wedding celebrated the day after to-morrow, to which we ought naturally to be invited.—N.B. Aunt Evelina has far less genius than I gave her credit for if —”

“Aunt Evelina stands here now ready, if possible, to vindicate her genius,” said a friendly voice, and, to the amazement of all, Aunt Evelina stood in the middle of the room.

After the first salutations and questions, Evelina presented an invitation, not as Henrik expected for the marriage, but for the entertainment after the marriage.

Laura’s marriage with Major G. was to be

celebrated in the quietest manner, at her adopted mother's house, and only in the presence of a few relations. But the mother of the bridegroom, one of those joyous persons who in a remarkable manner lighten the world of its cares—and for which the world thanks them so little—one of those who, if possible, would entertain and make glad all mankind, and whom mankind on that account very willingly slanders—she, the stout and cordial widow of a Councillor of War, was determined to celebrate the marriage of her only and beloved son in a festive and cheerful manner, and to make the whole country partakers of the joy which she herself felt.

The great marriage-festival was to last eight days, and already the great doors of Axelholme were standing wide open to receive a considerable party of the notables of the place. The bride and bridegroom were to invite their respective friends and acquaintances, and commissioned now by the bride and her future mother-in-law, Evelina brought a written invitation from her; she came now to beseech the family, the whole family, Jacobi included, to honour the festivity with their presence; above all things, desiring that all the daughters might come,—every one of them was wanted for one thing or another; they reckoned on Petrea, she said, who had a great turn for theatricals, to take a character in a play which was to be acted; and the others were wanted for dancing and for *tableaux vivants*. Gabriele must allow herself to be made an angel of—and naturally they hoped, that out of all this the young people would find amusement.

They wished and prayed that the whole family would establish themselves at Axelholme, where everything was prepared for their dancing the whole time of the festival, and if possible still longer, and they hoped to make the stay there quite agreeable to every member of the family.

Pitt, Fox, Thiers, Lafitte, Platen; Ankursward—nay, one may even assert that all the orators in the world, never made speeches which were considered more beautiful by their hearers, nor which were received with warmer or more universal enthusiasm than this little oration of Aunt Evelina's. Henrik threw himself on his knee before the excellent, eloquent aunt; Eva clapped her hands and embraced her; Petrea cried aloud in a fit of rapture, and in leaping up threw down a work-table on Louise; Jacobi made an *entrechat*, freed Louise from the work-table, and engaged her for the first *anglaise*.

The Judge, glad from his heart that his children should have so much enjoyment, was obliged, for his part, to give up the joyful festivity. Business! Judge Frank had seldom time for anything but business; yet he would manage it so that at least he would take them there, and on the following day he would return. Elise sent back her compliments, but could not take more than two, or at most three of her daughters with her; Evelina, however, overruled this, as did also her husband, who insisted that they all should go.

"Perhaps," said he, "they may never have such another opportunity to enjoy themselves."

Seldom, indeed, does it happen that people beg and pray and counsel a mother to take all

her six daughters with her. Long may such counsellors live! but then it must be acknowledged, that the daughters of the Franks were universally beloved on account of their kind, agreeable manners, and their many good qualities.

Elise must promise to take them all with her—Sara, Louise, Eva, Leon—no! It is true Leonore could not go with her; the poor Leonore must remain at home, on account of indisposition; and very soon, therefore, Eva and Petrea emulated each other as to which should remain with her. Leonore declared coldly and peevishly that nobody should stay at home on her account; she needed nobody; she would much rather be alone; the sisters might all go without hesitation; there was no fear of her not living through it! Poor Leonore had become changed by her sickness and her sedentary life;—her better self had become hidden under a cloud of vexation and illhumour, which chilled the kindness and friendliness that people otherwise would have shown to her.

In the mean time there was a stir among the young people of the family; for much had to be bought, much to be made, and much to be put in order, that they might be able to make an honourable appearance at the marriage festival. What a review was there then of dresses, flowers, ribbons, gloves, etc.! what counsel-takings and projects regarding the new purchases! what calculations, so that the present of money which the good father had, all unsolicited, made to each daughter might not be exceeded. Louise was invaluable to everybody; she had counsel and contrivances for everybody; besides all this, she was unwearied in shopping, and never disheartened in buying. She made very few compliments to any shopkeeper or shopkeeper's assistants, and let them open everything they had if she only wanted an ell of cloth; and would leave eleven different places without making a purchase, if at the twelfth she could get a piece of ribbon cheaper or of better quality: she paid great regard to *quality*. According to her own opinion, as well as that of her family, she was an excellent hand at getting good bargains; that is, for obtaining good wares at unheard-of low prices. With all this our Louise was held in great consideration in all the shops of the city, and was served with the greatest zeal and respect; whilst, on the contrary, Petrea, who never bargained about anything, at all events when she was alone, was not esteemed in the least, and always obtained bad, and at the same time dear goods. True it is that Petrea went a shopping as little as possible; whilst Louise, on the contrary, who took the difficult part of Commissioner for all her friends and acquaintance, was about as much at home in a shop as in her own wardrobe.

It was unanimously decided that Sara, Louise, and Eva, should all wear the same dress on the evening of the great ball at Axelholme, which would be given on the day they arrived there; namely, that they should wear white muslin dresses, with pale pink sashes, and roses in their hair. Petrea was delighted by this project, and did not doubt but that her sisters would be universally known by the appellation of "the three Graces." For her own part, she would willingly have been called Venus: but alas! that was not

to be thought of. She studied her face in all the glasses in the house. "It is not so very bad-looking," thought she, "if the nose were only different." Petrea was to appear at the ball in sky-blue; and "the little lady" was quite enraptured by the rose-coloured gauze dress which her mother was making for her.

The toilette occupied every one, body and soul.

CHAPTER XX.

CONFUSION.

A FINE mizzling rain fell without; and Jacobi, with secret horror, beheld Louise equipped in the "court-preacher," which became her so ill, ready to go out with Eva, under shelter of "the family roof," in order to make good bargains. In the mean time Sara took her music lesson with Schwartz, but had promised Petrea to go out with her in the afternoon, in order to make good bargains likewise.

"Henrik," said Jacob to his young friend, "I fancy that we too are going out on a 'good bargain' expedition. I want a pair of gloves, and—"

"And perhaps we shall meet the sisters in the shop," said Henrik, waggishly.

"Quite right," returned Jacobi, smiling; "but, Henrik, cannot you tell your sister Louise that she should not wear that horrible black cloak? I declare she does not look as—indeed she does not look well in it."

"Don't you think that I have told her so already?" replied Henrik. "I have preached so long against the 'court-preacher,' that he ought long ago to have been banished from respectable society; but it is all to no purpose. He has worked himself so completely into the good graces of our gracious eldest sister, that we must endure him all our lives long. And what think you—I almost fancy our cousin of Oestavik likes him!"

"Nay," said Jacobi, "one can very well see that that creature has a wretched taste—a true Hottentot taste!"

"And for that reason," remarked Henrik, "he may like Louise."

"Hem!" said Jacobi.

At dinner-time the bargaining young ladies came back, attended by the bargaining gentlemen, who had, after all, gone about in peaceful company with the court-preacher. Louise was quite full of glory; never in her whole life before had she made such good bargains.

"Look, sisters," said she, "this muslin for a crown-banco* the ell! Is it not a charming colour? I have saved in it alone twelve shillings.† And see these ribbons which I have got for four-and-twenty shillings the ell—thirty were asked. Are they not beautiful?—will they not look magnificently?—is it not a real discovery?—did you ever hear of anything like it? Sara, if you will go to the same shop as I do, you will get all at the same price. I have made that agreement for you at three places, at Bergvalls, and at Aströms, and at Madame Florea's for the flowers."

Sara thanked her, but said she had altered her plans; she did not intend to have the same dress as Louise and Eve, but another which pleased her better.

The sisters were rather astonished; Louise quite offended. Had they not already agreed about it? What was to become of the Three Graces?

Sara answered, that the third Grace might be whoever she would, but for her part she should not have that honour.

The sisters thought her very ungracious.

Eva ran up to Leonore in order to show her her purchases.

"Look at this rose, Leonore," said she, "is it not very pretty? just as if it were natural—and these ribbons!"

"Yes, yes," said Leonore, with a depressed voice, regarding these ornaments with a gloomy look; and then, pushing them from her so hastily that they fell on the floor, burst into tears. Eva was quite concerned; a book had fallen on her beautiful rose and had crushed it. For one moment Eva shed tears over her flower, the next over her sister.

"Why have you done so, Leonore," said she; "you must be very ill, or are you displeased with me?"

"No, no!" said poor Leonore, "forgive me and leave me."

"Why?" asked Eva. "Ah, do not weep—do not distress yourself. It was quite thoughtless of me to come here and— But I will bid farewell to all the magnificence—I will not go to the ball, I will stop at home with you, only tell me that you love me, and that you would like me to do so—just say so—say so!"

"No, no," said Leonore, passionately, and turning away from the affectionate comforter, "I do not like it! You tease me, all of you, with this talk of stopping at home on my account. I know very well that I am not such as any one would wish to please—I am neither merry nor good. Go, Eva, to those who are merry, and follow them. Leave me, leave me in peace, that is all that I desire."

Eva retired weeping, and with the crushed rose in her hand.

In the afternoon, when Petrea was ready to go out on the promised expedition, she found Sara also was in an ill-humour. She would go—but only on Petrea's account; she had no intention of buying anything; she had not money enough wherewith to make purchases; she would not go to the festival; she could not have any pleasure if she did; nothing in the world gave one any pleasure when one had not things exactly to one's own wishes.

Petrea was quite confounded by this sudden change, and sought in all possible ways to discover the cause of it.

"But why," asked she, with tears in her eyes, "will you not go with us?"

"Because I will not go," answered Sara, "if I cannot go with honour and in my own way! I will not be mixed up in a mass of every-day-mediocre people! It is in my power to become distinguished and uncommon; my character is of that kind. I will not live to be trammelled—I would rather not live at all!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Petrea, who now comprehended what was working in Sara, whilst her eyes flashed with sudden joy. "Ah, is it nothing more than that? Dear Sara, take all that. I possess—take it, I beseech you! Do you not believe that it gives me a thousand times the pleasure if I see you happy and beautiful than if I possessed the most glorious things in the world. Take it, best, dearest Sara! I pray you,

* Crown-banco, equal to one shilling and sixpence English money.

† A shilling Swedish is equal to about one farthing English.

on my knees, to take it, and then if there be enough you can buy what you like and go with us—else the whole splendour will be good for nothing!”

“Ah, Petrea, and you?” asked Sara.

“Ah,” said Petrea, “I’ll just furnish up my gauze dress, and keep a little money for some ribbon, and then all is done, and as for the rest it does not matter how I look. Be only contented, Sara, and do as I bid you.”

“But may I? Can I?” asked Sara. “Ah, no, Petrea, I could not do it! The little that you have! and after all it would not be sufficient.”

“Ah, yes,” said Petrea, “make it sufficient. We can go to Louise’s shops, and one gets everything so cheap there. I shall never be happy again if you do not do as I pray you: see now, you are my good, dear Sara! Thank you, thank you! Now my heart is light! Now I need not trouble myself about my toilette, and that is an advantage.”

The bird that sits on the swinging bough felt not lighter of mood than did Petrea as she went out with Sara, who was far less cheerful, but who still had never been more friendly towards Petrea.

The end of Petrea’s purchase of ribbon was this:—In passing a gingerbread-booth she saw a little chimney-sweeper, who was casting the most loving glances on some purple-red apples, and Petrea, with the money in her hand, could not resist the desire of making him a present of them, and felt more than rewarded as she saw the boy’s white teeth shining forth from their black neighbourhood, first in smiles and then biting into the juicy fruit. Her own mouth watered as she now cast her eyes round the booth, and saw such beautiful bergamotte-pears, and such magnificent oranges, that would please Leonore so much!—the result, therefore, was that Petrea’s reticule was filled with fruit instead of ribbon—in fact, there was now not money enough for such a purchase.

“But,” said the easy-minded Petrea, “Louise has such a deal of old ribbon—she can very well lend me some.” Petrea reasoned like all bad managers.

When Sarah and Petrea returned from their shopping expedition, Louise saw directly that the things which Sara had bought must far have exceeded her means; and beside this, Louise justly thought that they were unseemly for a young girl of her station. She looked without saying one word at the white silk; at the blue gauze for the tunic; the white and yellow asters for the hair, and at all the other ornaments which Sara, not without vanity, displayed.

“And what have you bought, Petrea?” asked she.

Petrea replied, with a blush, that she had bought nothing.

Not long afterwards Petra came to Louise, and asked her with a certain bashfulness, to lend her some old ribbon.

“Good Petrea,” said Louise, displeased, “I want my ribbons myself, and you have had money just as well as I or any of the others, to buy what you may want.”

Petrea was silent, but tears were in her eyes.

“I did not think, Louise,” said Sara, hotly, “that you would have been so covetous as to refuse Petrea a bit of old ribbon, which you are certain not to want yourself.”

“And I, Sara,” returned Louise in the same tone, “could not have believed that you would

have so abused Petrea’s good-nature and weakness as to have robbed her of her money just to indulge your own vanity!”

“Sara did not desire anything from me,” said Petrea, with warmth; “I insisted upon it—I compelled her.”

“And above all, Sara,” continued Louise, with yet sterner earnestness, “I must tell you that the dress you have chosen appears to me neither modest nor becoming. I am quite persuaded that Schwartz has induced you to deviate from our first intention—and I must tell you, dear Sara, that were I in your place I would not allow such a person to have so great an influence with me; nor is this the only instance in which your behaviour to him has not appeared to me what it ought to be, or what I should wish in a sister of mine, and such as becomes the dignity of a woman. I am very sorry to say this.”

“Oh, you are only too good!” returned Sara, throwing back her head, and with a scornful laugh; “but don’t trouble yourself about me, Louise, for I can assure you it gives me very little concern what pleases you or what does not.”

“So much the worse for you, Sara,” said Louise, calmly, “that you concern yourself so little for those who are your true friends. I, besides, am not the only one whom your behaviour to Schwartz displeases: Eva ———”

“Yes, Sara,” interrupted Eva, blushing, “I think too that you do not conduct yourself towards him as is becoming, for ———”

“Sisters,” said Sara, with warmth and pride, “you cannot judge of what is seemly for me—you have no right to censure my conduct, and I will not endure ———”

“I think,” said Petrea, warmly, “that if our mother has said nothing, nobody else has any right to say anything.”

“Silence, dear Petrea,” said Louise, “you are silly and blind to ———”

At this moment of confusion and disunion, when all the sisters were beginning to speak at once, and that in tones of indignation and reproof, a deep and mournful sigh was suddenly heard, which silenced all, and turned every eye to the door of the little boudoir. The mother stood there, with her hands clasped against her breast, pale, and with an expression of pain on her countenance, which sent a quick pang of conscience through the heart of every daughter. As all remained silent, she came forward, and said with a voice of emotion ———

“Why, ah, why, my dear girls, is all this? No explanations now! There is error and blame on one side, perhaps also on more; but why this bitterness, this incautious outbreak of injurious words? Ah, you know not what you are doing! You know not what a hell sisters can make for themselves, if they cherish such tempers. You know not how bitterness and harshness may grow among you to a dreadful habit; how you may become tormenting spirits to each other, and embitter each other’s lives. And it could be so different! Sisters might be like good angels the one to the other, and make the paternal home like a heaven upon earth. Ah, think, think only that every day, nay, every hour, you are working for the future. Reflect that you may gladden and beautify your lives, or embitter them, according as you now act. Reflect, my dear girls, that it is in your power to make your parents, your family, yourselves, either very happy or very unhappy!”

The daughters were silent, and were penetrated

by the deep emotion which expressed itself in the words of their mother, by her pale countenance, and by her tears. They felt strongly the truth of all that she had said. Petrea burst into tears, and ran out of the room; Sara followed her silently; and Eva threw herself caressingly on her mother's neck.

"I have only spoken the truth to Sara," said Louise; "and it is not my fault if it be unpleasant for her to hear it."

"Ah! Louise," returned her mother, "this is constantly said in the world, and yet so much contention and hatred prevail between those who say it. Blind belief in our own faultlessness, and hard imputations excite the temper, and make the truth unproductive of good. Why should we present truth in a disfiguring dress, when she is in herself so pure and beautiful? I know, my dear girl, that you only wish to do that which is right and good, and whoever aims rightly at that object will not fail of the means also."

"Must I then dissimulate?" asked Louise. "Must I conceal my thoughts, and be silent, respecting that which I think wrong? That may indeed be prudent, but it certainly is not Christian."

"Become Christian in temper, my child," said the mother, "and you will easily discover the means of doing what is right in a proper and effectual manner. You will learn to speak the truth without wounding; a truly pure, truly affectionate spirit wounds no one, not even in trifles. For that reason, one need not to be silent when one should speak, but —"

"C'est le ton qui fait la chanson! Is it not so? he, he, he!" argued the shrill voice of Mrs. Gunilla, who had come in unobserved, and who thus put an end to the discourse. Soon afterwards the Assessor made his appearance, and they two fell into conversation, though not, as commonly, into strife with each other. Mrs. Gunilla lamented to him respecting Pyrrhus; she was quite in trouble respecting the little animal, which had now for some had a pain in the foot, that, spite of all means, got only worse and worse. She did not know what she was to do with the little favourite. The Assessor besought her, in the kindest manner, to allow him to undertake his treatment. He said he had always been much more successful in curing dogs than men, and that dogs were far more agreeable, and far nicer patients than their masters. Mrs. Gunilla was heartily glad, and the following morning she said Pyrrhus should be conveyed to him.

The family assembled themselves for tea, and the quick eyes of Mrs. Gunilla soon discovered that all was not quite as it should be.

"Listen, now," said she, "my little Elise. I know that there will be festivities, and balls, and banquets, given there at — what do they call it? and of course the young people here should all be at them and figure a little. If there be any little embarrassments about the toilet in which I can help, tell me candidly. Good heavens! one can imagine that easily. Young girls! — a rosette is wanted here, and a rosette is wanted there, and one thing and another — heart's-dearest! it is so natural. I know it all so well; — now tell me."

Elise thanked her cordially, but must decline this offer; her daughters, she said, must learn betimes to moderate their desires to their means.

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Gunilla, "but I must tell you, my dear friend, there is no rule without its exception, and if any trifles are wanted, so — think on me."

Mrs. Gunilla was to-day in such a happy humour; she looked like somebody who was determined to make some fellow creature happy. The Assessor could not get into dispute with her. She rejoiced herself in the country, to which she should soon remove, in the spring which was at hand, and in the greenness which was approaching. The Assessor, on the contrary, rejoiced himself not at all. "What had one to rejoice about in such a hateful spring?" said he; "it was quite impossible to live in such a climate, and it must be the will of our Lord God that man should not live, or he would not have sent such springs. How could people plant potatoes in ice? and how otherwise could they be planted at all this year? And if people could get no potatoes, they must die of hunger, which was then perhaps the best part of the history of life."

On her side, Mrs. Gunilla bethought herself that she would willingly live. "Our Lord God," she said, "would take care that people had potatoes!" and then she looked with an expression of cordial sympathy on the troubled and distressed countenances of the young girls.

"When Eva, dear, is as old as me," said she, patting her gently on her white neck, "she will know nothing more of all that which so distresses her now."

"Ah! to be sixty years old!" exclaimed Eva, smiling, though with a tear in her eye.

"You'll get well on to sixty — well on; he, he, he!" said Mrs. Gunilla, consolingly. "Heart's dearest! it goes before one thinks of it. But only be merry and cheerful. Amuse yourselves at — what do you call it? and then come and tell me all about it. Do that nicely, and then I shall get my share of the fun though I am not there. That comes of the so-to-be envied sixty years, Eva, dear! he, he, he!"

The sun set bright and glorious. Mrs. Gunilla went to the window, and sent a little greeting towards the sun, whose beams, glancing through the trees of the opposite church-yard, seemed to salute her in return.

"It looks as if one should have a fine day to-morrow," said Mrs. Gunilla to herself gently, and looking very happy.

People place youth and age opposite to each other, as the light and shade in the day of life. But has not every day, every age, its own youth — its own new attractive life, if one only sets about rightly to enjoy them? Yes, the aged man, who has collected together pure recollections for his evening companions, is manifold happier than the youth who, with a restless heart, stands only at the beginning of his journey. No passions disturb the evening meal of the other — no restless endeavours disturb the cheerful gossip of the evening twilight; all the little comforts of life are then so thoroughly enjoyed; and we can then, with more confidence, cast all our cares and anxieties on God. We have then proved Him.

CHAPTER XXI.

DISENTANGLING.

"THERE are certainly too many bitter almonds in this, it does not taste good," said Elise, setting down a glass of almond-milk.

"Be pleased with us, dear mother," whispered Eva, tenderly; "we are all friends again!"

The mother saw it in their beautiful beaming eyes; she read it in Louise's quick glance as she

turned round from the table where she was helping Sara with her tunic, and looked at her mother. Elise nodded joyfully both to her and Eva, and drank to them the glass of almond-milk, which now appeared to have become suddenly sweet, so pleased did she look as she again set down the glass.

"Mamma, dear," said Gabriele, "we must certainly do something towards Petrea's toilette, otherwise she will not be presentable."

But Louise took Petrea's gauze-dress secretly in hand, and sate up over it till midnight, and adorned it so with her own ribbons and lace, that it was more presentable than it had ever been before.

Petrea kissed her skilful hands for all that they had done. Eva—yet we will, for the present, keep silent on her arrangements.

But dost thou know, O reader!—yes, certainly thou dost!—the zephyrs which call forth spring in the land of the soul—which call forth flowers, and make the air pure and delicious? Certainly thou knowest them—the little easy, quiet, unpretending, almost invisible, and yet powerful—in one word, human kindnesses.

Since these have taken up their abode in the Franks' family we see nothing that can prevent a general joyful party of pleasure. But yes—it is true—

PETREA'S NOSE!

This was, as we have often remarked, large and somewhat clumsy. Petrea had great desire to unform it, particularly for the approaching festivities.

"What have you done to your nose? What is amiss with your nose?" were the questions which assailed Petrea on all sides, as she came down to breakfast on the morning of the eventful day.

Half laughing and half crying, Petrea related how she had made use of some innocent machinery during the night, by which she had hoped somewhat to alter the form of this offending feature, the consequence of which had unfortunately been the fixing a fiery red saddle across it, and a considerable swelling besides.

"Don't cry, my dear girl," said her mother, bathing it with oatmeal-water, "it will only inflame your nose the more."

"Ah," burst forth poor Petrea, "anybody is really unfortunate who has such a nose as mine! What in the world can they do with it? they must go into a convent."

"It is very much better," said her mother, "to do as one of my friends did, who had a very large nose, much larger than yours, Petrea."

"Ah, what did she do?" asked Petrea, eagerly.

"She made herself so beloved, that her nose was beloved too," said her mother. "Her friends declared that they saw nothing so gladly as her nose as it came in at the door, and that without it she would have been nothing."

Petrea laughed, and looked quite cheerful. "Ah," said she, "if my nose can but be beloved, I shall be quite reconciled to it."

"You must endeavour to grow above it!" said the good, prudent mother, jestingly, but significantly.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DAY OF THE JOURNEY.

On the morning of the important day, all was in lively motion. The Assessor sent Eva a

large bouquet of most remarkably beautiful natural flowers, which she immediately divided among her sisters. The Judge himself, in a frenzy of activity, packed the things of his wife and daughters, and protested that nobody could do it better than he, and that nobody could make so many things go into one box as he could. The last was willingly conceded to him, but a little demur arose as to the excellence of the packing. The ladies asserted that he rumpled their dresses; the Judge asserted that there was no danger on that account, that everything would be found remarkably smooth, and stood zealous and warm in his shirt-sleeves beside the great travelling-case, grumbling a little at every fresh dress that was handed to him, and then exclaiming immediately afterward, "have you more yet, girls? I have more room. Do give me more! See now! that! and that! and that! and—now in the name of all weathers is there no end of your articles? Give them here, my girls! Let that alone, child! I shall soon lay it straight! What? rumple them, shall I? Well, they can be unrumped again, that's all! are there no smoothing-irons in the world? What! so, so, my girls! Have you any more—I can yet put something more in."

They were to set off immediately after dinner, in order to be at Axelholm, which lay about two miles* from the city, ready for the ball in the evening. By dinner-time all boxes were packed, and all tempers cleared, more especially that of the Judge, who was so contented with his morning's work that he almost imparted his delight to those who at first were not altogether satisfied with it.

Petrea ate nothing but a pancake, with a little snow milk to it, in order that she might dance all the lighter.

"Above all things, my friends," prayed the Judge, "be precise, and be ready at half-past three—the carriages come then to the door; do not let me have to wait for you."

Precisely at half-past three the Judge went to the doors of his wife and daughters.

"Mother, girls! it is time to go," said he, "the clock has struck half-past three. The carriages are here."

"Directly, directly!" was answered from all sides. The Judge waited; he knew from experience what this "directly" meant.

In the fever of his punctuality his blood began to boil, and he walked up and down the hall with great steps, talking with himself, "It is shocking, though," argued he, "that they never are ready! but I won't be angry! Even if they make me angry, I will not spoil their pleasure. But patience is necessary, more than Job had!"

While he was thus moralising with himself, he heard the voice of his wife saying, with decision, in the library, "Come, now, dear girls! In heaven's name, don't keep the father waiting! I know, indeed, how it annoys him."

"But he said nothing the day before yesterday," Petrea's voice was heard to return, "though he had then to wait for us. I can't think what I have done with my gloves!"

"And precisely on that account he shall not wait a moment longer for us," said the mother; "and never again, if I can help it; so, if you are not ready, girls, I shall run away without you!"

The mother ran, and all the daughters ran merrily after her.

* A wedish mile is equal to six English miles.

The father remarked with pleasure, that love has a far more effectual power than fear, and all were soon seated in the carriage.

We will allow them to roll away, and will now pay a little visit to

LEONORE'S CHAMBER.

Leonore sate solitary. She supported her sick head on her hand. She had impelled herself to answer kindly the leave-taking kiss of her mother and sisters; she had seen how they sought to repress their joy before her, and she had particularly remarked a sort of half-stifled roguish joy in the glance which was exchanged between Eva and her mother, which had pained her. She had heard their happy voices on the stairs, and then the driving away of the carriages. Now they were gone; now all was still and desolate in the house, and large tears traced their way down Leonore's cheeks. She seemed to herself so forlorn, so uncared for, so solitary in the world!

At that moment the door was softly opened, a smiling face looked in, and a light fascinating figure sprang forward through the chamber towards her, kissed her, laughed, and glanced with roguish and ardent affection into her astonished face.

"Eva!" exclaimed Leonore, scarcely trusting her eyes; "Eva, are you here? How! whither came you? Are you not gone with the others?"

"No, as you see," returned Eva, embracing her, laughing, and looking quite happy; "I am here, and mean to stay here."

"But why? What is the meaning of it?" asked Leonore.

"Because I would much rather remain here with you than go anywhere else," said Eva. "I have let Axelholm go with all its splendours."

"Ah! why have you done so? I would much rather you had not," said Leonore.

"I knew that," returned her sister, "and therefore I put on a travelling dress, like the rest, and took leave of you with them. I wanted to take you by surprise, you see. You are not angry with me, are you? Look a little happy, dear Leonore!"

"I cannot, Eva," said Leonore, "because you have robbed yourself of a great pleasure on my account, and I know that it must have been difficult for you. I know that I am neither agreeable nor pleasing, and that you cannot love me, nor yet have pleasure with me, and on that account I cannot have pleasure in your sacrifice. It becomes you to be with the joyful and the happy. Ah! that you had but gone with them!"

"Do not talk so, unless you would make me weep," said Eva; "you do not know how the thought of giving up all these festivities in order to remain alone with you has given me pleasure for many days, and this precisely because I love you, Leonore! yes, because I feel that I could love you better than all the rest! Nay, do not shake your head, it is so; one cannot help one's feelings."

"But why should you love me?" argued the poor girl; "I am, indeed, so little amiable, nobody can endure me, nobody has pleasure in me; I would willingly die. Ah! I often think it would be so beautiful to die!"

"How can you talk so, Leonore!" said her sister; "it is not right. Would you wish such horrible grief to father and mother, and me, and all of us?"

"Ah!" said Leonore, "you and the sisters

would soon comfort yourselves. My mother does not love me as much as any of you others; my father also the same. Attilie R. said the other day that everybody talked of it—that I was beloved neither by father nor mother."

"Fie!" exclaimed Eva, "that was wicked and unjust of Attilie. I am quite certain that our parents love us all alike. Have you ever observed that they unjustly make any difference between us?"

"That I never have," said Leonore; "they are too good and perfect for that. But, do you think I have not observed with how different an expression my father regards me to that with which he looks on you or Louise? Do you think that I do not feel how cold, and at times constrained, is the kiss which my mother gives me, to the many which, out of the fulness of her heart, she gives to you or to Gabriele? But I do not complain of injustice. I see very well that it cannot be otherwise. Nature has made me so disagreeable, that it is not possible people can bear me. Ah! fortunate indeed are they who possess an agreeable exterior. They win the good-will of people if they only show themselves. It is so easy for them to be amiable, and to be beloved! But difficult, very difficult, is it for those who are ill-favoured as I!"

"But, dear Leonore, I assure you, you are unjust towards yourself. Your figure, for example, is very good; your eyes have something so expressive, something at the same time so soft and so earnest; your hair is fine, and is of a beautiful brown;—it would become you so if it were better dressed; but wait awhile, when you are better I will help you to do it, and then you shall see."

"And my mouth," said poor Leonore, "that goes from ear to ear, and my nose is so flat and so long—how can you mend that?"

"Your mouth?" replied Eva, "why yes, it is a little large; but your teeth are regular, and with a little more care would be quite white. And your nose?—let me see—yes, if there were a little elevation, a little ridge in it, it would be quite good, too! Let me see, I really believe it begins to elevate itself!—yes, actually, I see plainly enough the beginning of a ridge! and do you know, if it come, and when you are well, and have naturally a fresh colour, I think that you will be really pretty!"

"Ah! if I can ever believe that!" said Leonore, sighing, at the same time that an involuntary smile lit up her countenance.

"And even if you are not so very lovely," continued Eva, "you know that yet you can be infinitely agreeable; you have something peculiarly so in your demeanour. I heard my father say so this very day."

"Did he really say so?" said Leonore, her countenance growing brighter and brighter.

"Yes, indeed he did!" replied her sister. "But, ah! Leonore, after all, what is beauty? It fades away, and at last is laid in the black earth, and becomes dust; and even whilst it is blooming, it is not all-sufficient to make us either beloved or happy! It certainly has not an intrinsic value."

Never was the power of beauty depreciated by more beautiful lips! Leonore looked at her and sighed.

"No, Leonore," continued she, "do not trouble yourself to be beautiful. This, it is true, may at times be very pleasant, but it certainly is not necessary to make us either beloved or happy. I

am convinced that if you were not in the least prettier than you are, yet that you might, if you would, in your own peculiar way, be as much in favour and as much beloved as the prettiest girls in the world."

"Ah!" said Leonore, "if I were only beloved by my nearest connexions! What a divine thing it must be to be beloved by one's own family!"

"But that you can be—that you will be, if you only will! Ah! if you only were always as you are sometimes—and you are more and more so—and I love you more and more—ininitely I love you!"

"O beloved Eva," said Leonore, deeply affected, while she leaned herself quietly on her sister, "I have very little deserved this from you; but, for the future, I will be different—I will be what you would like. I will endeavour to be good and amiable."

"And then you will be so lovely, so beloved, and so happy!" said Eva, "that it would be a real delight. But now you must come down into Louise's and my room. There is something there for you; you must change the air a little. Come, come!"

"Ah, how charming!" was Leonore's exclamation as she entered Eva's chamber; and, in fact, nothing could be imagined more charming than that little abode of peace, adorned as it now was by the coquetry of affection. The most delicious odour of fruit and flowers filled the air, and the sun threw his friendly beams on a table near the sofa, on which a basket filled with beautiful fruit stood enticingly in the midst of many pretty and tastefully arranged trifles.

"Here dear Leonore," said Eva, "you will reside during this time. It will do you good to leave your room a little. And look, they have all left you an offering! This Gothic church of bronze is from Jacobi. It is a lamp! do you see? light comes through the window; how beautiful! We will light it this evening. And this fruit—do you see the beautiful grapes? All these are a plot between Henrik and Petrea. The copperplate engravings are from my father; Louise has worked you the slippers; and the little lady, she—"

Leonore clapped her hands. "Is it possible," said she, "that you all have thought so much about me! How good you are—ah, too good!"

"Nay, do not weep, Leonore," said Eva; "you should not weep, you should be joyful. But the best part of the entertainment remains yet behind. Do you see this new novel of Miss Edgeworth? Our mother has given you this, for us to read together aloud. I will read to you till midnight, if you will. A delicate little supper has been prepared for us by Louise, and we shall sup up here. We'll have a banquet in our own way. Take now one of those big grapes which grow two on one stem, and I will take the other. The king's health! O glorious!"

While the two sisters are banqueting at their own innocent feast, we will see how it goes on in the great company at

AXELHOLM.

Things are not carried on in so enviably easy and unconstrained a manner at every ball as at that of the citizens in the good little city of —ping, where the baker's wife and the confectioner's wife were waltzing together, but altogether in a wrong fashion, to which the rest only said, "it does not signify, if they only go on!" O no! such innocence as that is seldom met

with, and least of all among those of whom we write.

At Axelholm, as at other great balls, the rocks of convention made it impossible to move without a thousand ceremonies, proprieties, considerations, formalities, and all the rest, which, taken together, make up a vast sum of difficulties. The great ball at Axelholm was not without pretension, and on that account not without its stiff difficulties. Among these may be reckoned that several of the dance-loving gentlemen considered themselves too old, or too — to dance at all, and that, in consequence, many of the dance-loving ladies could not dance at all either, because, on account of the threatening eye-glasses of the gentlemen, they had not not courage to dance with one another. Nevertheless the scene looked like one of pure delight. The great saloon so splendidly lighted, and a vast assembly collected there!

It is now the moment just before the dancing begins; the gentlemen stand in a great group in the middle of the room, spreading themselves out in direct or wavy lines towards the circle of ladies. These sit, like flowers in the garden-beds, on the benches round the room, mostly in bashful stillness; while a few, in the consciousness of their zephyr-like lightness float about the room like butterflies. All look happy; all talk one with another, with all that animation, that reciprocal good-will, which the sight of so much beauty, united to the consciousness that they themselves are wearing their best looks, as well as the expectation of pleasure infuses.

Now the music begins to sound; now young hearts beat with more or less disquiet; now go the engaged ones, amid the jostlings of the servants, who are perpetually soliciting the young ladies to partake of the now-disdained tea. There one saw several young girls numerous surrounded, who were studying the promised dances which were inscribed on the ivory of their fans, declining fervent solicitations for the third, fourth, fifth—nay, even up to the twelfth dance; but promising themselves with fascinating grace for the thirteenth, which perhaps may never be danced; while others in their neighbourhood sit quiet and undisturbed waiting for the first invitation, in order thereto to say a willing and thankful yes. Among the many-surrounded and the much-solicited we may see Sara, and even Louise. With these emulated the three Misses Aftonstjerna—Isabella, Stella, and Aurora—who stood constantly round the chair of the Countess Solstrale, which was placed before the great mirror at the far end of the saloon. Among those who sat expectantly, in the most beautiful repose, we shall discover our Petrea, who, nevertheless, with her bandeau of pearls in her hair, and a certain bloom of innocence and goodness in her youthful countenance, looked uncommonly well. Her heart beat with an indescribable desire to be engaged.

"Ah!" sighed she, as she saw two most elegant young men, the two brothers B—, walking round the circle of ladies, with their eye-glasses in their hands. Their eye-glasses rested for a moment on Petrea; the one whispered something in the ear of the other; both smiled and went on. Petrea felt humiliated, she knew not why.

"Now!" thought she, as Lieutenant S. approached her quickly. But Lieutenant S. came to engage Miss T., and Petrea remained sitting. The music played the liveliest *anglaise*, and Petrea's feet were all in agitation to be moving.

"Ah! thought she, "if I were but a man I would engage Petrea."

"Where is Eva?" asked Jeremias Munter, in a hasty and displeased tone, from Louise, in the pause between the *anglaise* and the waltz.

"She has remained at home with Leonore," said Louise, "she was determined upon it."

"How stupid!" exclaimed he, "else why did I come here."

"Nay, that I really cannot tell!" returned Louise, laughing.

"Not!" retorted the Assessor. "Now, then, I will tell you, sister Louise, I came here entirely to see Eva dance—solely and altogether on that account, and for nothing else. What a stupid affair it was that she should stop at home! You had a great deal better, all the rest of you, have stopped at home together—you yourself, dear sister, reckoned into the bargain! Petrea there! what has she to do here? She was always a vexation to me, but now I cannot endure her since she has not understanding enough to stay at home in Eva's place—and this little curly-pate, which must dance with grown people just as if she were a regular person—could not she find a piece of sgar to keep her at home, instead of coming here to act the grown woman! You are all wearisome together, and such entertainments as these are the most horrible things I know."

Louise floated away in the waltz with Jacobi, laughing over this sally; and the Countess Solstrale, the sun of the ball, said as she passed her chair, "Charmant, charmant!"

Besides this couple, who distinguished themselves by their easy harmonious motion, there was another, which whirled past in wild circles, and drew all eyes upon them likewise: this was Sara and the boisterous Mr. Schwartz. Her truly beaming beauty, her dress, her haughty bearing, her flashing eyes, called forth a universal ah! of astonishment and admiration. Petrea forgot that she was sitting while she looked upon her. She thought that she had never seen anything so transporting as Sara in the whirl of the dance. But the Countess Solstrale, as she sat in her chair, said of this couple—nothing; nay, people even imagined that they read an expression of displeasure in her countenance. The Misses Aftonstjerna sailed round in a very different manner.

"My dear girl," said Elise kindly, but seriously, to Sara, after the waltz, "you must not dance thus; your chest will not allow it. How warm you are—you really burn!"

"It is my climate," answered Sara; "it agrees with me excellently."

"I beseech you to sit this dance. It is positively injurious to you to heat yourself thus," said Elise.

"This dance?" returned Sara; "I am engaged for it to Colonel H."

"Then do not dance the next," besought Elise; "if you would do me a pleasure, do not dance it with Schwartz. He dances in such a wild manner as is prejudicial to the health; besides which, it is hardly becoming."

"It gives me pleasure to dance with him," answered Sara, both with pride and insolence as she withdrew; and the mother, wounded and displeased, returned to her seat.

The Countess Solstrale lavished compliments on Elise on account of her children. "They are positively the ornament of the room," said she;—"charmant! and your son a most prepossessing young man—so handsome and *comme il faut*! A charming ball!"

Isabella Aftonstjerna threw beaming glances on the handsome Henrik.

"What madness this dancing is!" said Mr. Munter, as with a strong expression of weariness and melancholy he seated himself beside Evelina. "Nay, look how they hop about and exert themselves, as if without this they could not get thin enough; then, good heavens! how difficult it seems, and how ugly it is! As if this could give them any pleasure! For some of them it seems as if it were day-labour; and as if it were a frenzy to others; and for a third, a kind of affectation; nay, I must go my ways, for I shall become mad or splenetic if I look any longer on this super-extra folly!"

"If Eva Frank were dancing too, you would not think it so," said Evelina, with a well-bred smile.

"Eva" repeated he, while a light seemed to diffuse itself over his countenance, and his eyes suddenly beamed with pleasure: "Eva! no! I believe so too. To see her dance is to see living harmony. Ah! it enlivens my mind if I only see her figure, her gait, her slightest movement; and then to know that all this harmony, all this beauty, is not mere paint—not mere outside; but that it is the true expression of the soul! I find myself actually better when I am near her; and I have often a real desire to thank her for the sentiments which she instils into me;—in fact she is my benefactress; and I can assure you, that it reconciles me to mankind and to myself, that I can feel thus to a fellow-creature. I cannot describe how agreeable it is, because commonly there is so much to vex oneself about in this so-called master-piece of the Creator!"

"But, best friend," said Evelina, "why are you so vexed? Most people have still—"

"Ah, don't go and make yourself an *ange de clemence* for mankind," said he, "in order to exalt yourself over me, otherwise I shall be vexed with you; and you belong to the class that I can best endure. Why do I vex myself? What a stupid question! Why are people stupid and wearisome, and yet make themselves important with their stupidity? And wherefore am I myself such a melancholy personage, worse than anybody else, and should have, withal, such a pair of quick eyes, as if only on purpose to see the infirmities and perversions of the world? There may, however, in many cases, be sufficient reason for all this. When one has had the fancy to come into the world against all order and Christian usage; has seen neither father nor mother beside one's cradle; heard nothing, seen nothing, learned nothing, which is in the least either beautiful or instructive; one has not entered upon life very merrily. And then, after all, to be called Munter! Good heavens! Munter! Had I been called Blannius (curser), or Skarnius (good-for-nothing), or Brummerius (grumbler), or Grubblarius (freaker), or Rhobarberius, there might have been some sense in the joke; but Munter! I ask you now, is it not enough to make a man splenetic or melancholy all the days of his life? And then, to have been born into the world with a bad cold, and since then never to have been able to look up to heaven without sneezing—do you find that merry or lamentable? Well, and then! after I had worked my way successfully through the schools, the dust of books, and the hall of anatomy, and had come to hate them all thoroughly, and to love what was beau-

tiful in nature and in art, am I to thank my stars that I must win my daily bread by studying and caring for all that is miserable and revolting in the world, and hourly to go about among jaundice, and falling-sickness, and disease of the lungs? On this account I never can be anything but a melancholy creature! Yes, indeed, if there were not the lilies on the earth, the stars in heaven, and beyond all these some one Being who must be glorious—and were there not among mankind the human-rose Eva—the beautiful, fascinating Eva, thus—”

He paused; a tear stood in his eye, but the expression of his countenance soon was changed, when he perceived no less than five young girls—they danced now the “free choice”—and among them the three enchanting Misses Afonstjerna, who, all locked together, came dancing towards him with a roguish expression. He cast towards them the very grimmest of his glances, rose up suddenly, and hastened away.

Sara danced the second waltz with Schwartz yet wilder than the first. Elise turned her eyes away from her with inward displeasure, but Petrea's heart beat with secret desire for a dance as wild, and she followed their whirlings with sparkling eyes.

“Oh,” thought she, “if one could only fly through life in a joyful whirl like that!”

It was the sixth dance, and Petrea was sitting yet. “See now!” thought she, “farewell to all hopes of dancing! It must be that I am ugly, and nobody will look at me!” At the same moment she was aware of the eye of her mother fixed upon her with a certain expression of discomfort, and that glance was to her like a stab at the heart; but the next moment her heart raised itself in opposition to that depressing feeling which seemed about to overcome her. “It is unpleasant,” thought she, “but it cannot be altered, and it is no fault of mine! And as nobody will give me any pleasure, I will even find some for myself.”

Scarcely had Petrea made this determination, than she felt herself quite cheered; a spring of independence and freedom bubbled up within her: she felt as if she were able even to take down the chandelier from the ceiling, and all the more so when she saw so many life-enjoying people skipping around her.

At this moment an old gentleman rose up from a bench opposite Petrea, with a tea-cup in his hand. In a mania of officiousness she rushed forward in order to assist him in setting it aside. He drew himself back and held the cup firmly, whilst Petrea, with the most firm and unwearying “permit me, sir,” seemed determined to take it. The strife about the cup continued amid the unending bows of the gentleman, and the equally unending courtesies of Petrea, until a passing waltzing couple gave a jostle without the least ceremony whatever to the compliment-makers, which occasioned a shake of the tea-cup, and revealed to Petrea the last thing in the world which she had imagined, that the cup was not empty! Shocked and embarrassed, she let go her hold, and allowed the old gentleman, with what remained of his cup of tea, to go and find out for himself a securer place.

Petrea seated herself, she hardly knew how, on a bench near an elderly lady, who looked at her very good-naturedly, and who helped very kindly to wipe off the abluition of tea which she had received. Petrea felt herself quite confidential with this excellent person, and inquired from her

what was her opinion of Swedenborg, beginning also to give her own thoughts on spectral visions, ghosts, etc. The lady looked at her, as if she thought she might be a little deranged, and then hastened to change her place.

A stout military gentleman sat himself down ponderously, with a deep sigh, on the seat which the old lady had left, as if he were saying to himself, “Ah, thank God! here I can sit in peace!” But, no! he had not sate there three minutes and a half, when he found himself called upon by Petrea to avow his political faith, and invited by her to unite in the wish of speedy war with Russia. Lieutenant-Colonel Uh—turned rather a deaf ear to the battery by which his neighbour assailed him, but for all that he probably felt it not the less heavy, because after several little sham coughs he rose up, and left our Petrea alone with her warlike thoughts.

She also rose, from the necessity she felt of looking elsewhere for more sympathy and interest.

“In heaven's name, dear Petrea, keep your seat!” whispered Louise, who encountered her on her search for adventures.

Petrea now cast her eyes on a young girl who seemed to have had no better dancing fortune than herself, but who seemed to bear it much worse, appeared weary of sitting, and could hardly refrain from tears. Petrea, in whose disposition it lay to impart to others what she herself possessed—sometimes overlooking the trifling fact that what she possessed was very little desired by others—and feeling herself now in possession of a considerable degree of prowess, wished to impart some of the same to her companion in misfortune, and seated herself by her for that purpose.

“I know not a soul here, and I find it so horribly wearisome,” was the unasked outpouring of soul which greeted Petrea, and which went directly to her sympathizing heart.

Petrea named every person she knew in the company to the young unfortunate, and then, in order to escape from the weight of the present, began to unfold great plans and undertakings for the future. She endeavoured to induce her new acquaintance to give her her *parole d'honneur* that she would some time conduct a social theatre with her, which would assist greatly to make social life more interesting; and farther than that, that they should establish together a society of Sisters of Charity in Sweden, and make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; furthermore, that they would write novels together; and that on the following day, or more properly in the night, they would rise at half past ten o'clock, and climb to the top of a high mountain in order to see the sun rise; and finally, after all these, and sundry other propositions, Petrea suggested to her new acquaintance a thee-and-thou friendship between them! But, ah! neither Petrea's great prowess, nor her great friendship; neither the social theatre, nor the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, least of all the thee-and-thou friendship, availed anything towards enlivening the churlish young girl. Petrea saw plainly that an invitation to dance would avail more than all her propositions, so, sighing deeply because she was not a man to offer so great a pleasure, she rose up, and left the object of her vain endeavours.

She looked round for a new subject, and her eye fell on the Countess Solstrale.* Petrea was

dazzled, and became possessed of the frenzied desire to become acquainted with her—to be noticed by her; in short, in some kind of way to approach the sun of the ball, fancying thereby that a little glory would be reflected upon herself. But how was she to manage it? If the Countess would but let fall her handkerchief, or her fan, she might dart forward and pick it up, and then deliver it to her with a compliment in verse. Petrea, hereupon, began to improvise to herself—there was something, of course, about the sun in it. Undoubtedly this would delight the Countess, and give occasion to more acquaintance, and perhaps—but, ah! she dropped neither handkerchief nor fan, and no opportunity seemed likely to occur in which she could make use of her poem with effect. In the mean time she felt drawn as by a secret influence (like the planet to the sun) ever nearer and nearer to the queen of the saloon. The Aftonstjernas were now standing, beaming around her, bending their white and pearl-ornamented necks to listen to her jesting observations, and between whiles replying with smiles to the politeness and solicitations of elegant gentlemen. It looked magnificent and beautiful, and Petrea sighed from the ardent longing to ascend to the *haute volée*.

At this moment Jacobi, quite warm, came hastening towards her to engage her for the following quadrille.

Petrea joyfully thanked him; but suddenly reddening to the resemblance of a peony with her mania of participation, she added, "Might I accept your invitation for another person? Do me the great pleasure to ask that young girl that sits there in the window at our left."

"But why?" asked Jacobi, "why will not you?"

"I earnestly beseech you to do it!" said Petrea. "It would give me greater pleasure to see her dancing than if I danced myself."

Jacobi made some kind objections, but did in the end as she requested.

It was a great pleasure to Petrea to perceive the influence of this engagement on her young friend. But Fate and the Candidate seemed determined to make Petrea dance this quadrille; and a young officer presented himself before her in splendid uniform, with dark eyes, dark hair, large dark moustache, martial size, and very martial mien. Petrea had no occasion, and no disposition either, to return anything but a "yes" to this son of Mars. In fact, she never expected to receive a more honourable invitation; and a few minutes later she found herself standing close beside the chair of the Countess Solstrale, dancing in the same quadrille with the Aftonstjernas and *vis-à-vis* with the Candidate. Petrea felt herself highly exalted, and would have been perfectly prosperous had it not been for her restless demon, which incessantly spurred her with the desire of coming in closer contact with the beautiful, magnificent lady to whom she stood so near. To tread upon her foot or her dress, might, it is true, have furnished an easy occasion for many fine and reverential excuses; but, at the same time, this would be neither polite nor agreeable. To fall in some kind of way before her feet, and then, when graciously raised by the Countess, to thank her in a verse, in which the sun played a conspicuous part, would have been incontestably better; but now—Petrea must dance!

Was it that our Petrea really was so addled—if people will graciously allow us such an ex-

pression—that she had no right power over her limbs, or did it happen from want of ballast, in consequence of the slender dinner she had eaten, or was it the result of her distraction—we know not; but this much is certain, that she in *chassée*ing on the right hand, on which she had to pass her *vis-à-vis*, made an error, and came directly up to him. He withdrew to the other side, but Petrea was already there; and as the Candidate again withdrew to the right, there was she again; and amid all this *chassée*ing her feet got so entangled with his, that as he made a despairing attempt to pass her, it so happened that both fell down in the middle of the quadrille!

When Petrea, with tears in her eyes, again stood upright, she saw before her the eye-glass gentleman, the two brothers B., who were nearly dying with laughter. A hasty glance convinced Petrea that her mother saw nothing of it; and a second glance, that she had been observed by the Countess Solstrale, who was smiling behind her fan. The first observation consoled her for the last; and she fervently assured Jacobi, who was heartily distressed on her account, that she had not hurt herself; that it signified nothing; that it was her fault, etc., etc.; cast a tranquil glance on the yet laughing gentlemen, and chasséd boldly back again. But what, however, made the deepest impression on Petrea, was the conduct of her partner, and his suddenly altered behaviour. He brought the continued and unbecoming merriment of the Brothers B. to an end by one determined glance; and he who hitherto had been parsimonious of words, and who had only answered all her attempts at being entertaining by a yes, or a no, now became quite conversable, polite, and agreeable, and endeavoured in every possible way to divert her attention from the unpleasant accident which had just occurred, engaging her moreover for the *anglaise* after supper.

Petrea understood his kindness; tears came into her eyes, and her heart beat for joy at the thought of hastening to her mother after the quadrille and saying, "Mother, I am engaged for the quadrille after supper."

But no thought, no feeling could remain in tranquillity with the poor little "Chaos;" so many others came rushing in, that the first were quite effaced. Her first impression of the kindness of Lieutenant Y. was, "how good he is!" the second was, "perhaps he may endure me!" And hereupon a flood of imagined courtesy and courtship poured in, which almost turned her head. But she would not marry, heaven forbid! yet still it would be a divine thing to have a lover, and to be oneself "an object" of passion like Sara and Louise. Perhaps the young Lieutenant Y. might be related to the Countess Solstrale, and O heavens! how well it would sound when it was said "a nephew of the Countess Solstrale is a passionate admirer of Petrea Frank!" What a coming forth that would be! A less thing than that might make one dizzy. Petrea was highly excited by these imaginings, and was suddenly changed by them into an actual coquette, who set herself at work by all possible means to enslave "her object," in which a little, and for the moment very white, hand (for even hands have their moments), figuring about the head, played a conspicuous part. Petrea's amazing animation and talkativeness directed the eye-glass of her mother—for her mother was somewhat short-sighted—often in this direction, and called forth glances besides from Louise, which positively would have operated with a very sub-

duing effect, had not Petrea been too much excited to remark them. The observations and smiles of her neighbours Petrea mistook for tokens of applause; but she deceived herself, for they only amused themselves with the little coquetting, but not very dangerous lady. Lieutenant Y., nevertheless, seemed to find pleasure in her liveliness, for when the quadrille was ended he continued a dispute which commenced during it, and for this purpose conducted her into one of the little side rooms, which strengthened her in the idea of having made a conquest. Isabella Afonstjerna was singing there a little French song, the refrain of which was—

"Homage à la plus belle,
Honneur au plus vaillant!"

The world was all brightness to Petrea: the song carried her back to the beautiful days of knighthood: Lieutenant Y. appeared to her as the ideal of knightly honour, and the glass opposite shewed her own face in such an advantageous light, that she, meeting herself there all beaming with joy, fancied herself almost handsome. A beautiful rose-tree was blossoming in the window, and Petrea, breaking off a flower, presented it to the Lieutenant, with the words—

"Honneur au plus vaillant."

Petrea thought that this was remarkably striking and apropos, and secretly expected that her knight would lay the myrtle-spray, with which he was playing, at her feet, adding very appropriately—

"Homage à la plus belle."

"Most humble thanks!" said Lieutenant Y. taking the rose with misfortune-promising indifference. But fate delivered Petrea from the unpleasantness of waiting in vain for a politeness which she desired, for suddenly there arose a disturbance in the ball-room, and voices were heard which said "She is fainting! Gracious heaven! Sara!"

Myrtle-spray, knight, conquest, all vanished now from Petrea's mind, and with a cry of horror she rushed from Lieutenant Y. into the ball-room at the very moment when Sara was carried out fainting. The violent dancing had produced dizziness; but taken into a cool room, and sprinkled with eau de Cologne and water, she soon recovered, and complained only of horrible headache. This was a common ailment of Sara's, but was quickly removed when a certain remedy was at hand.

"My drops!" prayed Sara in a faint voice.

"Where? where?" asked Petrea, with a feeling as if she would run to China.

"In the little box in our chamber," said Sara.

Quick as thought sped the kind Petrea across the court to the east wing. She sought through the chamber where their things were, but the box was not to be found. It must have been left in the carriage—but where was the carriage? It was locked up in the coach-house—and where was the key of the coach-house?

Great was Petrea's fatigue before she obtained this—before she reached the coach-house; and then before, with a lantern in her hand, she had found the missing box. Great also, on the other hand, was her joy, as breathless, but triumphant, she hastened up to Sara with the little bottle of medicine in her hand, and for reward she received the not less agreeable commission of dropping out sixty drops for Sara. Scarcely, however, was the medicine swallowed, when Sara exclaimed with violence:

"You have killed me, Petrea! You have given me poison! It is unquestionably Louise's elixir!"

It was so! The wrong bottle had been brought, and great was the perplexity.

"You do everything so left-handedly, Petrea!" exclaimed Sara, in ill-humour; "you are like the ass in the fable, that would break the head of his friend in driving away a fly."

These were hard words for poor Petrea, who would have been most willing to run off again in order to redeem her error, nor could she resist tears—she wept bitterly. Louise, excited against Sara by her severity to Petrea, and some little also by her calling her Elixir poison, threw upon her a look of great displeasure, and devoted herself to the weeping Petrea.

Whether it was the spirit of anger that dispersed Sara's headache, or actually Louise's elixir—Louise was firmly persuaded that it was the latter—we know not; but certain it was that Sara very soon recovered and returned to the company, without saying one consoling word to Petrea.

It was quite impossible, on account of her red, swollen eyes, for Petrea to appear at the supper-table, and Louise kindly remained with her. Aunt Evelina, Laura, Karie, and even the lady of the War-Councillor herself, brought them delicacies. Amid so much kindness, Petrea could not do otherwise than become again tranquil and lively. She should, she thought, after all, dance the *anglaise* after supper with "le plus vaillant," as she called the Lieutenant, who had truly captivated her heart.

The *anglaise* had already begun as the sisters entered the ball-room. The Candidate hastened to meet them quite in an uneasy state of mind; he had engaged Louise for this dance, and they now stood up together in the crowd of dancers. Petrea expected, likewise, that "le plus vaillant" would rush up to her and seize her hand; but, as she cast a hasty glance around, she perceived him, not rushing towards her, but dancing with Sara, who was looking more beautiful and brilliant than ever. The rose which Petrea had given him—faithless knight!—together with the myrtle sprig on which she had speculated, were both of them placed in Sara's bosom. The eyes of "le plus vaillant" were incessantly riveted upon "la plus belle," as Sara was then unanimously declared to be. The glory of the Afonstjernas paled in the night, as they were too much heated by dancing, but Sara's star burned brighter and brighter. She was introduced to the Countess Solstråle, who paid her charming compliments, and called her "*la reine du bal*," at which the Afonstjernas looked displeased.

"Thousand devils, how handsome she is!" exclaimed the old gentleman who had striven with Petrea about the teacup, and who now, without being aware of it, trod upon her foot as he thrust himself before her to get a better view of "*la reine du bal*."

Overlooked, humiliated, quiet and dejected, Petrea withdrew into another room. The scenes of the evening passed in review before her soul, and appeared now quite in an altered light. The mirror which a few hours before had flattered her with the notion that she might be called *la plus belle*, now showed her her face red and unsightly; she thought herself the most ridiculous and unfortunate of human beings. She felt at this moment a kind of hostility against herself. She thought on something which she was preparing

for Sara, and which was to be an agreeable surprise to her, and which was to be made known to her, in a few days—she thought of this, and in that moment of trouble the thought of it, like a sunbeam on dark clouds, brightened the night in her soul. The thought of gratifying one, who on this evening had so deeply wounded her, gave a mild and beneficial turn to her mind.

After supper, a balcony in the saloon adjoining the ball-room was opened, in order somewhat to cool the heated atmosphere of the room.

Two persons, a lady and gentleman, stepped into the balcony; a light white shawl was thrown over the lady's shoulders; stars garlanded her dark hair; stars flashed in her black eyes, which glanced fiercely around into free space.

There lay over the landscape the deliciously mysterious half-darkness of a May-night—a magical veil, which half hides and half reveals its beauty, and which calls forth mysterious and prophetic forebodings. A mighty and entrancing revelation of the gloriousness of life seemed to sing in the wind, which passed tranquilly whistling through space, shone in the stars, and wandered high above earth.

"Ah, life! life!" exclaimed she, and stretched forth her arms towards space, as if she would embrace it.

"Enchanting girl!" said he, while he seized her hand, "my life belongs to you!"

"Conduct me forth into free, fresh life," said she, without withdrawing her hand, and looking laughingly at him all the while, "and my hand belongs to you! But remember you this, that I will be free—free as the wind which now kisses your forehead, and lifts those topmost branches of the tree. I love freedom, power, and honour! Conduct me to these, help me to obtain these, and my gratitude will secure to you my love; will fetter me to you with stronger bonds than those of ceremony and prejudice, to which I only submit out of regard to those who otherwise would weep over me, and whom I would not willingly distress more than there is need for. It shall not bind us more than we ourselves wish. Freedom shall be the releasing of our bond!"

"Beautiful woman!" answered he, "raised above the hypocrisy of weakness; above the darkness of prejudice—I admire you and obey you! Only to such a woman can my will submit! My beautiful scholar is become my teacher! Well then, let the band of the priest unite us; my hand shall conduct you up to that brilliant throne which your beauty and your talents deserve! I will only elevate you in order, as now, to fall before your feet the most devoted of your servants!"

He drooped upon one knee before her; and she, bending herself towards him, let her lips touch his forehead. He threw his arms round her, and held her for one moment bent towards him. A supercilious scornful expression, unobserved by her, played upon his lips.

"Release me, Hermann! some one comes," said she; he did so, and as she raised her proud neck against his will, a flash of indignation burned in her eyes.

They withdrew, and another couple stepped out into the balcony.

He. Wait, let me wrap your cloak better round you; the wind is cool.

She. Ah, how beautiful to feel how it wraps us both! Do you see how we are here standing between heaven and earth, separated from all the world?

He. I do not see it—I see my lovely world in my arms! I have you, Laura! Laura, tell me, are you happy?

She. Ah, no!

He. How?

She. Ah, I am not happy because I am too happy! I fancy I never can have deserved this happiness. I cannot conceive how it came to my share. Ah, Arvid! to live thus with you, with my mother; my sister, all that I most love—and then to be yours for so long!

He. Say for ever, my Laura! Our union belongs as much to heaven as to earth, here as there; to all eternity I am yours, and you are mine!

She. Hush, my Arvid! I hear my mother's voice—she calls me—let us go to her.

They hastened into the room, and presently another couple took their place.

He. Cousin Louise, do you like evening air? Cousin Louise, I fancy it is rather romantic. Cousin, do you like the stars? I am a great friend of the stars too; I think on what the poet sings:

—silently as Egypt's priests
They move.

Look, cousin Louise, towards the corner—in the west there lies Oestavik. If it would give you any pleasure to make a little tour there, I would beg that I might drive you there in my new landau. I really think, Cousin Louise, that Oestavik would please you: the peaches and the vines are just now in full bloom; it is a beautiful sight.

A deep sigh is heard.

She. Who sighs so?

A VOICE. Somebody who is poor, and who now, for the first time, envies the rich.

He. O rich! God forbid! rich I am not exactly. One has one's competency, thank God! One has wherewith to live. I can honestly maintain myself and a family. I sow two hundred bushels of wheat; and what do you think, Cousin Louise—but where is Cousin Louise?

A VOICE. It seemed to her, no doubt, as if a cold wind came over here from Oestavik.

At the moment when the two gentlemen returned to the room, a girl came alone into the balcony. The misfortunes of the evening depressed her heart, and were felt to be so much more humiliating because they were of such a mean kind. Some burning tears stole quickly down her cheeks, but were kissed away by the evening wind. She looked up to heaven; it never had seemed so high and glorious before. Her soul raised itself—mounted even higher than her glance—up to the mighty friend of human hearts; and He gave to hers a presentiment, that a time would come when, in his love, all adversity of earth would be forgotten.

The days at Axelholm wore on merrily amid ever-varying delights. Petrea wrote long letters, in prose, and in verse, to her sisters at home, and imparted to them all that occurred here. Her own misfortunes, which she even exaggerated, she described in such a comic manner, that those very things which were at first distressing to her, were made a spring of hearty merriment both to herself and to her family.

She received one day a letter from her father, which contained the following words:

"MY GOOD CHILD,

"Your letters, my dear child, give me and your sisters great pleasure; not merely on account of the lively things which they contain, but more

especially on account of your way of bearing what is anything but lively. Continue to do thus, my child—my heart rejoices in this thought—and you will advance on the way to wisdom and happiness, and will have to acknowledge that great truth which the history of great things, as well as of small, establishes, that there is nothing evil which may not be made conducive of good; and thus our own errors may be made steps on our way to improvement.

"Greet your sisters cordially from their and your tenderly devoted

"FATHER."

Petrea kissed these lines with tears of grateful joy. She wore them for several days near her heart; she preserved them through her whole life as one of the endeared means by which she had gone happily through the chromatic scale of existence.

Louise was joked much about Cousin Thure—Cousin Thure was joked much about Louise: it pleased him very much to be joked about her—to be told that Oestankvik wanted a mistress, that he himself wanted a pretty wife, and that without doubt Louise Frank was one of the most sensible as well as one of the prettiest girls in the country; and more than this, was besides of such a respectable family! The Landed-proprietor received already felicitations on his betrothal.

What the bride-elect, however, thought on the matter was more difficult to fathom. She was certainly always polite to Cousin Thure, still this politeness seemed expressive rather of indifference than friendship; and she declined, with a decision amazing to many people, his pressing and often repeated solicitations to make an excursion to Oestankvik in his new landau, drawn by what he styled "his foxes—his four horses in one rein." Many people asserted that the agreeable and cordial Jacobi was much nearer to Louise's heart than the Landed-proprietor; but even towards Jacobi her conduct was so equal, so tranquil, so unconstrained, that nobody could exactly tell how it might be. Nobody knew so well as we do, that Louise considered it consistent with the dignity of woman to show only perfect indifference to the attentions or *doux-propos* of men, until they had been openly and fully declared. Louise despised coquetry so far as to dread anything which bordered on the very limits of it. Her young female friends joked with her upon her strict notions on this head, and fancied that she would remain unmarried.

"That may be," said Louise calmly.

They told her one day of a gentleman who said "I will not stand up before any girl who is not some little of a coquette."

"Then he may remain sitting," answered Louise, with much dignity.

Louise's views of the dignity of woman, her grave and decided principles, and her manner of expressing them, amused her young friends, whilst at the same time they inspired for her a true esteem, and gave occasion for many little contentions and discussions, in which Louise intrepidly, though not without some little warmth, maintained the rights of the cause. These contentions, however, which began in merriment, did not always terminate so.

A young and rather coquetish lady was one day wounded by the severity with which Louise spoke of the coquetry of her sex, and particularly of unmarried ladies, and in revenge she used an expression which excited Louise's astonishment and anger. An explanation followed be-

tween the two, the result of which was not only their perfect estrangement, but an altered state of mind in Louise which she in vain endeavoured to conceal.

During the first days of her stay at Axelholm she had been uncommonly joyous and lively; now she was quiet, thoughtful, often absent, and towards the Candidate, as it seemed, less friendly than formerly, whilst she lent a more willing ear to the Landed-proprietor, although she still resolutely withstood his proposal of a drive to Oestankvik.

On the evening of the day after this explanation, Elise was engaged in a lively conversation with Jacobi on the balcony.

"And if," said he, "I endeavour to win her heart, would her parents—would her mother see it without displeasure? Ah, speak candidly with me—the well-being of my life depends upon it!"

"You have my accordance, my good wishes, Jacobi," returned Elise. "I say to you what I have already said to my husband, that I should willingly call you son."

"Oh!" exclaimed Jacobi, deeply moved and falling on one knee, whilst he pressed her hand to his lips, "oh that my whole life might evidence to you my gratitude and my love!"

At this very moment, Louise, who had been seeking her mother, approached the balcony; she saw Jacobi's action and heard his words: she withdrew quickly as if she had been stung by a snake.

From this time a great change was evidently perceptible in her. Still, reserved, and pale, she moved about like one in a dream amid the lively circles of Axelholm, and agreed willingly to the proposition which her mother, who was uneasy on her account, made of their stay being shortened. Jacobi, as much astonished as distressed by the sudden unfriendliness of Louise towards him, began to think that the place must in some kind of way be bewitched, and desired more than anybody else to get away from it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE RETURN HOME.

WHAT was it that Jacobi and Henrik had so much to arrange before their departure from Axelholm, and even while they were there? Petrea's curiosity was terribly excited, but she could not discover any clue by which to satisfy it. Some kind of plot, however, which concerned the family, seemed to be in agitation.

Henrik and his friend had long intended to give a little entertainment to the family, and the opportunity to do so now seemed favourable, as well as also to combine it with some little surprise; the scene of which was to be a pretty and good Inn, half way between Axelholm and the city. Here, on their return, they would halt under pretence of some repair being necessary to one of the carriages, the ladies should be persuaded to enter, where in the meantime all should be prepared.

The two friends had greatly delighted themselves over this scheme, and in order to obtain for Louise her favourite luxury of ices, Jacobi had drained his already reduced purse.

In going to Axelholm the family had so divided themselves that Louise and Petrea went in what is called a Medewi-carriage, the Judge's

own equipage, which was driven by Jacobi, with whom Henrik sate on the driving-box, while her mother and the other daughters went in a covered hired carriage, driven by the Judge himself. On the return the same arrangement was to be observed, with the exception of Jacobi going in the large carriage, and Henrik driving his sisters.

The mother, and even the young gentlemen, declared with becoming discretion that they would not confide the reins to less skilful hands, because the road was rough and hilly, and moreover bad from rain. Notwithstanding all this, however, Jacobi intrigued so that, contrary to the established arrangement, he mounted the coach-box of the young ladies, and Henrik that of his mother. But he had not much pleasure from so doing, since Louise was no longer such as she had been during the drive there. At that time she was more cheerful than common; rejoiced so heartily in the spring air, in the song of the lark; over fields, and cows, and cottages, and over everything that she saw, communicating all her delight to Jacobi, who sate all the way on the driving-box with his face turned towards the carriage (Henrik warned him to be careful how he sate in this position), and their blue eyes then rested on each other with a sentiment of mutual kindness. Now, everything was otherwise: Louise appeared to give attention to nothing; she leaned back in the carriage with her veil over her face, and a cathedral had been far more conversable than she; for it speaks through the tongue in its tower, but Louise's tongue was perfectly dumb, and Petrea's, which never once ceased, could not enliven her. In vain Jacobi sought to catch her eye—she avoided him, and he was quite cast down by it.

After having been most properly joggled and shaken, they all arrived fortunately at the wayside inn,—yet no! not so fortunately either—one of the carriage-wheels was discovered to be somewhat broken; it was not dangerously so—O no, heaven forbid that! but it must of necessity be mended before they could proceed farther. Henrik prayed his mother and sisters to alight and enter the inn, the host and hostess of which now stood at the door, and with bows and courtesies besought the travellers to enter.* The host came himself and opened the carriage-doors. Elise was startled, and uttered an exclamation of surprise, for the host really and truly must be her husband; and the hostess, the very prettiest hostess in the world, her daughter Eva! The travelling daughters, too, were as much astonished, made all kinds of exclamations, and recognised the host and hostess as father and sister. But neither host nor hostess were confounded, nor allowed themselves to be confused by the confusion of the others; they knew themselves too well, and how to conduct themselves in their office too well for that! They conducted their guests, therefore, with many apologies and politenesses up to two large and handsome rooms, when the host, quite in despair, began to bustle about and to summon both maid and waiter. At last the waiter came in his blue apron—a new miracle! he was a

living image of the Candidate! And now the maid made her appearance—a new amazement!—a handsome girl, or one that more nearly resembled Henrik it would have been impossible to find! But she was clumsy for all that, and had nearly fallen down, stumbling first over this, and then over that. The host scolded her vehemently on account of her clumsiness, and scolded the waiter also till he made them both cry, at least so it seemed; whereupon he chased them both out with the order to return instantly with the refreshments. The host, who seemed again to be in most brilliant and excellent humour, now let fly with his own hand the corks of two champagne bottles, poured out and drank with the ladies. After they had refreshed themselves with all kinds of delicious eating, amid the most lively conversation, some person, who called himself Noah's grandson, was announced, requesting permission to exhibit to the company various strange animals and other beautiful curiosities, which had been found in the ark. The grandson of Noah was called in by a great majority of voices, and a face presented itself at the door which, with the exception of a certain grey beard, bore a great resemblance to that of Jeremias Munter. His menagerie, and his cabinet of art, was set out in the next room, into which the company were conducted; and there many strangely-formed creatures were exhibited, and many little scenes represented, to which Noah's grandson gave explanations and made speeches which were almost quite as humorous and witty (to be quite so was impossible) as those of Japhet, in that wonderful and exquisite book, "Noah's Ark."* Two other grandsons of Noah, who in no respect bore any resemblance to the family, assisted at this exhibition, at the end of which Noah's learned grandson gave to each of the spectators a little souvenir from the contents of the ark. Louise especially received a remarkable sermon, which was preached by Father Noah himself on the first Sunday of his abode in the ark. But near the title-page of this same sermon, she found a piece of poetry which evidently bore a later date; she did not, however, read it then, but blushing very deeply, put it carefully by.

The whole affair might have been as merry as it was merrily conducted had Louise—the most important person in the entertainment—been in a state of mind to enjoy it. But although she used her utmost endeavour to take part in all the diversion, and to appear cheerful, she became every moment more depressed; and at last, when the waiter came, and with the utmost cordiality beaming from his eyes urged her to take a vanilla-ice, she was not able to taste it, but setting it down, rushed out of the room. This was a thing so unusual with Louise, that it occasioned a general perplexity. Host, hostess, maid, waiter, Noah's grandson, all threw off their characters; and all illusion, as well as all festivity, were at an end. Louise composed herself speedily, besought pardon, and assigned as the cause of her emotion sudden spasm in the chest. Elise and Eva, and more particularly Petrea, endeavoured, on account of Henrik and Jacobi, to recal the former merriment; but they

* All this is extremely characteristic of Swedish manners. Even old people of high rank enter, with all the zeal of little children, into amusements and surprises of this kind, and become actors themselves in them.

* A half-dramatic poem, remarkable for its wit and humour, from the pen of the Swedish poet Fahlcrantz.

could not succeed—it was all past; everybody, but more especially Jacobi, were out of tune for mirth, and they now began to speak of returning home.

But now all at once the heavy tramping of horses, and a bustle at the inn door was heard, and at the same moment a splendid landau, drawn by four prancing horses, drew up before it. It was the Landed-proprietor, who, unacquainted with the hasty departure of the Franks from Axelholm, was now returning there after a short absence, and who had drawn up at this inn for a moment's breathing-time for his horses, and to order for himself a glass of the beer for which the place was repowned. The company which he here so unexpectedly encountered occasioned an alteration in his first plan. He determined to accompany the family to the city, and besought his aunt and cousins to make use of his landau. It would certainly please them so much; it went with such unexampled ease; was so comfortable that one could sleep therein with perfect convenience even on the heaviest roads, etc. etc. Elise, who really had suffered from the merciless shaking of the hired carriage, was inclined to accept the offer; and as it immediately began to rain, and as the Judge preferred the carriage to the chaise in which he had driven with Eva, the affair was quickly arranged. Elise and some of the daughters were to go in the landau, which was turned in the mean time, on account of the rain, into a coach; and the Judge, and the rest of the company were to divide themselves among the other carriages. As these were ready to receive the company, Jacobi drove his Medewi-carriage close on the landau of the Landed-proprietor, who looked more than once with a dark countenance to see whether any profane or injurious contact had taken place.

Jacobi's heart beat violently as Louise came out on the steps of the inn door. The Landed-proprietor stood on one side offering his hand, and Jacobi on the other offering his also, to conduct her to her former seat. She appeared faint, and moved slowly: she hesitated for one moment, and then gave, with downcast eyes, her hand to the Landed-proprietor, who assisted her triumphantly into the carriage to her mother, and then mounting the box himself, away dashed the landau with its four prancing horses. Jacobi laid his hand on his heart, a choking sensation seemed to deprive him of breath, and with tears in his eyes he watched the handsome departing carriage. The voice of Petrea, announcing to him that the enviable happiness awaited him of driving herself and Mr. Munter in the Medewi-carriage, called him to himself. He took his former seat in silence; his heart was full of disquiet; and he remained far behind the others, in order that he might not have the least glimpse of the landau.

Scarcely had the Medewi-carriage again made acquaintance with the ruts of the road than a violent shock brought off one of the fore wheels, and the Candidate, Petrea, and the Assessor, were tumbled one over the other into the mud. Quickly, however, they were all three once again on their feet; Petrea laughing, and the Assessor scolding and fuming. When Jacobi had discovered that all which was alive was unhurt, he looked lightly on the affair, and began

to think how best it might be remedied. A short council was held in the rain, and it was concluded that Jacobi should remain with the carriage till some one came to his assistance, and that in the mean time Petrea and the Assessor should make the best of their way on foot towards the city, and send, as soon as possible, some people to his help. A labourer, who came by immediately afterwards, promised to do the same, and Petrea and Munter, who, however, was anything but consistent with his name, began their walk through rain and mud. All this while, however, Petrea became more joyful and happy: firstly, all this was an adventure to her; secondly, she never before had been out in such weather; thirdly, she felt herself so light and unencumbered as she scarcely ever had done before; and, because she looked upon her clothes as given up to fate—to a power against which none other on earth could contend, she walked on in joy of heart, splashing through the puddles, and feeling with great delight how the rain was penetrating her dress, and seeing how the colour was washed away both from shawl and bonnet.

Petrea had in all this a resemblance to her brother, and flattered herself also that she might have some resemblance to Diogenes; and as her inclination lay towards extremes, she would very willingly be Diogenes, since she could not, as she very well knew, be Alexander. Now she perceived that in reality she needed very little of outward comforts to make her happy; she felt herself in her adverse circumstances so free and rich; she had become on thee-and-thou terms with the rain-drops, with the wind, with the shrubs and grass—with all nature in short; she had not here the mishaps and the humiliations to fear which annoyed her so often in company. If the magpies laughed at her, she laughed at them in return. Long life to freedom!

With all these feelings, Petrea got into such excessively high spirits, that she infected therewith her companions in misfortune; or according to her vocabulary, good fortune. But now, however, came in such a horrible tempest, with hail, that Petrea was obliged to quail before it. The Assessor looked out for shelter; and Petrea, quite charmed that she was nearly blown away, followed him along a narrow foot-path which led into the wood, onward in the direction of a smoke, which, driven towards them by the storm, seemed to announce that a hospitable hut was at hand where they might obtain shelter. While they were wandering about to discover this, Petrea's fancy, more unrestrained than the storm, busied itself with creations of robbers, castles, white hermits, hidden treasures, and other splendours, to which the smoke was to conduct her. But ah! they were altogether built up of smoke, since it arose from no other than a charcoal-burner's kiln, and Petrea had not the smallest desire to make a nearer acquaintance with the hidden divinity of which the smoke was the evidence. The smallest hut of the charcoal-burner, in the form of a sugar-loaf, stood not far from the kiln, the unbolted door of which was opened by the Assessor. No hermit, nor even robber had his abode therein; but the hut was clean and compact, and it was with no little pleasure that the Assessor took possession of it, and seated him-

self with Petrea, on the only bench which it possessed. Petrea sighed. What a miserable metamorphosis of her glorious castle in the air!

The prospect which the open door of the hut presented, and which had no interest for Petrea, appeared, on the contrary, captivating to her companion. He was there deep in the wood, in a solitude wild, but still of an elevating character. The hut stood in an open space, but round about it various species of pine trees stood boldly grouped, and bowed themselves not before the storm which howled in their tops. Several lay fallen on the ground, but evidently from age; grass and flowers grew on the earth, which these patriarchs of the wood had torn up with their powerful roots. Among others, two tall pine trees stood together: the one was decayed, and seemed about to separate itself from its root; but the other, young, green, and strong, had so entwined it in its branches, that it stood upright, mingling its withered arms with the verdure of the other, and yielding not, although shook by the tempest. The expressive glance of the Assessor rested long on these trees; his eyes filled with tears; his peculiar, beautiful, but melancholy smile played about his lips, and kindly sentiments seemed to fill his breast. He spoke to Petrea of a people of antiquity who dwelt in deserts; he spoke of the pure condition of the Essenes, a morning dawn of Christendom, and his words ran thus:

"A thirst after holiness drove men and women out of the tumult of the world, out of great cities, into desert places, in order that they might dedicate themselves to a pure and perfect life. There they built for themselves huts, and formed a state, whose law was labour and devotion to God. No earthly possession was enjoyed merely on account of pleasure, but only as the means of a higher life. They strove after purity in soul and body; tranquillity and seriousness characterised their demeanour. They assembled together at sunrise, and lifted up hymns and prayers to the Supreme Being. Seventeen hours of each day were devoted to labour, study, and contemplation. Their wants were few, and therefore life was easy. Their discourse was elevated, and was occupied by subjects of the sublime learning which belonged to their sect. They believed on one Eternal God, whose existence was light and purity. They sought to approach him by purity of heart and action, by renunciation of the pleasures of the world, and by humility of heart and mind to understand the works of the allwise Creator. They believed in quiet abodes on the other side of the desert pilgrimage, where clear waters ran and soft winds blew; where spring and peace had their home; there they hoped to arrive at the end of their journey through life."

There is no want of rays of light on earth; they penetrate its misty atmosphere in manifold directions, although human perception is not as much aware of them at one time as at another. The words of the Assessor made at this moment an indescribable impression on Petrea. She wept from the sweet emotion excited by the description of a condition which was so perfect, and of endeavours which were so holy. It appeared to her as if she knew her own vocation—her own path through life; one which would release her soul from all trifles, all vanities, all

disquiets, and which would speed her on to light and peace. While these thoughts, or rather sentiments, swelled in her breast, she looked through her tears, not on her companion, as he sat there with his expressive countenance and his large beautiful eyes fixed on the scene before him—she saw in him, not Jeremias Munter, but a white hermit, with a soul full of sublime and holy knowledge. She longed to throw herself at his feet, and beseech his blessing; to propose to him that he should remain in this solitude, in this hut, with her; that he should teach her wisdom; and she would wait upon him as a daughter or as a servant, would rise with him and pray at sunrise, and do in all things like the Essenes. Thus would they die to the world, and live only for heaven.

Overpowered by her excited feelings, surrendered to the transports of the moment, and nearly choked with tears, Petrea sank on the breast of Jeremias, stammering for her undefined wishes.

If a millstone had fallen round his neck, our good Assessor could not have been more confounded than he was at that moment. Deeply sunk in his own thoughts, he had quite forgotten that Petrea was there, till reminded of her presence in this unexpected manner. But he was a man, nevertheless, who could easily understand the excitement of mind in a young girl, and with a pure fervour of eye, while a good-humoured satire played about his mouth, he endeavoured to tranquillise her overwrought feelings. Beautiful, then, was the discourse he held with her on all that calms and sanctifies life; on all that on which man may found his abode, whether in the desert or in the human crowd; he spoke words then which Petrea never forgot, and which often, in a future day, broke the chaotic state of her soul like beams of pure light.

In the mean time the tempest had dispersed itself, and the Assessor began to think of a return; for Petrea thought nothing about it, but would willingly have seen herself compelled to pass the night in the gloomy wood. But now the thought of relating her adventures at home attracted her, and before she got out of the wood, these adventures were increased, since fate presented her with the good fortune of assisting, with the help of her companion, an old woman, who had fallen with her bundle of sticks, upon her legs again, and of carrying the said bundle to her cottage, and of lighting her fire for her; with releasing two sparrows which a boy had made captive; and, last of all, with releasing the Assessor himself from a thorn-bush, which, as it appeared, would have held him with such force as vexed even himself. Petrea's hands bled in consequence of this operation, but that only made her the livelier.

When they came out of the wood, the rain had ceased altogether, the wind had abated, and the setting sun illumined the heavens and diffused over the landscape a peculiar and beautiful radiance. The countenance of Jeremias Munter was cheerful; he listened to the ascending song of the lark, and said, "this is beautiful!" He looked upon the rain-drops which hung on the young grass, and saw how heaven reflected itself in them, and said, "that is pure!" Petrea gave to little children that

she met with all her savings from the feast of Axelholm, and would willingly also have given them some of her clothes, had she not had the fear of Louise and her mother before her eyes. She wished for more adventures, and more particularly for a longer way than it at this time appeared to be; she thought she arrived at home too soon, but the Assessor thought not, neither did the rest of the party, who were beginning to be very uneasy on account of their long absence. In the mean time Petrea and her companion had become very good friends on the walk; Petrea was complimented for her courage, and Henrik pathetically declaimed in her praise—

"Not every one such height as Xenophon can gain,
As scholar and as hero, a laurel-wreath obtain;"
and they all laughed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FIRESIDE SCENES.

"From home may be good, but at home is best!" said Elise, from the bottom of her heart, as she was once more in her own house, and beside her own husband.

The young people said nothing in opposition to this sentiment as they returned to their comfortable every-day life, which they now enlivened with recollections and relations out of the lately-past time. They hoped that Louise would become pleasant and contented with her calm activity in the house and family as formerly, but it was not so; a gnawing pain seemed to consume her; she became perceptibly thinner; her good humour had vanished, and her eyes were often red with weeping. In vain her parents and sisters endeavoured, with the tenderest anxiety, to fathom the occasion of the change; she would confess it to no one. That the root of her grief lay at her heart she would not deny, but she appeared determined to conceal it from the eye of day. Jacobi also began to look pale and thin, since he lamented deeply her state of feeling, and her altered behaviour, especially towards himself, which led him to the belief that he unconsciously had wounded her, or in some other way that he was the cause of her displeasure; and never had he felt more than now what a high value he set upon her, nor how much he loved her. This tension of mind, and his anxiety to approach Louise, and bring back a friendly understanding between them, occasioned various little scenes, some of which we will here describe.

FIRST SCENE.

Louise sits by the window at her embroidering-frame: Jacobi seats himself opposite to her.

JACOBI (sighing). Ah, Mamselle Louise!

Louise looks at her shepherdess, and works on in silence.

JACOBI. Everything in the world has appeared to me for some time wearisome and oppressive.

Louise works on, and is silent.

JACOBI. And you could so easily make all so different. Ah, Louise! only one kind word, one friendly glance! Cannot you bestow one friendly glance on him who would gladly give

everything to see you happy? [*Aside.* She blushes—she seems moved—she is going to speak! Ah, what will she say to me?]

LOUISE. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten stitches to the nose—the pattern is here not very distinct.

JACOBI. You will not hear me, will not understand me; you play with my distress! Ah! Louise!

LOUISE. I want some more wool;—I have left it in my room. [*She goes.*]

SECOND SCENE.

The family is assembled in the library: tea is just finished. Louise, at Petrea's and Gabrielle's urgent request, has laid out the cards on a little table to tell them their fortunes. The Candidate seats himself near them, and appears determined to amuse himself with them, and to be lively; but Louise assumes all the more her "cathedral air." The Landed-proprietor steps in, bows, snorts, and kisses the hand of the "gracious aunt."

LANDED-PROPRIETOR. Very cold this evening; I fancy we shall have frost.

ELISE. It is a gloomy spring. We have lately read a most affecting account of the famine in the northern provinces. It is the misfortune of these late springs.

LANDED-PROPRIETOR. O yes, the famine up there. No, we'll talk of something else—that's too gloomy. I've had my peas covered with straw. Cousin Louise, are you fond of playing Patience? I am very fond of it too; it is so composing. At my seat at Oestanvik I have little, little patience-cards. I fancy really that they would please my cousin.

The Landed-proprietor seats himself on the other side of Louise: the Candidate gives some extraordinary shrugs.

LOUISE. This is not patience; but a little witchcraft, by which I read fate. Shall I prophesy to you, Cousin Thure?

LANDED-PROPRIETOR. O yes! prophesy something to me. Nothing disagreeable! If I hear anything disagreeable in an evening, I always have bad dreams at night. Prophesy me prettily—a little wife—a wife as lovely and as amiable as Cousin Louise.

THE CANDIDATE [with a look as if he would send the Landed-proprietor head-over-heels to Oestanvik]. I don't know whether Mamselle Louise likes flattery.

LANDED-PROPRIETOR (who seems as if he neither heard nor saw his rival). Cousin Louise, are you fond of blue?

LOUISE. Blue? That is truly a lovely colour; but yet I prefer green.

LANDED-PROPRIETOR. Nay, that is good! that is excellent! At Oestanvik, my dressing-room furniture is blue, beautiful light blue silk damask; but in my sleeping-room I have green mooreen. I fancy really, Cousin Louise, that—

The Candidate coughs, and then rushes out of the room. Louise looks after him, sighs, and then examines the cards, in which she finds so many misfortunes for Cousin Thure, that he is quite terrified: the peas frosted, conflagration in the dressing-room, and last of all a rejection! The Landed-proprietor declares, notwithstanding, that he finds nothing of this unpleasant. The sisters smile, and make remarks.

THIRD SCENE.

The family assembled after supper :

JEREMIAS MUNTER. What is the bitterest affliction?

JACOBI. Unreturned love.

PETREA. Not to know what one shall be.

EVA. To have offended some one that one loves beyond reconciliation.

THE MOTHER. I am of Eva's opinion ; I think nothing can be more painful.

LOUISE. Ah! there is yet something more painful than that—something more bitter—and that is to lose one's faith in those whom one has loved ; to doubt—(Louise's lip trembles, she can say no more, becomes pale, rises, and goes out quickly ; a general sensation ensues).

THE FATHER. What is amiss with Louise ? Elise, we must know what it is ! She should, she must tell us ! I cannot bear any longer to see her thus ; and I will go this moment and speak with her, if you will not rather do it. But you must not be satisfied till you know her very inmost feelings. The most horrid thing, I think, is mystery and vapours !

THE MOTHER. I will go directly to her. I have now an idea what it is, dearest Ernst ; and if I am somewhat long with her, let the others go to bed. I shall then find you alone. [She goes out.]

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FOURTH SCENE.

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The daughter on her knees, her face buried in her hands ; the mother goes softly up to her and throws her arms around her.

MOTHER. Louise, my good girl, what is amiss with you ? I have never seen you thus before. You must tell me what is at your heart—you must !

LOUISE. I cannot ! I dare not !

MOTHER. You can ! you may ! Will you make yourself, me, and all of us wretched by going on in this way ! Ah, Louise, do not let false shame, or false tenderness mislead you. Tell me, do you break any oath, or violate any sacred duty by confessing what it is which depresses you ?

LOUISE. No oath ; no sacred duty—and yet—yet—

MOTHER. Then speak, in heaven's name, my child ! Unquestionably some unfounded suspicion is the cause of your present state. What do the words mean with which you left us this evening ? You weep ! Louise, I pray, I beseech of you, if you love me, conceal nothing from me ! Who is it that you love, yet can no more have faith in—no longer highly esteem ? Answer me—is it your mother ?

LOUISE. My mother ! my mother ! Ah, if you look on me thus ! I feel a pain, an emotion. Ah, my God ! all may be an error—a miserable slander, and I— Well then, it shall out—that secret which has gnawed my heart, and which I conceived it my duty to conceal ! But forgive me, my mother, if I grieve you ; forgive me if my words disturb your peace ; forgive me, if in my weakness, if in my doubt I have done you injustice, and remove the grief which has poisoned my life ! Ah, do you see, mother, it was mine, it was my sisters' happiness, to consider you so spotless—so angelically pure ! It was my pride that you were so, and that you were my mother ! And now—

MOTHER. And now, Louise ?

LOUISE. And now it has been whispered to me—oh, I cannot tell it !

MOTHER. Speak it out—I desire it ! I demand it ! We both stand before the Judgment-seat of God !

LOUISE. I have been led to believe that even my mother was not blameless—that she—

MOTHER. Go on, Louise !

LOUISE. That she and Jacobi loved one another—that evil tongues had not blamed them without cause, and that still—I despised these words, I despised the person who spoke them ; I endeavoured to chase these thoughts as criminal from my soul. On this account it happened that I went one day to find you—and I found Jacobi on his knees before you—I heard him speaking of his love. Now you know all, mother !

MOTHER. And what is your belief in all this ?

LOUISE. Ah, I know not what I ought to believe ! But since that moment there has been no peace in my soul, and I have fancied that it never would return, that I should never lose the doubt which I could make known to no one.

MOTHER. Let peace return to your soul, my child ! Good God ! how unfortunate I should be at this moment if my conscience were not pure ! But, thank heaven, my child, your mother has no such fault to reproach herself with ; and Jacobi deserves your utmost esteem, your utmost regard. I will entirely and freely confess to you the entire truth of that which has made you so uneasy. For one moment, when Jacobi first came to us, a warmer sentiment towards me awoke in his young, thoughtless heart, and in part it was returned by me. But you will not condemn me on account of an involuntary feeling which your father looked on with pardoning eyes. In a blessed hour we opened to each other our hearts, and it was his love, his strength and gentleness, which gave me power to overcome my weakness. Jacobi, at the same moment woke to a consciousness of his error, struggled against it, and overcame it. We separated soon after, and it was our mutual wish not to meet again for several years. In the mean time, Henrik was committed to his care, and Jacobi has been our exemplary friend, and instructor to him. Three years later, when I again met him, I extended my hand to him as a sister ; and he—yes, my dear girl ! and I err greatly if he did not then begin in his heart to love me as a mother. But what then had its beginning, has since then had its completion—it was in the character of a son that you saw him kneel to me, thanking me that I would favour his love to my daughter—to my Louise, who, therefore, has so unnecessarily conjured up a monster to terrify herself and us all."

In the latter part of this conversation the mother spoke quite in a jesting tone, which, perhaps, did more even than her simple explanation to reassure the heart of her daughter. She pressed her hands on her heart, and looked thankfully up to heaven.

"And if," continued her mother, "you yet entertain any doubt, talk with your father, talk with Jacobi, and their words will strengthen mine. But I see you need it not—your heart, my child, is again at peace !"

"Ah, thank God ! thank God !" exclaimed Louise, sinking on her knees before her mother, and covering her hands and even her dress with kisses. "Oh, that I dared to look up again to

you! Oh, can you forgive my being so weak; my being so easy of belief? Never, never shall I forgive myself!"

Louise was out of herself, she trembled violently; she had never before been in a state of such agitation. Her mother, however, knew the remedy for the mind as well as for the body—knew how to tranquilize her excited state. She besought her, therefore, to go to rest, seated herself beside her bed, took her hand in hers, and then attempted to divert her mind from the past scene, endeavouring with the utmost delicacy to turn her mind on the Candidate and on the Landed-proprietor as lovers. But Louise had only one thought, one sentiment—the happy release from her doubt. When her mother saw that she was calmer, she embraced her. "And now go to sleep, my dear girl," said she. "I must now leave you in order to hasten to one who waits impatiently for me, and that is your father. He is extremely uneasy on your account, and I can now make him easy by candidly communicating all that has passed between us. For the rest I can assure you that you have said nothing which can make us uneasy. That I was calumniated by one person, and am so still, he knows as well as I do. He has assisted me to bear it calmly; he is truly so superior, so excellent! Ah, Louise, it is a great blessing when husband and wife, parents and children, cherish entire confidence in each other! It is so beautiful, so glorious, to be able to say every thing to each other in love!"

FIFTH SCENE.

The garden. It is morning! the larks sing, the narcissi fill the air with odour; the bird-cherry-tree waves in the morning breeze; the cherry blossoms open themselves to the bees which hum about in their bosom. The sun shines on all its children.

Louise is walking in the middle-alley, Father Noah's sermon in her hand, but with her eyes fixed on the little poem appended to it, which by no means had anything to do with Father Noah. The Candidate comes towards her from a cross walk, with a gloomy air, and a black pansy in his hand.

The two meet, and salute each other silently.

JACOB. Might I speak one moment with you? I will not detain you long.

Louise bows her head, is silent, and blushes.

JACOB. In an hour's time I shall take my departure, but I must beseech of you to answer me one question before I say farewell to you!

LOUISE. You going! Where? Why?

JACOB. Where, is indifferent to me, so that I leave this place; why, because I cannot bear the unkindness of one person who is dear to me, and who, I once thought, cherished a friendship for me! For fourteen days you have behaved in such a way to me as has embittered my life; and why? Have I been so unfortunate as to offend you, or to excite your displeasure? Why then delay explaining the cause to me? Is it right to sentence any one unheard, and that one a friend—a friend from childhood? Is it right—pardon me, Louise—is it Christian, to be so severe, so immovable? In the sermons which you are so fond of reading, do you find nothing said of kindness and reconciliation?"

Jacobi spoke with a fervour, and with such

an almost severe seriousness, as was quite foreign to his gentle and cheerful spirit.

"I have done wrong," replied Louise, with deep emotion, "very wrong, but I have been misled; at some future time perhaps I may tell you how. Since last evening, I know how deceived I have been, how I have deceived myself; and now I know that nobody is to blame in this affair but myself. I have much, very much, to reproach myself with, on account of my reserve towards my own family, and towards you also. Forgive me, best Jacobi," continued she, offering her hand with almost humility; "forgive me, I have been very unkind to you;"—Louise could not longer restrain her tears—"but," added she, "neither have I been happy either!"

"Thanks! thanks, Louise!" exclaimed Jacobi, grasping her hand, and pressing it to his breast and to his lips; "O how happy this kindness makes me! Now I can breathe again! Now I can leave you with a cheerful heart!"

"But why will you leave us?" asked she in a half-discontented tone.

"Because," answered Jacobi, "it would not give me pleasure to witness a betrothal which will soon be celebrated; because, from your late behaviour, I must be convinced you cannot entertain any warmer sentiment towards me."

"If that were the case," replied she, in the same tone as before, "I should not have been depressed so long."

"How!" exclaimed Jacobi, joyfully. "Ah Louise, what words! what bold hopes may they not excite! Might I mention them to you? might I venture to say to you what I sometimes have thought, and still now think!"

Louise was silent, and Jacobi continued:

"I have thought," said he, "that the humble, unprovided-for Jacobi could offer you a better fortune than your rich neighbour Oestank. I have hoped that my love, the true dedication of my whole life, might make you happy; that a smaller portion of worldly wealth might satisfy you, if it were offered you by a man who knew deeply your worth, and who desired nothing better than to be ennobled by your hand. O, if this beloved hand would guide me through life, how bright, how peaceful would not life be! I should fear neither adversity nor temptation! and how should I not endeavour to be grateful to Providence for his goodness to me! Louise, it is thus that I have thought, and fancied, and dreamed! O tell me, was it only a dream, or may not the dream become a reality?"

Louise did not withdraw the hand which he had taken, but looked upon the speaker with infinite kindness.

"One word," besought Jacobi, "only one word! Might I say my Louise! Louise—no!"

"Speak with my parents," said Louise, deeply blushing, and turning aside her head.

"My Louise!" exclaimed Jacobi, and intoxicated with tenderness and joy, pressed her to his heart.

"Think of my parents," said Louise, gently pushing him back; "without their consent I will make no promise. Their answer shall decide me."

"We will hasten together, my Louise," said he, "and desire their blessing."

"Go alone, best Jacobi," said Louise. "I do

not feel myself calm enough, nor strong enough. I will wait your return here."

With this fifth scene we conjecture that the little drama has arrived at the desired conclusion, and therefore we add no farther scene to what naturally follows.

As the Candidate hastened with lover's speed to Louise's parents he struck hard against somebody in the doorway, who was coming out. The two opponents stepped back each a few paces, and the Candidate and the Landed-proprietor stared in astonishment on each other.

"Pardon me," said the Candidate, and was advancing; but the Landed-proprietor held him back, whilst he inquired with great earnestness, and with a self-satisfied smile, "Hear you, my friend: can you tell me whether Cousin Louise is in the garden? I came this moment from her parents, and would now speak with her. Can you tell me where she is?"

"I—I don't know!" said Jacobi, releasing himself, and hastening with a secret anxiety of mind up to her parents.

In the mean time the Landed-proprietor had caught a glimpse of Louise in the garden, and hastened up to her.

It was, in fact, no surprise to Louise when, after all the preliminary questions, "Cousin, do you like fish? do you like birds?" there came at last the principal question, "Cousin, do you like me?"

To this question it is true she gave a somewhat less blunt, but nevertheless a decided negative reply, although it was gilded over with "esteem and friendship."

The Candidate, on his side, in the fulness and warmth of his heart, laid open to Louise's parents his love, his wishes, and his hopes. It is true that Jacobi was now without any office, as well as without any property; but he had many expectations, and amid these, like a sun and a support, his Excellence D. The Judge was himself no friend to such supports, and Elise did not approve of long engagements: but then both of them loved Jacobi; both of them wished, above all things, the true happiness and well-being of their daughter; and so it happened that, after much counsel, and after Louise had been questioned by her parents, and they found that she had sincerely the same wishes as Jacobi, and that she believed she should be happy with him, and after Jacobi had combated with great fervency and effect every postponement of the betrothal,—that, after all this had been brought to a fortunate issue, he received a formal yes, and he and Louise, on the afternoon of the same day whose morning sun had seen their explanation, were betrothed.

Jacobi was beyond description happy; Louise tranquil but gentle. Henrik declared that her Majesty appeared too merciful. Perhaps all this proceeded from her thoughts being already occupied with the increasing and arranging of Jacobi's wardrobe. She began already to think about putting in hand a fine piece of linen-weaving. She actually had consented to the quick betrothal, principally, as she herself confessed to Eva, "in order to have him better under her hands."

Good reader—and if thou art a Candidate, good Candidate—pardon "our eldest" if she

gave her consent somewhat in mercy. We can assure thee, that our Jacobi was no worse off on that account; so he himself seemed to think, and his joy and cordiality seemed to have great influence in banishing "the cathedral" out of Louise's demeanour.

This view of the connexion, and the hearty joy which Louise's brother and sisters expressed over this betrothal, and which proved how beloved he was by them all, smoothed the wrinkles from the brow of the Judge, and let Elise's heart feel the sweetest satisfaction. Henrik, especially, declared loudly his delight in having his beloved friend and instructor for a brother-in-law—an actual brother.

"And now listen, brother-in-law," said he, fixing his large eyes on Louise; "assume your rights as master of the house properly, brother, dear; and don't let the slippers be master of the house. If you marry a queen, you must be king, you understand that very well, and must take care of your majesty; and if she look like a cathedral, why then do you look like the last judgment, and thunder accordingly! You laugh; but you must not receive any advice so lightly, but lay it seriously to heart, and—but, dear friend, shall we not have a little bowl this evening! shall we not, mother dear! Yes, certainly we will! I shall have the honour of mixing it myself. Shall we not drink the health of your majesties? I shall mix a bowl—sugar and oranges!—a bowl! a bowl!"

With this exclamation Henrik rushed with outstretched arms to the door, which at that moment opened, and he embraced the worthy Mrs. Gunilla.

"He! man—good heaven! Best-beloved!" exclaimed she, "he, he, he! what is up here? He never thought, did he, that he should take the old woman in his arms! he, he, he!"

Henrik excused himself in the most reverential and cordial manner, explained the cause of his ecstacy, and introduced to her the newly-betrothed. Mrs. Gunilla at first was astonished, and then affected to tears. She embraced Elise, and then Louise, and Jacobi also. "God bless you!" said she, with all her beautiful, quiet cordiality, and then, somewhat pale, seated herself silently on the sofa, and seemed to be thinking sorrowfully how often anxious, dispiriting days succeed the cheerful morning of a betrothal. Whether it was from these thoughts, or that Mrs. Gunilla really felt herself unwell, we know not, but she became paler and paler. Gabriele went out to fetch her a glass of water, and as she opened the door, ran against Mr. Munter, who was just then entering.

With a little cry of surprise she recovered from this unexpected shock. He looked at her with an astonished countenance, and the next moment was surrounded by the other young people.

"Now, see, see! what is all this?" exclaimed he; "why do you overwhelm me thus? Cannot one move any longer in peace? I am not going to dance, Monsieur Henricus! Do not split my ears, Miss Petrea! What! betrothed! What! Who! Our eldest? Body and bones! let me sit down and take a pinch of snuff. Our eldest betrothed! that is dreadful! Ush!—ush! that is quite frightful! uh, uh, uh, hu! that is actually horrible! Hu, u, u, hu!"

The Assessor coughed thus, and blew his nose for a good while, during which the family, who knew his way so well, laughed heartily, with the exception of Louise, who reddened, and was almost angry at his exclamations, especially at that of horrible.

"Nay," said he, rising up and restoring the snuff-box again to his pocket, "one must be contented with what cannot be helped. What is written is written. And, as the Scripture says, blessed are they who increase and multiply the incorrigible human race, so, in heaven's name, good luck to you! Good luck and blessing, dear human beings!" And thus saying, he heartily shook the hands of Jacobi and Louise, who returned his hand-pressure with kindness, although not quite satisfied with the form of his good wishes.

"Never, in all my life," said Henrik, "did I hear a less cheerful congratulation. Mrs. Gunilla and good Mr. Munter to-day must be in melancholy humour: but now they are sitting down by each other, and we may hope that after they have had a comfortable quarrel together, they will cheer up a little."

But no; no quarrel ensued this evening between the two. He had tidings to announce to her, which appeared difficult for him to communicate, and which filled her eyes with tears—Pyrrhus was dead!

"He was yesterday quite well," said Munter, "and licked my hand as I bade him good-night. To-day he took his morning coffee with a good appetite, and then lay down on his cushion to sleep. As I returned home, well-pleased to think of playing with my little comrade, he lay dead on his cushion!"

Mrs. Gunilla and he talked for a long time about the little favourite, and appeared in consequence to become very good friends.

Jeremias Munter was this evening in a more censorious humour than common. His eyes rested with a sad expression on the newly betrothed.

"Yes," said he, as if speaking to himself, "if one had only confidence in oneself; if one was only clear as to one's own motives, then one might have some ground to hope that one could make another happy, and could be happy with them."

"One must know oneself thus well, so far," said Louise, not without a degree of confidence, "that one can be certain of doing so, before one would voluntarily unite one's fate with that of another."

"Thus well!" returned he warmly. "Yes, prosit! Who knows thus well? You do not, dear sister, that I can assure you. Ah!" continued he, with bitter melancholy, "one may be horribly deceived in oneself, and by oneself, in this life. There is no one in this world who, if he rightly understand himself, has not to deplore some infidelity to his friend—his love—his better self! The self-love, the miserable egotism of human nature, where is there a corner that it does not slide into? The wretched little *I*, how it thrusts itself forward! how thoughts of self, designs for self, blot actions which otherwise might be called good!"

"Do you, then, acknowledge no virtue? Is there, then, no magnanimity, no excellence, which you can admire?" asked some one. "Does not history show us—"

"History!" interrupted he, "don't speak of history—don't bring it forward! No, if I am to believe in virtue, it is such as history cannot meddle with or understand; it is only in that which plays no great part in the world, which never, never could have been applauded by it, and which is not acted publicly. Of this kind it is possible that something entirely beautiful, something perfectly pure and holy, might be found. I will believe in it, although I do not discover it in myself. I have examined my own soul, and can find nothing pure in it; but that it may be found in others, I believe. My head swells with the thought that there may exist perfectly pure and unselfish virtue. Good heaven, how beautiful it is! And wherever such a soul may be found in the world, be it in palace or in hut, in gold or in rags, in man or in woman, who, shunning the praise of the world, fearing the flattery of their own hearts, fulfil unobscured and with honest zeal their duties, however difficult they may be, and who labour and pray in secrecy and stillness; such a being I admire and love, and set high above all the Cæsars and Ciceros of the world!"

During this speech the judge, who had silently risen from his seat, approached his wife, laid his hand gently on her shoulder, and looked round upon his children with glistening eyes.

"Our time," continued the Assessor, with what was an extraordinary enthusiasm for him, "understands but very little this greatness. It praises itself loudly, and on that account it is the less worthy of praise. Everybody will be remarkable, or, at least, will appear so. Everybody steps forward and shouts, *I!* *I!* Women even do not any longer understand the nobility of their incognito; they also come forth into notoriety, and shout out their *I!* Scarcely anybody will say, from the feeling of their own hearts, *Thou!*—and yet it is this same *Thou* which occasions man to forget that selfish *I*, and in which lies his purest part; his best happiness! To be sure it may seem grand, it may be quite ecstatic, even if it be only for a moment, to fill the world with one's name; but, as in long-past times, millions and millions of men united themselves to build a temple to the Supreme and then themselves sank silently, namelessly, to the dust, having only inscribed. His name and His glory; certainly that was far worthier!"

"You talk like King Solomon himself, Mr. Munter!" exclaimed Petrea, quite enraptured. "Ah, you must be an author; you must write a book of—"

"Write!" interrupted he, "On what account, should I write? Only to increase the miserable vanity of men? Write! Bah!"

"Every age has its wise men to build up temples," said Henrik, with a noble expression of countenance.

"No!" continued the Assessor, with evident abhorrence, "I will not write! but I will live! I have dreamed sometimes that I could live—"

He ceased; a singular emotion was expressed in his countenance; he arose, and took up a book, into which he looked without reading, and soon after stepped quietly out of the house.

The entertainment in the family this evening was, spite of all that had gone before, very lively; and the result, which was expressed in

jesting earnestness, was, that every one, in the spirit which the Assessor had praised, should secretly labour at the temple-building, every one with his own work-tool, and according to his own strength.

The Judge walked up and down in the room, and took only occasional part in the entertainment, although he listened to all and laughed applaudingly. It seemed as if the Assessor's words had excited a melancholy feeling in him, and he spoke warmly in praise of his friend.

"There does not exist a purer human soul than his," said he, "and he has thereby operated very beneficially on me. Many men desire as much good, and do it also; but few have to the same extent as he the pure mind, the perfectly noble motive."

"Ah! if one could only make him happier, only make him more satisfied with life!" said Eva.

"Will you undertake the commission?" whispered Petrea, waggishly.

Rather too audible a kiss suddenly turned all eyes on the Candidate and Louise; the latter of whom was punishing her lover for his daring by a highly ungracious and indignant glance, which Henrik declared quite pulverized him. As they, however, all separated for the night, the Candidate besought and was permitted, in mercy, a little kiss, as a token of reconciliation and forgiveness of his offence regarding the great one.

"My dear girl," said the mother to Louise as the two met, impelled by a mutual desire to converse that same night in her boudoir, "how came Jacobi's wooing about so suddenly? I could not have believed that it would have been so quickly decided. I am perfectly astonished even yet that you should be betrothed."

"So am I," replied Louise, "I can hardly conceive how it has happened. We met one another this morning in the garden; Jacobi was gloomy, and out of spirits, and had made up his mind to leave us, because he fancied I was about to be betrothed to Cousin Thure. I then besought him to forgive my late unkindness, and gave him some little idea of my friendliness towards him; whereupon he spoke to me of his own feelings and wishes so beautifully, so warmly, and thus—when I hardly know how it was myself, he called me *his* Louise, and I—told him to go and speak with my parents."

"And in the meantime," said the mother, "your parents sent another wooer to their daughter, in order for him to receive from her a yes or no. Poor Cousin Thure! He seemed to have such certain hope. But I trust he may soon console himself! But do you know, Louise, of late I have fancied that Oestanvik and all its splendour might be a little captivating to you! And now do you really feel that you have had no loss in rejecting so rich a worldly settlement?"

"Loss!" repeated Louise, "no, not now, certainly; and yet I should say wrong if I denied that it has had temptations for me; and for that reason I never would go to Oestanvik, because I knew how improper it would be if I allowed it to influence me, whilst I never could endure such a person as Cousin Thure; and, besides that, I liked Jacobi so much, and had done so for many years! Once, however, the

temptation was very powerful, and that was on our return from Axelholm. As I rode along in Cousin Thure's easy landau, it seemed to me that it must be very agreeable to travel through life so comfortably and pleasantly. But at that time I was very unhappy in myself; life had lost its best worth for me; my faith in all that I loved most was poisoned! Ah! there arose in me then such a fearful doubt in all that was good in the world, and I believed for one moment that it would be best to sleep out life, and therefore the easy rocking of the landau seemed so excellent. But now, now is this heavy dream vanished! now life is again bright, and I clearly see my own way through it. Now I trouble myself no more about a landau than I do about a wheelbarrow; nay, I would much rather now that my whole life should be a working-day, for which I could thank God! It is a delight to work for those whom one highly esteems and loves; and I desire nothing higher than to be able to live and work for my own family and for him who is to-day become my promised husband before God!"

"God will bless you, my good girl!" said the mother, embracing her, and sweet affectionate tears were shed in the still evening.

CHAPTER XXIV.

YET MORE WOOING.

EARLY on the following morning Eva received a nosegay of beautiful moss-roses, among which was a letter; she tore it open, and read the following words:

"I have dreamed that I could live; and it is quite possible to dream a life more beautiful than that of a romance. Little Miss Eva, whom I have so often carried in my arms,—good young-girl, whom I would so willingly sustain in my breast,—hear what I have dreamed, what I sometimes dream.

"I dreamed that I was a rough, unsightly rock, repulsive and unfruitful. But a heart beat in the rock—a chained heart. It beat against the walls of its prison till it bled, because it longed to be abroad in the sunshine, but it could not break its bonds. I could not free myself. The rock wept because it was so hard, because it was a prison for its own life. There came a maiden, a light gentle angel, wandering through the wood, and laid her warm white hand on the rock, and pressed her pure lips upon it, breathing a congenial word of freedom. The rocky wall opened itself, so that the heart, the poor captive heart, saw the light! The young girl went into the chamber of the heart, and called it her home; and suddenly beautiful roses which diffused odours around, sprang forth from that happy heart towards its liberator, whilst the chambers of the heart vaulted itself high above her into a temple for her, clothing its walls with fresh foliage and with precious stones, upon which the sunbeams played.

"I awoke from a sense of happiness that was too great to be enjoyed on earth; I awoke, and ah! the roses were vanished, the lovely girl was vanished, and I was once again the hard, unsightly, and joyless rock. But do you see, your maiden, the idea will not leave me, that those roses which I saw in my dream are hidden in me—that they may yet bloom, yet rejoice and

make happy. The idea will remain with me that this reserved, melancholy heart might yet expand itself by an affectionate touch; that there are precious stones within it, which would beam brightly for those who called them forth into light.

"Good young maiden, will you venture on the attempt; will you lay your warm hand on the rock; will you breathe softly upon it? O, certainly, under your touch it would soften,—it would bring forth roses for you,—it would exalt itself into a temple for you, a temple vocal with hymns of thanksgiving and love!

"I know that I am old, old before my time; that I am ugly and disagreeable, unpleasant, and perhaps ridiculous; but I do not think that nature intended me to be so. I have gone through life in such infinite solitude; neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, have followed my path; no sunshine has lighted either my childhood or my youth; I have wandered solitarily through life, combating with difficulties. Once I had a friend,—he deserted me, and thence grew the rock about my heart; thence became my demeanour severe, unattractive, and rough. Is it to remain so always? Will my life never bloom upon earth? Will no breath of heaven call forth my roses?

"Do you fear my melancholy temperament? Oh, you have not seen how a glance, a word of yours chases every cloud from my brow; not because you are beautiful, but because you are good and pure. Will you teach me to be good? I will learn willingly from you! From you I would learn to love mankind, and to find more good in the world than I have hitherto done. I will live for you, if not for the world. By my wish the world should know nothing of me, till the cross upon my grave told 'here rests —"

"Oh, it is beautiful to live nameless under the poisoned glance of the world; poisoned, whether it praise or blame; beautiful, not to be polluted by its observation, but more beautiful to be intimately known to one—to possess one gentle and honest friend, and that one a wife! Beautiful to be able to read her pure soul as in a mirror, and to be aware there of every blot on one's own soul, and to be able thus to purify it against the day of the great trial.

"But I speak only of myself and my own happiness. Ah, the egotist—the cursed egotist! Can I make you happy also, Eva? Is it not audacity in me to desire—ah, Eva, I love you inexpressibly!

"I leave the egotist in your hand: do with him what you will, he will ever remain

"Yours."

This letter made Eva very anxious and uneasy. She would so willingly have said yes, and made so good a man happy, but then so many voices within her said no!

She spoke with her parents, with her brother and sisters. "He is so good, so excellent!" said she. "Ah, if I could but properly love him! But I cannot—and then he is so old; and I have no desire to marry; I am so happy in my own home."

"And do not leave it!" was the unanimous chorus of all the family. The father, indeed, was actually provoked by all this courtship; and the mother thought it quite absurd that her blooming Eva and Jeremias Munter should go together. No one voice spoke for him but Petrea's, and a silent sigh in Eva's own bosom. The result of all this consideration was, that Eva

wrote with tearful eyes the following answer to her lover:

"My best, and truly good Friend!

"Ah! do not be angry with me that I cannot become that which you wish. I shall certainly not marry. I am too happy in my own home and family for that. Ah! this is to be sure egotistical, but I cannot do otherwise. Forgive me, I am so very much, so heartily attached to you; and I should never be happy again if you love not hitherto as formerly

"Your little

"EVA."

In the evening Eva received a beautiful and costly work-box, with the following lines:

"Yes, yes, I can very well believe that the rough rock would be appalling. You will not venture to lay your delicate white hand upon it, little Miss Eva; will not breathe upon my poor roses! Let them then remain in their grave!

"I shall now make a journey, nor see you again a year and a day. But, good heavens! as you have given me a basket,* you shall receive in return a little box. I bought it for my—bride, Eva! Yet now, after all, Eva shall have it; shall keep it for my sake. She may return it when I cease to be

"Her true and devoted Friend."

"Do you think she is sorry for what she has done, dearest?" asked the Judge anxiously from his wife, as he saw Eva's hot tears falling on the work-box;—"but it cannot be helped. She marry! and that too with Munter! She is indeed nothing but a child! But that is just the way; when one has educated one's daughters, and taught them something of good manners, just when one has begun to have real pleasure in them, that one must lose them—must let them go to China if the lover chance to be a Chinese! It is intolerable! It is abominable! I would not wish my worst enemy the pain of having grown-up daughters. Don't you think that Schwartz is already beginning to have serious thoughts about Sara? Good gracious! if we should yet have the plague of another lover!"

CHAPTER XXV.

MORE COURTSHIP STILL.

JUDGE FRANK had, unknown to himself, spoken a true word. It was true that Schwartz had drawn ever narrower circles around Sara, and at the very time when she would appear free from his influence her temper became more uncertain and suspicious. The mother, uneasy about this connexion, no longer allowed her to be alone with him during the music lesson, and this watchfulness excited Sara's pride, and was received with less patience, and was even more disregarded than the first gentle remonstrances. The Judge was the only person before whom Sara did not exhibit the dark side of her character. His glance, his presence, seemed to have a certain power over her; besides which, she was, perhaps, more beloved by him than by any other member of the family, with the exception of Petrea.

One evening, Sara sat silent by one of the windows in the library, supporting her beautiful

* "To give a gentleman a basket" is the same as saying he is a rejected lover.

head on her hand. Petrea sat at her feet on a low stool; she also was silent, but every now and then looked up to Sara with a tender troubled expression, whilst in return Sara looked down towards her thoughtfully, and almost gloomily.

"Petrea," said she, speaking low, "what would you say if I should leave you suddenly to go into the wide world, and should never return to you?"

"What should I say," answered Petrea, with a violent quiver of tears: "ah, I should say nothing at all, but should lie down and die of grief!"

"Do you really love me then so, Petrea?" asked she.

"Do I love you?" returned Petrea, "Ah, Sara, if you go away, take me with you as maid, as servant—I will do every thing for you!"

"Good Petrea!" whispered Sara, laying her arm round her neck and kissing her weeping eyes, "continue to love me, but do not follow me!"

"It seems terribly sultry to me, this evening!" said Henrik wearily: "We cannot manage any family assembling to-night—not a bit of music—not a bit of entertainment. The air seems as if an earthquake were at hand. I fancy that Africa sends us something of a tempest. Petrea is crying like the rainy season; and there go the people in twos-and-twos and weep, and set themselves in corners and whisper and mutter, and kiss one another, from my God-fearing parents down to my silly little sisters! The King and Queen, they go and seat themselves just as it happens on living or dead things—they had nearly seated themselves on me as I sat unoffensively on the sofa; but I made a turn about *lout d'un coup*.

"Betrothed! horribly wearisome folks! are they not, Gabriele? they cannot bear, they cannot see; they could not speak, I fancy, but with one another!"

A light was burning in Sara's chamber far into the night. She was busied for a long time with her journal; she wrote with a flying but unsteady hand.

"So, to-morrow; to-morrow all will be said, and I—shall be bound.

"I know that is but of little importance, and yet I have such a horror of it! O the power of custom and of form.

"I know very well whom I could love; there is a purity in his glance, a powerful purity which penetrates me—but how would he look on me if he saw—

"I must go—I have no choice left! S. has me in his net—the money which I have borrowed from him binds me so fast!—for I cannot bear that they should know it, and despise me! I know that they would impoverish themselves in order to release me, but I will not so humiliate myself.

"And why do I speak of release? I go hence to a life of freedom and honour. I bow myself under the yoke but for a moment, only in order to exalt myself the more proudly. Now there is no more time to tremble and to waver—away with these tears! And thou, Volney, proud, strong thinker, stand by me! Teach me, when all others turn away, how I may rely on my own strength!"

Sara now exchanged the pen for the book, and the hour of midnight struck before she closed it, and arose tranquil and cold in order to seek the quiet of sleep.

The earthquake of which Henrik had spoken, came the next day, the signal of which was a letter from Schwartz to the Judge, in which he solicited the hand of Sara. His only wealth was his profession; but with this alone he was convinced that his wife would want nothing: he was just about setting out on a journey through Europe, and wished to be accompanied by Sara, of whose consent and acquiescence he was quite sure.

A certain degree of self-appreciation in a man was not at any time displeasing to Judge Frank, but this letter breathed a supercilious assurance, a professional arrogance, which were the very opposites of his own disposition. Besides this, he was wounded by the tone of pretension in which Schwartz spoke of one who was as dear to him as his own daughter, and the thought of her being united to a man of Schwartz's character was intolerable to him. He was almost persuaded that Sara did not love him, and burned with impatience to repel his pretensions, and to remove him at the same time from his house.

Elise agreed perfectly in the opinion of her husband, but was less confident than he regarding Sara's state of feeling with respect to the affair. She was summoned to their presence. The Judge handed to her Schwartz's letter, and awaited impatiently her remarks upon it. Her colour paled before the grave and searching glances which were riveted upon her, but she declared herself quite willing to accept her lover's proposal.

Astonishment and vexation painted themselves on the countenance of her adopted father.

"Ah, Sara," said the mother, after a short silence, "have you well considered this? Do you think that Schwartz is a man who can make a wife happy?"

"He can make me happy," returned Sara; "happy according to my own mind."

"You can never, never," said the mother, "enjoy domestic happiness with him!"

"He loves me," returned Sara, "and he can give me a happiness which I never enjoyed here. I lost early both father and mother, and in the home into which I was received out of charity, all become colder and colder towards me!"

"Ah, do not think so, Sara!" said the mother. "But even if this were the case, may not some little of it be your own fault? Do you really do anything to make yourself beloved? Do you strive against that which makes you less amiable?"

"I can renounce such love," said Sara, "as will not take me with my faults. Nature gave me strong feelings and inclinations, and I cannot bring them into subjection."

"You will not, Sara," was the reply.

"I cannot! and it may be that I will not!" said she. "I will not submit myself to the subjugation and taming which has been allotted as the share of the woman! Why should I? I feel strength in myself to break up a new path for myself. I will lead a fresh and an independent life! I will live a bright artiste-life, free from the trammels and the Lilliputian considerations of domestic life. I will be free! I will not, as now, be watched and suspected, and be under a state of espionage! I will be free from the displeasure and blame which now dog my footsteps! This treatment it is, mother, which has determined my resolution."

"If," answered the mother in a tremulous voice, and deeply affected by Sara's words and tone, "I have erred towards you—and I may have done so—I know well that it has been from temper, or out of want of tenderness towards you. I have spoken to and warned you from the best conviction; I have sincerely endeavoured and desired what is best for you, and this you will some time or other come to see even better than I.* You will perhaps come to see that it would have been good for you if you had lent a more willing ear to my maternal counsellings; will perhaps come to deplore that you rewarded the love I cherished for you with reproaches and bitterness!"

"Then let me go!" said Sara, with gentler voice, "we do not accord well together. I embitter your life, and you make—perhaps you cannot make mine happy. Let me go with him, who will love me with all my faults, who can and will open a freer scope to my powers and talents than I have hitherto had."

"Ah, Sara," returned Elise, "will you obtain in this freer field, a better happiness than can be afforded you by a domestic circle, by the tenderness of true friends, and a happy domestic life?"

"Are you then so happy, my mother?" interrupted Sara with an ironical smile, and a searching glance; "are you then so happy in this circle, and this domestic life, which you praise so highly, that you thus repeat what has been said on the subject from the beginning of the world. Those perpetual cares in which you have passed your days, those trifling cares and thoughts for every-day necessities, which are so opposite to your own nature, are they then so pleasant, so captivating? Have you not renounced many of your beautiful gifts—your pleasure in literature and music—nay, in short, what is the most lovely part of life, in order to bury yourself in concealment and oblivion, and there like the silkworm to spin your own sepulchre of the threads which another will wind off? You bow your own will continually before that of another; your innocent pleasures you sacrifice daily either to him or to others: are you so very happy amid all these renunciations?"

The Judge rose up passionately; went several times up and down the room, and placed himself at last directly opposite to Sara, leaning his back to the stove, and listening attentively the answer of his wife.

"Yes, Sara, I am happy!" answered she, with an energy very unusual in her: "yes, I am happy! Whenever I have made any sacrifice, I receive a rich return. And if there be moments when I feel painfully any renunciation which I have, there are others, and far more of them, in which I congratulate myself on all that I have won. I am become improved through the husband whom God has given to me; through my children, through my duties, through the desires and the wants which I have overcome at his side—yes, Sara, above all things, through him, his affection, his excellence, am I improved, and feel myself happier every day. Love, Sara, love changes sacrifice into pleasure, and makes renunciation sweet! I thank God for my lot, and only wish that I were worthier of it!"

"It may be!" said Sara proudly, "every one

has his own sphere. But the tame happiness of the dove suits not the eagle!"

"Sara!" exclaimed the Judge in a tone of severe displeasure.

The mother, unable longer to repress the outbreak of excited feeling, left the room with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"For shame, Sara," said the Judge with severe gravity, and standing before her with a reproving glance, "for shame! this arrogance goes too far!"

She trembled now before his eye as she had done once before; a remembrance from the days of her childhood awoke within her; her eyelids sunk, and a burning crimson covered her face.

"You have forgotten yourself," continued he calmly, but severely, "and in your childish haughtiness have only shown how far you are below that worth and excellence which you cannot understand, and which, in your present state of mind, you never can emulate. Your own calm judgment will make the sharpest reproaches on this late scene, and will, nay must, lead you to throw yourself at the feet of your mother. All, however, that I now ask from you is, that you think over your intentions rationally. How is it possible, Sara, that you overlook your own inconsistency? You argue zealously against domestic life—against the duties of marriage, and yet, at the same time, willfully determine to tie those bonds with a man who will make them actual fetters for you."

"He will not fetter me," returned she, "he has promised it—he has sworn it! I shall not subject myself to him as a wife, but I shall stand at his side as an equal, as an artiste, and step with him into a world beautiful and rich in honours, which he will open to me."

"Ah, mere talk!" exclaimed the Judge. "Folly, folly! How can you be so foolish, and believe in such false show? The state gives your husband a power over you which he will not fail to abuse,—that I can promise you, from what I know of his character, and from what I now discover of yours. No woman can withdraw from a connexion of this kind unpunished, more especially under the circumstances in which you are placed. Sara, you do not love the man to whom you are about to unite yourself, and it is impossible that you can love him. No true esteem, no pure regard binds you to him."

"He loves me," answered Sara with trembling lips; "I admire his power and artistical spirit;—he will conduct me to independence and honour! It is no fault of mine that the lot of woman is so contracted and miserable—that she must bind herself in order to become free!"

"Only as a means?" asked he; "the holiest tie on earth only as a means, and for what? For a pitiable and ephemeral chase after happiness, which you call honour and freedom. Poor, deceived Sara! Are you so misled, so turned aside from the right? Is it possible that the miserable book of a writer, as full of pretension as weak and superficial, has been able thus to misguide you?" and with these words he took Volney's Ruins out of his pocket, and threw it upon the table.

Sara started and reddened: "Ah," said she, "this is only another instance of espionage over me."

"Not so," replied the Judge calmly. "I was this day in your room; you had left the book lying on the table, and I took it, in order that I

* All mothers speak thus—but not all, nay, not many with the same right as Elise.

might speak with you about it, and prevent Petrea's young steps from treading this path of error without a guide."

"People may think what they please," said Sara, "of the influence of the book, but I conceive that author deserves least of all the epithet weak."

"When we have followed his counsel," returned he, "and resemble the wreck which the waves have thrown up here, then you may judge of the strength and skill of the steersman! My child do not follow him. A more mature, a more logical power of mind, will teach you how little he knows of the ocean of life, of its breakers and its depths—how little he understands the true compass."

"Ah!" said Sara, "these dangers, nay, even shipwreck itself, appear to me preferable to the still, windless water which the so-much-be-praised haven of domestic life represents. You speak, my father, of chimeras; but tell me, is not the so-lauded happiness of domestic life more a chimera than any other? When the saloon is set in order, one does not see the broom and the dusting-brush, that have been at work in it, and the million grains of dust which have filled the air; one forgets that they have ever been there. So it is with domestic and family life; one persists wilfully in only seeing its beautiful moments, and in passing over, in not noticing at all, what are less beautiful, or indeed, are 'repulsive.'"

"All depends upon which are the predominant," replied he, half smiling at Sara's simile. "Thus, then, if it be more frequently disorderly than orderly, if the air be more frequently filled with dust than it is with pure and fresh, than the devil may dwell there, but not I! I know very well that there are homes enough on earth where there are dust-filled rooms, but that must be the fault of the inhabitants. On them alone depends the condition of the house; from those which may not unjustly be called an ante-room of hell, to those again which, spite of their earthly imperfections, spite of many a visitation of duster and dusting-brush, yet may deserve the names of courts of heaven. And where, Sara, where in this world will you find an existence free from earthly dust? And is that of which you complain so bitterly anything else than the earthly husk which encloses every mortal existence of man as well as of woman; it is the soil in which the plant must grow; it is the chrysalis in which the larva becomes ripe for its change of life! Can you actually be blind to that higher and nobler life which never develops itself more beautifully than in a peaceful home? Can you deny that it is in the sphere of family and friendship where man lives most perfectly and best, as citizen of an earthly and of a heavenly kingdom? Can you deny how great and noble is the efficacy of woman in private life, be she married or single, if she only endeavour—"

"Ah," said Sara, interrupting him, "the sphere of private life is too narrow for me! I require a larger one, in order to breathe freely and freshly."

"In pure affection," replied the Judge, "in friendship, and in the exercise of kindness, there is large and fresh breathing space; the air of eternity plays through it. In intellectual development—and the very highest may be arrived at in private life—the whole world opens itself to the eye of man, and infinite treasures are offered to his soul, more, far more, than he can ever appropriate to himself!"

"But the artist," argued Sara, "the artist can-

not form himself at home—he must try himself on the great theatre of the world. Is his bent only a chimera, my father? And are those distinguished persons who present the highest pleasures to the world through their talents; to whom the many look up with admiration and homage; around whom the great, and the beautiful, and agreeable collect themselves, are they fools?—are they blind hunters after happiness? Ah, what lot can well be more glorious than theirs! Oh, my father, I am young; I feel a power in myself which is not a common one—my heart throbs for a freer and more beautiful life! Desire not that I should constrain my own nature; desire not that I should compress my beautiful talents into a sphere which has no charms for me!"

"I do not depreciate, certainly, the profession of the artist," replied the Judge, "nor the value of his agency: in its best meaning, his is as noble as any; but it is this pure bent, this noble view of it, which impels you, which animates you! Sara, examine your own heart; it is vanity and selfish ambition which impel you. It is the arrogance of your eighteen years, and some degree of talent, which make you overlook all that is good in your present lot, which make you disdain to mature yourself nobly and independently in the domestic circle. It is a deep mistake, which will now lead you to an act blameable in the eyes of God and man, and which blinds you to the dark side of the life which you covet. Nevertheless, there is none darker, none in which the changes of fortune are more dependent on miserable accidents. An accident may deprive you of your beauty, or your voice, and with these you lose the favour of the world in which you have placed your happiness. Besides this, you will not always continue at eighteen, Sara: by the time you are thirty all your glory will be past, and then—then what will you have collected for the remaining half of life? You will have roiled for a short time in order then to starve; since, so surely as I stand here, with this haughty and vain disposition, and with the husband whom you will have chosen, you will come to want; and too late, you will look back in your misery, full of remorse, to the virtue and to the true life which you have renounced."

Sara was silent, she was shaken by the words and by the countenance of her adopted father.

"And how perfectly different it might be!" continued he with warmth; "how beautiful, how full of blessing might not your life and your talents be! Sara! I have loved you and love you still like my own daughter—will you not listen to me as to a father? Answer me—have you had to give up anything in this house, which, with any show of reason, you might demand? and have we spared any possible care for your education or your accomplishments?"

"No," replied Sara, "all have been kind, very kind to me."

"Well, then," exclaimed the Judge, with increasing warmth and cordiality, "depend upon your mother, and me, that you will have no cause of complaint. I am not without property and connexions. I will spare no means of cultivating your talents, and then if your turn for art is a true one, when it has been cultivated to its utmost it shall not be concealed from a world which can enjoy and reward it. But remain under our protection, and do not cast yourself, inexperienced as you are, on a world which will only lead you more astray. Do not, in order to

win an ideal liberty, give your hand to a man inferior to you in accomplishments; to a man whom you do not love, and whom, morally speaking, you cannot esteem. Descend into your own heart and see its error while there is yet time to retrieve it, before you are crushed by your own folly. Do not fly from affectionate careful friends—do not fly from the paternal roof in blind impatience of disagreeables, to remove which depends perhaps only on yourself! My child! I have not taken you under my roof in order that you should make yourself the victim of ruin and misfortune! Pause, Sara, and reflect, I pray you, I conjure you! make not yourself wretched! When I took you from the death-bed of your father, I threw my arms around you to shield you from the winds of autumn—I clasp them over again around you, in order to shield you from far more dangerous winds—Sara, my child, fly not from this house!”

Sara trembled, she was violently agitated, and leaned her head with indescribable emotions against her adopted father, who clasped her tenderly to his bosom.

It is not difficult to say whether they were good or bad angels who triumphed in Sara, as she, after a moment of violent inward struggle, pushed from her the paternal friend and said, with averted countenance, “It is in vain, my determination is taken. I shall become the wife of Schwartz, and go where my fate leads me!”

The Judge started up, stamped on the floor, and pale with anger exclaimed, with flashing eyes, “Obdurate one! since neither love nor prayers have power over you, you must listen to another mode of speech! I have the right of a guardian over you, and I forbid this unholy marriage! I forbid you to leave my house! You hear me, and you shall obey!”

Sara stood up as pale as death, and with an insolent expression riveted her large eyes upon him, while he, too, fixed his upon her with all the force of his peculiar earnestness and decision. It seemed as if each would look the other through; as if each in this contest would measure his strength against the other.

Suddenly her arms were flung wildly round his neck, a burning kiss was pressed upon his lips, and the next moment she was out of the room.

Elise sat in her boudoir. She still wept bitter tears. It was twilight, and her knees were suddenly embraced, and her hands and her dress were covered with kisses and with tears. When she put forth her hands to raise the one who embraced her, she had vanished. “Sara, Sara! where are you?” exclaimed she, full of anxiety.

Petrea came down from her chamber; she met some one, who embraced her, pressed her lips to her forehead, and whispered, “forget me!”

“Sara, Sara! where are you going?” exclaimed she, terrified and running after her to the house door.

“Where is Sara?” inquired the Judge violently above in the chambers of his daughters. “Where is Sara?” inquired he below in the library.

“Ah!” exclaimed Petrea, who now rushed in weeping, “she is this moment gone out—out into the street; she almost ran. She forbade me to follow her. Ah, she certainly never will come back again!”

“The devil!” said the Judge, hastening from the room, and taking up his hat, went out. Far off in the street he saw a female figure which,

with only a handkerchief thrown over her head and shoulders, was hastening onward, and who, in spite of the twilight, he recognised to be Sara. He hastened after her;—she looked round, saw him, and fled. Certain now that he was not mistaken, he followed, and was almost near enough to take hold of her, when she suddenly turned aside, and rushed into a house—it was that of Schwartz. He followed with the quickness of lightning; followed her up the steps, and was just laying his hand on her, when she vanished through a door. The next moment he too opened it, and saw her—in the arms of Schwartz!

The two stood together embracing, and evidently prepared to defy him. He stood for some moments silent before them, regarding them with an indescribable look of wrath, contempt, and sorrow. He looked upon the pale breathless Sara, and covered his eyes with his hand: the next moment, however, he seemed to collect himself, and with all the calm and respect commanding dignity of a parent, he grasped her hand and said, “You now follow me home. On Sunday the banns shall be proclaimed!”

Sara followed. She took his arm, and with a drooping head, and without a word, accompanied him home.

All there was disquiet and sorrow. But notwithstanding the general discontent with Sara and her marriage, there was not one of the family who did not busy themselves earnestly in her outfit. Louise, who blamed more than all the rest, gave herself most trouble about it.

Sara behaved as if she never observed how everybody was working for her, and passed her time either over her harp, or solitary in her own room. Any intercourse with the members of the family seemed to have become painful to her, while Petrea's tenderness and tears were received with indifference; nay, even with sternness.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DEPARTURE.

SARA'S joyless marriage was over; and the hour was come in which she was to leave that home and family which had so affectionately received her, and which now with solicitude and the tenderest care provided for her wants in her new connexion.

In the hour of separation, the crust of ice which had hitherto surrounded her being broke, she sank, weeping violently, at the feet of her foster-parents.

The Judge was deeply affected: “You have had your own will, Sara,” said he, in a firm but mournful voice, “may you be happy! Some few warnings I have given you, do not forget them; they are the last! If you should be deceived in the hopes which now animate you—if you should be unfortunate—unfortunate, or criminal, then remember—then remember, Sara, that here you have father and mother, and sisters, who will receive you with open arms; then remember that you have here family and home!”

He ceased: drew her a little aside, took her hand, and pressed a bank-note in it. “Take this,” said he, tenderly, “as a little help in the hour of need. No, you must not refuse it from your foster-father. Take it for his love's sake, you will some time need it!”

It was with difficulty that the Judge had so far preserved his calmness, he now pressed her vio-

lently to his breast: kissed her brow and lips, while his tears flowed abundantly. The mother and sisters too surrounded her weeping. At that moment the door opened, and Schwartz entered.

"The carriage waits," said he, with a dark glance on the mournful group. Sara tore herself from the arms which would have held her fast, and rushed out of the room.

A few seconds more and the travelling carriage rolled away.

"She is lost!" exclaimed the Judge to his wife with bitter pain. "I feel it in myself that she is lost! Her death would have been less painful to me than this marriage."

For many days he continued silent and melancholy.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LITTLE SCENES.

THE past episode had passed through the house like a whirlwind. When it was over the heaven cleared itself anew, and they were able to confess that a more joyful tranquillity had diffused itself over all. There was no one who did not think of Sara with sympathy, who did not weep sometimes at her violent separation from the family: but there was no one, with the exception of the Judge and Petrea, who did not feel her absence to be a secret relief; for one unquiet temper, and one full of pretension, can disturb a whole household, and make the most exquisite natural gifts of no account.

The Judge missed a daughter from the beloved circle; missed that beautiful, richly-endowed girl, and could not think of her future prospects without bitter anxiety. Petrea wept the object of her youthful admiration and homage, but consoled herself with the romantic plans she formed for seeing her again, in all of which she gave to herself the province of guardian angel, either as the queen of a desert island, or as a warrior bleeding for her, or as a disguised person who unloosed her bonds in the depths of a dungeon in order to put them on herself: in short, in all possible ways in the world except the possible one.

Sara wrote soon after her separation from her friends; she spoke of the past with gratitude, and of the future with hope. The letter exhibited a certain decision and calmness—a certain seriousness which diffused through the family a satisfactory ease of mind with regard to her future fate. Elise was ever inclined to hope for the best, and young people are always optimists: the Judge said nothing which might disturb the peace of his family, whilst Louise alone shook her head and sighed.

After the many disturbing circumstances which had lately occurred in the family, all seemed now to long after repose, and the ability to enjoy a quieter domestic life. Occupations of all kind, those simple, but cheerful daughters of well-regulated life, went on cheerfully and comfortably under the eye of Louise. There was no want in the house of joyful hours, sunshine of every kind, and entertainment full of interest. The newspapers which the Judge took in, and which kept the family *au courant* of the questions of the day, furnished materials for much development of mind, for much conversation and much thought, especially among the young people. The father had great plea-

sure in hearing thus their interchange of opinion, though he himself seldom mingled in their conversation, with the exception of now and then a guiding word.

"I fancy all is going on quite right," said he joyfully to his wife one day. "The children live gaily at home, and are preparing themselves for life. Indeed, if they only once open their eyes and ears, they will find subjects enough on which to use them; and will be astonished at all that life will present them with. It is well when home furnishes nourishment for mind as well as heart and body. I rejoice too, extremely, over our new house. Every land, every climate, has its own advantages as well as its own difficulties, and the economy of life must be skillfully adjusted if it is to be maintained with honour and advantage. Our country, which compels us to live so much in the house, seems thereby to admonish us to a more concentrated, and at the same time more quiet and domestic life, on which account we need, above all things, comfortable houses, which are able to advance and advantage soul as well as body. Thank God! I fancy ours is pretty good for that purpose, and in time may yet be better; the children too look happy; Gabriele grows now every day, and Louise has grown over all our heads!"

The young people were very much occupied with plans for the future. Eva and Louise built all their castles in the air together. A great intimacy had grown up between these two sisters since they were alone during the absence of the others at Axelholm. One might say that ever since that evening, when they sat together eating grapes and reading a novel, the seed of friendship which had long been sprouting in their hearts shot forth thence its young leaves. Their castles in the air were no common castles of romance, they had for their foundation the prosaic but beautiful thought of gaining for themselves an independent livelihood in the future—for the parents had early taught their daughters to direct their minds to this object—and hence beautiful establishments were founded, partly for friendship and partly for humanity: for young girls are always great philanthropists.

Jacobi also had many schemes for the future of himself and his wife, and Louise many schemes how to realize them. In the meantime there were many processes about kisses. Louise wished to establish a law that not more than three a day should be allowed, against which Jacobi protested both by word and deed, on which occasions Gabriele always ran away hastily and indignantly.

Petrea read English with Louise, arranged little festivities for her and the family; wept every evening over Sara, and beat her brains every morning over "the Creation of the World," whilst the good parents watched ever observantly over them all.

No one, however, enjoyed the present circumstances of the family so much as Henrik. After he had succeeded in inducing his sisters to use more lively exercise, he devoted himself more exclusively to his favourite studies, history and philosophy. Often he took his book and wandered with it whole days in the country, but every evening at seven he punctually joined the family circle, and was there the merriest of the merry.

"We live now right happily," said he one

evening in confidential discourse with his mother; "and I, for my part, never enjoyed life so much. I feel now that my studies will really mend, and that something can be made of me. And when I have studied for a whole day, and that not fruitlessly either, and then come of an evening to you and my sisters, and see all here so friendly, so bright and cheerful, life seems so agreeable! I feel myself so happy, and almost wish it might always remain as it is now!"

"Ah, yes!" answered the mother, "if we could always keep you with us, my Henrik! But I know that won't do, you must soon leave us again; and then, when you have finished your studies, you must have your own house."

"And then, mother, you shall come to me!" This had been years before, and still was Henrik's favourite theme, and the mother listened willingly to it.

Several poems which Henrik wrote about this time seemed to indicate the most decided poetical talent, and gave his mother and sisters the greatest delight, whilst they excited, at the same time, great attention among the friends of the family. The Judge alone looked on gloomily.

"You will spoil him," exclaimed he one evening to his wife and daughters, "if you make him fancy that he is something extraordinary, before he is in any thing out of the common way. I confess that his poetizing is very much against my wish. When one is a man, one should have something much more important to do than to sigh, and sing about this and that future life. If he were likely to be a Thorild,* or any other of our greatest poets—but I see no signs of that! and this poetasterism, this literary idleness, which perpetually either lifts young people above the clouds or places them under the earth, so that for pure cloud and dust they are unable to see the good noble gifts of actual life—I would the devil had it! The direction which Henrik is now taking grieves me seriously. I had rejoiced myself so in the thought of his being a first-rate miner—in his being instrumental in turning to good account our mines, our woods and streams, those noblest foundations of Sweden's wealth, and to which it was worth while devoting a good head; and now, instead of that, he hangs his on one side; sits with a pen in his hand, and rhymes 'face' and 'grace,' 'heart' and 'smart!' It is quite contrary to my feelings! I wish Sternhok would come here soon. Now there's a fellow! he will turn out something first-rate! I wish he were coming soon; perhaps he might influence Henrik, and induce him to give up this verse-making, which, perhaps, at bottom, is only vanity."

Elise and the daughters were silent. For a considerable time now, Elise had accustomed herself to silence when her husband grumbled. But often—whenever it was necessary—she would return to the subject of his discontent at a time when he was calm, and then talk it over with him; and this line of tactics succeeded admirably. She made use of them on the present occasion.

"Ernst," said she to him in the evening, "it grieves me that you are so displeased with Henrik's poetical bent. Ah! it has delighted me so much, precisely because I fancied that it is real, and that in this case it may be as useful

as any other can be. Still I never will encourage any thing in him which is opposed to your wishes."

"My Elise," returned he mildly, "manage this affair according to your own convictions and conscience. It is very probable that you are right, and that I am wrong. All that I beseech of you is, that you watch over yourself, in order that affection to your first-born may not mislead you to mistake for excellence what is only mediocre, and his little attempts for masterpieces. Henrik may be, if he can, a distinguished poet and literary man; but he must not as yet imagine himself anything: above all things, he must not suppose it possible to be a distinguished man in any profession without preparing himself by serious labour, and without first of all becoming a thinking being. If he were this, I promise you that I should rejoice over my son, let him be what profession he would—a worker in thought, or a worker in mountains. And for this very reason one must be careful not to value too highly these poetical blossoms. If vanity remains in him he never will covet serious renown in any thing."

"You are right, Ernst," said his wife, with all the cordiality of inward conviction.

Henrik also longed earnestly for Sternhok's arrival. He wished to show him his work; he longed to measure his new historical and philosophical knowledge against that of his friend; he longed, in one word, to be esteemed by him; for Henrik's gentle and affectionate nature had always felt itself powerfully attracted by the energetic and, as one may say, metallic nature of the other, and ever since the years of their boyhood had the esteem and friendship of Sternhok been the goal of Henrik's endeavours, and of his warm, although till now unattainable, wishes. Sternhok had hitherto always behaved towards Henrik with a certain friendly indifference, never as a companion and friend.

Sternhok came. He was received by the whole family with the greatest cordiality, but by no one with a warmer heart than Henrik.

There was even externally the greatest dissimilarity between these two young men. Henrik was remarkable for extraordinary, almost feminine, beauty; his figure was noble but slender, and his glance glowing though somewhat dreamy. Sternhok, some years Henrik's senior, had become early a man. All with him was muscular, firm, and powerful; his countenance was intelligent without being handsome, and a star, as it were, gleamed in his clear, decided eye; such a star as is often prophetic of fate, and over whose path fortunate stars keep watch.

Some days after Sternhok's arrival Henrik became greatly changed. He had become quiet, and there was an air of depression on his countenance. Sternhok now, as he had always done, did not appear unfriendly to Henrik, but still paid little attention to him. He occupied himself very busily, partly with trying chemical experiments with Jacobi and the ladies, and partly in the evening, and even into the night, in making astronomical observations with his excellent telescope. One of the beaming stars to which the observations of the young astronomer were industriously directed, was called afterward in the family Sternhok's star. All gathered themselves around the interesting and well-informed young man. The Judge took the greatest delight in his conversation, and asserted before

* Thomas. Thorild, born 1753, died 1808, an eminent Swedish poet.

his family more than once his pleasure in him, and the hopes which the nation itself might have of him. The young student of mining was a favourite with the Judge also, because, besides his extraordinary knowledge, he behaved always with the greatest respect towards older and more experienced persons.

"See, Henrik," said his father to him one day, after a conversation with Sternbok, "what I call poetry, real poetry, it is this—to tame the rivers, and to compel their wild falls to produce wealth and comfort, while woods are felled on their banks and corn-fields cultivated; human dwellings spring up, and cheerful activity and joyful voices enliven the country. Look! that may be called a beautiful creation!"

Henrik was silent.

"But," said Gabriele, with all her natural refinement, "to be happy in these homes, they must be able to read a pleasant book or to sing a beautiful song, else their lives, spite of all their waterfalls, would be very dry!"

The Judge smiled, kissed his little daughter, and tears of delight filled his eyes.

Henrik, in the mean time, had gone into another room, and seated himself at the window. His mother followed him.

"How do you feel, my Henrik?" said she, affectionately, gently taking away the hand which shaded his eyes. His hand was concealing his tears. "My good, good youth!" exclaimed she, her eyes also overflowing with tears, and throwing her arms around him; "Now see!" began she consolingly, "you should not distress yourself when your father speaks in a somewhat one-sided manner. You know perfectly well how infinitely good and just he is, and that if he be only once convinced of the genuineness of your poetic talent, he will be quite contented. He is only now afraid of your stopping short in mediocrity. He would be pleased and delighted if you obtained honour in your own peculiar way."

"Ah!" said Henrik, "if I only knew whether or not I had a peculiar way—a peculiar vocation. But since Sternbok has been here, and I have talked with him, everything, both externally and internally, seems altered. Sternbok has shown me how very little I know of what I supposed myself to know a great deal, and what bungling my work is! I see it now perfectly, and it distresses me. How strong-minded and powerful Sternbok is! I wish I were able to resemble him! But it is impossible, I feel myself such a mere nothing beside him! And yet, when I am alone either with my books, or out in the free air with the trees, the rocks, the waters, the winds around me, and with heaven above, thoughts arise in me, feelings take possession of me, nameless sweet feelings, and then expressions and words speak in me which affect me deeply, and give me inexpressible delight; then all that is great and good in humanity is so present with me; then I have a foretaste of harmony in everything, of God in everything; and it seems to me as if words thronged themselves to my lips to sing forth the gloriousness of what I perceive. In such moments I feel something great within me, and I fancy that my songs would find an echo in every heart. Yes, it is thus, that I feel sometimes; but when I see Sternbok, all is vanished, and I feel so little, so poor, I am compelled to believe that I am a dreamer and a fool!"

"My good youth," said the mother, "you mistake yourself. Your gifts and Sternbok's are so dissimilar: but if you employ your talents with

sincerity and earnestness, they will in their turn bring forth fruit. I confess to you, Henrik, that it was, and still is, one of my most lively wishes that one of my children might distinguish themselves in the fields of literature. Literature has furnished to me my most beautiful enjoyments, and in my younger years I myself was not without my ambition in this way. I see in you my own powers more richly blossoming. I myself bloom forth in them, my Henrik, and in my hopes of you. Ah! might I live to the day in which I saw you honoured by your native land; in which I saw your father proud of his son, and I myself able to gladden my heart with the fruit of your mind, your work—O then I would gladly die!"

Enthusiastic fire flamed in Henrik's looks, and on his cheeks, as while, embracing his mother, he said, "No, you shall live, mother, to be honoured on account of your son. He promises that you shall have joy in him!"

The sunbeam which just then streamed into the room fell upon Henrik's beautiful hair, which shone like gold. The mother saw it—saw silently a prophesying in it, and a sunbright smile diffused itself over her countenance.

Petrea read the "Magic Ring." She ought properly to have read it aloud to the family circle in an evening, and then its dangerous magic would have been decreased; but she read it beforehand, privately to herself during the night, and it drew her into the bewildering magic circle. She thought of nothing, dreamed of nothing, but wonderful adventures; wonderfully beautiful ladies, and wonderfully brave heroes! She was herself always one of them, worshipped or worshipping: now combating, cross in hand, against witches and dragons; now wandering in dreamy moonlight among lilies in the Lady Minnetrost's castle. It seemed as if the chaotic confusion of Petrea's brain had here taken shape and stature, and she now took possession with redoubled force of the phantasy world, which once before, under the guise of the wood-god, had carried away her childish mind and conducted her into false tracks; and it was so even now; for while she moved night and day in a dream-world in which she luxuriated to exultation, in magnificent and wonderful scenes, in which she herself always played a part, she got on but lamentably in real and everyday life. The head in which so many splendid pictures and grand schemes were agitating, looked generally something like a bundle of flax; she never noticed the holes and specks in her dress, nor her ragged stockings and trodden-down shoes; she forgot all her little, everyday business, and whatever she had in her hand, she either lost or dropped.

She had besides, a passion for cracking almonds. "A passion," Louise said, "as expensive as it was noisy, and which never was stronger than when she went about under the influence of the magic ring; and that perpetual crack, crack, which was heard wherever she went, and the almond shells on which people trod, or which hung to the sleeve of whoever came to the window, were anything but agreeable."

Whenever Petrea was deservedly reproved or admonished for these things, she fell out of the clouds, or rather out of her heaven, down to the earth, which seemed to her scarcely anything else than a heap of nettles and brambles, and very gladly indeed would she have bought

with ten years of her life, one year of the magic power of the "Magic Ring," together with beauty, magic charms, power, and such-like things, which she did not possess, except in her dreams.

Petrea's life was a cleft between an ideal and a real world, of both of which she knew nothing truly, and which on that account became amalgamated for the first time in her soul. Rivers of tears flowed into the separating gulf, while she now complained of circumstances, and now of her ownself, for being the cause of what she endured.

It was at this time that, partly at the wish of the parents, and partly also out of his own kind-heartedness, Jacobi began seriously to occupy himself with Petrea; and he occupied her mind in such a manner as strengthened and practised her thinking powers, whereby the fermentation in her feelings and imagination was in some measure abated. All this was indescribably beneficial to her, and it would have been still more so had not the teacher been too—but we will leave the secret to future years.

The Judge received one day a large letter out of Stockholm, which, after he had read, he silently laid before his wife. It came from the highest quarter, contained most honourable and flattering praise of the services of Judge Frank, of which the government had long been observant, and now offered him elevation to the highest regal court.

When Elise had finished the letter she looked up inquiringly to her husband, who stood beside her. "What think you of it, Ernst?" asked she, with a constrained and uneasy glance.

The Judge walked more quickly up and down the room, as was his custom when any thing excited him. "I cannot feel indifferent," said he; "I am affected by this mark of confidence in my sovereign. I have long expected this occurrence, but I feel, I see that I cannot leave my present sphere of operation. My activity is suited to it; I know that I am of service here, and the confidence of the Sheriff gives me unrestrained power to work according to my ability and views. It is possible that he, instead of me, may get the credit of the good which is done in the province; but, in God's name, let it be so! I know that what is good and beneficial is actually done, and that is enough; but there is a great deal which is only begun which must be completed, and a great deal, an infinite great deal remains yet to be done. I cannot leave a half-finished work—I cannot and I will not! One must complete one's work, else it is good for nothing! And I know that here I am—but I am talking only of myself. Tell me, Elise, what you wish; what you would like."

"Let us remain here!" said Elise, giving her hand to her husband, and seating herself beside him. "I know that you would have no pleasure in a higher rank, in a larger income, if you on that account must leave a sphere where you feel yourself in your place, and where you can work according to the desire of your own heart, and where you are surrounded by persons who esteem and love you! No; let us remain here!"

"But you, you, Elise," said he, "speak of yourself, not of me."

"Yes, you!" answered she, with the smile of a happy heart, "that is not so easy to do—for you see all that belongs to the one is so interwoven with that belongs to the other. But I will tell you something about myself. I looked

at myself this morning in the glass—no satirical looks, my love! and it seemed to me as if I appeared strong and healthy. I thought of you, thought how good and kind you were, and how, whilst I had walked by your side, I had been strengthened both in body and mind; how I must still love you more and more, and how we had become happier and happier together. I thought of your activity, so rich in blessing both for home and for the general good; thought on the children, how healthy and good they are, and how their characters have unfolded so happily under our hands. I thought of our new house which you have built so comfortable and convenient for us all, and just then the sun shone cheerfully into my little, beloved boudoir, and I felt myself so fortunate in my lot! I thanked God for it and for you! I would willingly live and die in this sphere—in this house. Let us then remain here."

"God bless you for these words, Elise!" said he. "But the children: the children! Our decision will influence their future; we must also hear what they have got to say; we must lay the matter before them: not that I fear their having, if they were aware of our mode of reasoning, any wish different to ours, but at all events they must have a voice in the business. Come, Elise! I shall have no rest till it is all talked over, and decided."

When the Judge laid the affair before the family council, it occasioned a great surprise; on which a general silence ensued, and attractive visions began to swarm before the eyes of the young people, not exactly of the highest Court of Judicature, but of the seat of the same—of the Capital. Louise looked almost like a Counsellor of Justice herself. But when her father had made known his and his wife's feelings on the subject, he read in their tearful eyes gratitude for the confidence he had placed in them, and the most entire acquiescence with his will.

No one spoke, however, till "the little ope"—the father had not said to her, "go out for a while, Gabriele dear;" "let her stop with us," he said on the contrary, "she is a prudent little girl!" No one spoke till Gabriele threw her arms about her mother's neck, and exclaimed, "Ah, don't let us go away from here—here we are so happy!"

This exclamation was echoed by all.

"Well, then, here we remain, in God's name!" said the Judge, rising up and extending his arms, with tears in his eyes, towards the beloved circle. "Here we remain, children! But this shall not prevent your seeing Stockholm, and enjoying its pleasures! I thank God, my children, that you are happy here; it makes me so too, I assure you!"

On this day, for the first time for long, Leonore dined with the family. Everybody rejoiced on that account; and as her countenance had a brighter and more kindly expression than common, everybody thought her pretty. Eva, who had directed and assisted her toilette, rejoiced over her from the bottom of her heart.

"Don't you see, Leonore," said she, pointing up to heaven, where light blue openings were visible between clouds, which for the greater part of the day had poured down rain, "don't you see it is clearing up, Leonore, and then we will go out together and gather flowers and fruit." And as she said this her blue eyes

beamed with kindness and the enjoyment of life.

"What, in all the world, are these doing here?" asked Henrik, as he saw his mother's shoes standing in the window, in the pale sunshine; "they ought to be warmed, I fancy, and the sun has no desire to come out and do his duty. No, in this case, I shall undertake to be sun!"

"That you are to me, my summer-child!" said the mother, smiling affectionately as she saw Henrik had placed her shoes under his waistcoat, to warm them on his breast.

"Cross elements, my dear Louise!" exclaimed Jacobi, "yet it will be very lovely weather! Should we not take a little walk? You come with us. You look most charming—but, in heaven's name, not in the Court-preacher!"

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

LEONORE TO EVA.

"AND are you coming home? Come really home soon, dear Eva! Ah! I am so happy, so joyful on that account, and yet a little anxious: but don't mind that; come, only come, and all will be right! When I can only look into your eyes, I feel that all will be clear. Your good eyes! Gabriele and I call them 'our blue ones.' How long it is that I have not seen you—two long years! I cannot conceive, dear Eva, how I have lived so long without seeing you; but then it is true that we have not been in reality separated. I have accompanied you into the great world; I have been with you to balls and concerts; I have enjoyed with you your pleasures and the homage which has been paid to you. Ah! what joy for me that I have learned to love you! Since then I have lived two-fold, and felt myself so rich in you! And now you are coming back, and then, shall we be as happy as before?"

"Forgive, forgive this note of interrogation! But sometimes a disquiet overcomes me. You speak so much of the great world, of joys, and enjoyments, which—it is not in home to afford you. And your grand new acquaintance—ah, Eva! let them be ever so agreeable and interesting, it cannot be that they love as we do, as I do! And then this Major R——! I am afraid of him, Eva. It appears to me the most natural thing in the world that he should love you, but—ah, Eva! it grieves me that you should feel such affection for him. My dear, good Eva, attach yourself not too closely to him before—but I distress you, and that I will not. Come, only come to us; we have so much to say to you, so much to hear from you!"

"I fancy you will find the house yet more agreeable than formerly; we have added many little decorations to it. You will again take breakfast with us—that comfortable meal, and my best beloved time; and tea with us—your favourite hour, in which we were assembled for a merry evening, and were often quite wild. This morning I took out your breakfast-cup, and kissed that part of the edge on which the gold was worn off.

"We will again read books together, and think about and talk about them together. We will again go out together and enjoy all the freshness and quiet of the woods. And would it not be a blessed thing to wander thus calmly through life, endeavouring to improve ourselves, and to make all those around us happier; to admire the works of God, and humbly to thank Him for all that he has given to us and others? Should we not then have lived and flourished enough on earth? Truly I know that a life quiet as this might not satisfy every one; neither can it accord with all seasons of life. Storms will come; even I have had my time of unrest, of suffering, and of combat. But, thank God! that is now past, and the sensibility which destroyed my peace is now become as a light to my path; it has extended my world; it has made me better: and now that I no longer covet to enjoy the greater and stronger pleasures of life, I learn now, each passing day, to prize yet higher the treasures which surround quiet every-day life. O, no one can be happy on earth till he has learned the worth of little things, and to attend to them! When once he has learned this, he may make each day not only happy, but find in it cause of thankfulness. But he must have peace—peace both within himself and without himself; for peace is the sun in which every dewdrop of life glitters!"

"Would that I could but call back peace into a heart which—but I must prepare you for a change, for a great void in the house. You will not find Petrea here. You know the state of things which so much distressed me for some time. It would not do to let it go on any longer either for Louise or Jacobi's sake, or yet for her own, and therefore Petrea must go, otherwise they all would have become unhappy. She herself saw it; and as we had tidings of Jacobi's speedy arrival here, she opened her heart to her parents. It was noble and right of her, and they were as good and prudent as ever; and now our father is gone with her to his friend Bishop B. May God preserve her, and give her peace! I shed many tears over her; but I hope all may turn out well. Her lively heart has a fresh-flowing fountain of health in it; and certainly her residence in the country, which she likes so much, new circumstances, new interests——"

"I was interrupted: Jacobi is come! It is a good thing that Petrea is now whiling away her time in the shades of Furndal; good for her poor heart, and good too for the betrothed pair, who otherwise could not have ventured to have been happy in their presence. But now they are entirely so.

"Now, after six years' long waiting, sighing, and hoping, Jacobi sees himself approaching the goal of his wishes—marriage and a parsonage! And the person who helps him to all this, to say nothing of his own individual deserts, is his beloved patron the excellent Excellence D. Through his influence two important landed-proprietors in the parish of Great T. have been induced to give their votes to Jacobi, who, though yet young, has been proposed; and thus he will receive one of the largest and most beautiful livings in the bishoprick, and Louise will become a greatly honoured pastor's wife—'provost's wife' she herself says prophetically.

"The only *but* in this happiness is, that it will

remove Jacobi and Louise so far from us. Their highest wish had been to obtain the rural appointment near this city; and thus we might, in that case, have maintained our family unbroken, even though Louise had left her home; but—'but,' says our good, sensible 'eldest,' with a sigh, 'all things cannot be perfect here on earth.'

"The day of nomination falls early in the spring; and Jacobi, who must enter upon his office immediately after his appointment, wishes to celebrate his marriage at Whitsuntide, in order that he may conduct his young wife into his shepherd's hut along flower bestrewn-paths, and by the song of the lark. Mrs. Gunilla jestingly beseeches of him not to become too nomadic: however, this is certain, that no living being has more interest about cows and calves, sheep and poultry, than Louise.

"The future married couple are getting their whole household in order beforehand; and Gabriele heartily amuses herself with such fragments of their entertaining conversation as reach her ear, while they sit on the sofa in the library talking of love and economy. But it is not talking *alone* that they do, for Jacobi's heart is full of warm human love; and as to him, so has our father imparted to all his children somewhat of his love for the general good, although Gabriele maintains that her portion thereof is as yet very small.

"It gives me great pleasure to see the betrothed go out to make purchases, and then to see them return so cordially well pleased with all they have bought. Louise discovers something so unsurpassably excellent in every thing with which she furnishes herself, whether it be an earthen or a silver vessel. When I look at these two, like a pair of birds carrying together straws to their nest, and twittering over them, I cannot help thinking that it must be a greater piece of good fortune to come to the possession of a humbly supplied habitation which one has furnished oneself, than to that of a great and rich one for which other people have cared. One is, in the first place, so well acquainted with, so on thee-and-thou terms, with one's things; and certainly nobody in this world can be more so than Louise with hers.

"We are all of us now working most actively for the wedding, but still our father does not look with altogether friendly eyes on an occasion which will withdraw a daughter from his beloved circle. He would so gladly keep us all with him. Apropos! we have a scheme for him which will make him happy in his old age. You remember the great piece of building-land overgrown with bushes, which the people had not understanding enough either to build upon or to give up to us, this we intend—but we will talk about it mouth to mouth. Petrea has infected us all, even "our eldest," with her desire for great undertakings; and then—truly it is a joy to be able to labour for the happiness of those who have laboured for us so affectionately and unweariedly.

"Now something about friends and acquaintance.

"All friends and acquaintance ask much after you. Mr. Munter wrangles because you do not come, all the time he breakfasts with us (generally on Wednesday and Saturday mornings), and

while he abuses our rusks, out notwithstanding devours a great quantity of them. For some time he has appeared to me to have become more amiable than formerly; his temper is milder, his heart always was mild. He is the friend and physician of all the poor. A short time ago he bought a little villa, a mile distant from the city; it is to be the comfort of his age, and is to be called 'The Old Man's Rose'—does not that sound comfortable?

"Annette P. is very unhappy with her coarse sister-in-law. She does not complain; but look, complexion, nay, even her whole being, indicate the deepest discontent with life; we must attract her to us, and endeavour to make her happier.

"Here comes Gabriele, and insists upon it that I should leave some room for her scrawl. A bold request! But then who says no to her? Not I, and therefore I must make a short ending.

"If a certain Baron Rutger L. be introduced to you when you return, do not imagine that he is deranged, although he sometimes seems as if he were so. He is the son of one of my father's friends; and as he is to be educated by my father for a civil post, he is boarded in our family. He is a kind of '*diamond brute*,' and requires polishing in more senses than one; in the mean time I fancy his wild temper is in a fair way of being tamed. One word from our mother makes impression upon him; and he is actually more regardful of the ungracious demeanour of our little lady, than of the moral preaching of our eldest. He is just nineteen. Old Brigitta is quite afraid of him, and will hardly trust herself to pass him lest he should leap over her. Oh, how happy she, like every body else, will be to see you back again! she fears lest you should get married, and stop 'in the hole,' as she calls Stockholm.

"Henrik will remain with us over Christmas, but you must come and help to enliven him; he is not so joyous as formerly. I fancy that the misunderstanding between him and Sternhök distresses him. Ah! why would not these two understand one another! For the rest, many things are now at stake for Henrik; God grant that all may go well, both on his account and my mother's!

"We shall not see Petrea again till after Louise's marriage. When shall we all be again all together at home? Sarah! ah! it is now above four years since we heard any thing of her, and all inquiry and search after her has been in vain. Perhaps she lives no longer! I have wept many tears over her; oh! if she should return! I feel that we should be happier together than formerly; there was much that was good and noble in her, but she was misled—I hear my mother's light steps, and that predicts that she has something good for me—

"Ah yes! she has! she has a letter from you my Eva! You cannot fix the day of your return, and that is very sad—but you come soon! You love Stockholm; so do I also; I could embrace Stockholm for that reason.

"I am now at the very edge of my paper. Gabriele has bespoken the other side. I leave you now, in order to write to *her* who left us with tears, but who, as I cordially hope, will return to us with smiles."

FROM GABRIELE.

In the Morning.

"I could not write last evening, and am now up before the sun in order to tell you that nothing can console me for Petrea's absence, excepting your return. We are all of us terribly longing after 'our rose.' I know very well who beside your own family longs for this same thing.

"I must tell you that a little friendship has been got up between Mr. Munter and me. All this came about in the fields, for he is never particularly polite within doors, whilst in a walk, the beautiful side of his character always comes out. Petrea and I have taken such long excursions with him, and then he was mild and lively; then he botanised with us, told of the natural families in the vegetable kingdom, and related the particular life and history of many plants. Do you know it is the most agreeable thing in the world to know something of all this; one feels oneself on such familiar terms with these vegetable families. Ah! how often when I feel thus am I made aware how indescribably rich and glorious life is and I fancy that every one must live happily on earth who has only eyes and sense awakened to all that is glorious therein, and then I can sing like a bird for pure life-enjoyment. In the mean time Mr. Munter and I cultivate flowers in the house quite enthusiastically, and intend at Christmas to make presents of both red-and-white lilacs; but, indeed, I have almost a mind to cry that the nose of my Petrea cannot smell them.

"But I must come to an end, for you must know that occasionally I have undertaken to have a watchful eye over the breakfast-table, and therefore I go now to look after it. Bergstrom has fortunately done all this, so that I have nothing now to do; next I must go and look after my moss-rose, and see whether a new bud has yet made its appearance: then I shall go and see after mamma; one glance must I give through the window to the leaves in the garden, which nod a farewell to me before they fall from the twigs; and to the sun also which now rises bright and beaming, must I send a glance—a beam from the sun of my eyes and out of the depth of my thankful heart; and therefore that I may be able, for the best well being of the community to attend to all these important matters, I must say to you, farewell! to you who are so dear to me."

CHAPTER XXVII.

PETREA TO LEONORE.

From the Inn in D—.

"It is evening, and my father is gone out in order to make arrangements for our to-morrow's voyage. I am alone: the mist rises thick without, before the dirty inn-windows; my eyes also are misty; my heart is heavy and full, I must converse with you.

"O Leonore! the bitter step has thus been taken—I am separated from my own family, from my own home; and not soon shall I see again their mild glances, or hear your consoling voice! and all this—because I have not deserved—because I have destroyed the peace of my

home! Yes, Leonore! in vain will you endeavour to excuse me, and reconcile me with myself! I know that I am criminal—that I have desired, that I have wished, at least, for a moment—oh, I would now press the hem of Louise's garment to my lips, and exclaim, 'Forgive, forgive! I have passed judgment on myself—I have banished myself; I fly—fly in order no more to disturb your happiness or his!'

"I was a cloud in their heaven; what should the cloud do there! May the wind disperse it! O Leonore, it is an indescribably bitter feeling for a heart which burns with gratitude to be able to do nothing more for the object of its love than to keep itself at a distance, to make itself into nothing! But rather that—rather a million times hide myself in the bosom of the earth, than give sorrow either to him or to her! Truly, if thereby I could win anything for them; if I could moulder to dust like a grain of corn, and then shoot forth for them into plentiful blessing—that would be sweet and precious, Leonore! People extol all those who are able to die for love, for honour, for religion, for high and noble ends, and wherefore? Because it is, indeed, a mercy from God to be able so to die—it is life in death!

"I know a life which is death—which, endured through long clinging years, would be a burden to itself, and a joy to no one. O how bitter! Wherefore must the craving after happiness, after enjoyment, burn like an eternal thirst in the human soul, if the assuaging fountain, Tantalus like—?

"Leonore, my eyes burn, my head aches, and my heart is wildly tempested! I am not good—I am not submissive—my soul is a chaos—a little earth on forehead and breast, that might be good for me.

On board the Steam-boat.

"Thanks, Leonore, thanks for your pillow; it has really been an ear-comfort for me.* Yesterday I thought that I was in the direct way to become ill. I shivered; I burned; my head ached fearfully: I felt as if torn to pieces. But when I laid my head upon your little pillow, when my ear rested upon the delicate cover which you had ornamented with such exquisite needlework, then it seemed to me as if your spirit whispered to me out of it; a repose came over me; all that was bad vanished so quickly, so wonderfully! I slept calmly; I was quite astonished when they woke me in the morning to feel that, bodily, I was quite well, and mentally like one cured. All this has been done by your pillow, Leonore.

"It is related in the Acts of the Apostles that they brought the sick and laid them in the way on which the holy men went, that at least their shadows might fall upon them, and make them sound. I have faith in the power of such a remedy; yes, the good, the holy, impart somewhat of their life, of their strength, to all that belong to them: I have found that to-night.

"We went on board. The 'Sea-Witch' thundered and flew over the sea. I knew that she conveyed me away from you all, and leaning over the bulwarks I wept. I felt then a pair of arms tenderly and gently surrounding me—they were my father's! He wrapped a warm

* Poor Petrea makes a little pun here. In Swedish, öm-

cloak around me, and leaning on his breast, I raised my head. The morning was clear ; white flame-like clouds chased by the morning wind flew across the deep blue ; the waves beat foaming against the vessel ; green meadows, autumnally beautiful parks extended themselves on either side of us ; space opened itself. I stood with my face turned towards the wind and space—let the sea-spray wet my lips and my eyelids, a soft shudder passed through me, and I felt that life was beautiful. Yes, in the morning hour, filled with its beaming-light, in this pure fresh wind, I felt the evil demons of my soul retreat, and disperse themselves like mist and vapour. I drank in the morning winds ; I opened my heart to life ; I might also have opened my arms to them, and at the same time to all my beloved ones, that thus I might have expressed to them the quiet prediction of my heart, that love to them will heal me, will afford me strength some time or other to give them joy.

"The second day on board."

"I should like to know whether a deep heart-grief would resist the influence of a long voyage. There is something wonderfully strengthening, something renovating in this life—this voyaging, this fresh wind. It chases the dust from the eyes of the soul ; one sees oneself and others more accurately, and gets removed from one's old self. One journeys in order to stand upon a new shore, and amid new connections. One begins, as it were, anew.

"We had a storm yesterday, and with the exception of my father, I was the only passenger who remained well, and on this account I could help the sufferers. It is true it was not without its discomforts ; it is true that I reeled about sometimes with a glass of water, and sometimes with a glass of drops in the hand ; but I saw many a laughable scene—many an odd trait of human nature. I laughed, made my own remarks, forgot myself, and became friendly with all mankind. Certainly it would be a very good thing for me to be maidservant on board a steamboat.

"Towards evening, the storm, as well within as without the vessel, abated itself. I sat solitary on deck till midnight. The waves still foamed around the agreeably rocking vessel ; the wind whistled in the rigging ; and the full moon, heralded by one bright little star, rose from the sea, and diffused her mild wondrous light over its dark expanse. It was infinitely glorious ! Nameless thoughts and feelings arose in me, full of love and melancholy, and yet at the same time elevating and strengthening ; a certain longing after that for which I knew no name. I desired I knew not what.

"But I fear and know that which I do not desire. I fear the quiet measured life into which I am about again to enter—conventionalities, forms, social life, all this cramps my soul together, and makes it inclined to excesses. Instead of sitting in select society, and drinking tea in 'high life,' would I rather roam about the world in Viking expeditions ; rather eat locusts with John the Baptist in the wilderness, and go hither and thither in a garment of camel's hair ;

and after all such apparel as this must be very convenient in comparison with our patchwork toilette. Manifold are the changing scenes of life, and how shall I find my way, and where shall I find my place in the magic circle of the world. Forgive me, Leonore, that I talk so much about myself. Thou good one, thou hast spoiled me in this respect.

"We reach Furdal to-day at noon.

Furdal.

"Here are we on land ; I would that I were at sea ! I come even now from the company-room, and in the company-room I always suffer shipwreck. An evil genius always makes me say or do something there unbecoming. This evening I entangled the reel of the Bishop's lady, and told a stupid anecdote about a relation of hers. I wished to be witty, and I succeeded badly, as I always do.

"They are very neat people here. The Bishop is a small, pale man, with something angelic in voice and expression, but—he will not have much time to bestow on me ; he lives in his books and his official duties, and moreover, he is almost always in the city ; and his lady, who remains here perpetually, has very delicate health ; but I will wait upon her, and read aloud to her, and that will give me pleasure. I only hope she may endure me.

"Both husband and wife were amiable towards my father's daughter, but I very well believe that they did not find me very loveable. Intolerably hot, too, was their detestable company-room, and I was tanned with the wind, and as red as a peony. Such things as these are enough to make one a little desperate ; and then it is depressing, everlastingly to displease exactly where one wishes most to please !

"I have unpacked the trunk which you all so carefully packed for me ; and now new and newly repaired articles of clothing flew into my arms one after another. O sisters ! it was you who have thus brought my toilette in order for the whole winter ! How good you are ! I recognised Louise's hand again. Oh, I must weep, my beloved ones !—my home !

Some days later.

"The pine-trees rustle cool and still. I have been out ;—mountains, woods, solitude with nature—glorious !

"O Leonore, I will begin a new life ; I will die to my ancient self, to vanity, to error, to self-love. Every flattering token of remembrance—notes, keepsakes—be they from man or woman, I have destroyed. I send you herewith a little sum of money, which I received for ornamental matters and some of my own manufactures, which I sold. Buy something with it which will give pleasure to Louise and Jacobi ; but do not let them surmise, I earnestly beseech you, that it comes from Petrea. If I could only sell myself for a respectable price, and make them rich, then—

"I shall have a deal of time for myself here, and I know how I shall employ it. I will go out a great deal. I will wander through wood and field, in storm, snow, and every kind of weather, till I am, at least, bodily weary. Perhaps then it may be calmer in the soul ! I desire no longer to be happy. What does it mat-

gott means a pillow, and drongott what is good for the ear ; but we cannot transfer this into English.

ter if one is not happy, if one is only pure and good! Were the probation-day of life only not so long! Leonore, my good angel, pray for me!

"May all be happy!

"Greet all tenderly from your

"PETREA."

"P.S.—My nose makes its compliments to Gabriele, and goes in the accompanying picture to pay her a visit. She must not imagine that I am cast down. I send also a little ballad or romance; the wood sung it to me last evening, and every harmonious sound which life in my soul sings, must go home. O how I love you all!"

CHAPTER III.

A CONVERSATION.

JACOB had left. October was come, with its storms and its long twilight, which is so dark and heavy for all such as have it not cheered by kindly glances and bright thoughts.

One evening as Henrik came down to tea, he was observed to look uncommonly pale, and in answer to the inquiry of his sisters as to the cause, he replied that he had headache, and added half in jest, half in earnest, that it would be very beautiful to be once freed from this heavy body—it was so sadly in one's way!

"How you talk!" said Louise, "at all events it is right to treat it well, and rationally; not to go sitting up all night, and studying, so that one has headache all day!"

"Thank your majesty, most submissively, for the moral," said Henrik; "but if my body will not serve my soul, but will subject it, I have a very great desire to contend with it and to quarrel with it."

"The butterfly becomes matured in the chrysalis," said Gabriele smiling sweetly, while she strewed rose-leaves upon some chrysalises which were to sleep through the winter on her flower-stand.

"Ah, yes," replied Henrik; "but how heavily does not the shell press down upon the wings of the butterfly. The earthly chrysalis weighs upon me! What would not the soul accomplish? How could it not live and enjoy, were it not for this? In certain bright moments, what do we not feel and think? what brilliancy in conception! what god-like warmth of feeling in the heart! One could press the whole world to one's bosom at such a time, seeing with a glance through all, and penetrating all as with fire! O, there is, then, an abundance, a clearness! Yes, if our Lord himself came to me at such a moment, I should reach forth my hand to him and say, 'Good day, brother!'"

"Dear Henrik," said Louise, somewhat angrily, "now I think you do not rightly know what you say."

"Yes," continued he, without appearing to regard the interruption, "so can one feel, but only for a moment; in the next, the chrysalis closes heavily again its earthly dust-mantle around our being, and we are stupefied and sleep, and sink deep below that which we so lately were. Then one sees in books nothing but printed words, and in one's soul one finds neither feeling nor thought, and towards man, for whom, so shortly before, the very heart seemed

to burn, one feels one's self stiff and disinclined. Ah, it were enough to make one fall into despair!"

"It would be far better," said Louise, "that such people went to sleep, and then they would get rid of headache and heaviness."

"But," said Henrik, smiling, "that is a sorrowful remedy according to my notions. It is horrible to require so much sleep. How can any one who is a seven-sleeper become great? 'Les hommes puissans veillent et veulent,' says Balzac with reason, and because my miserable heavy nature requires so much sleep, so certainly shall I never turn out great in any way. Besides, this entrancement, this glorification produces such wakeful moments in the soul, that one feels poor and stripped when they are extinguished. Ah! I can very well comprehend how so many make use of external excitement to recall or to prolong them, and that they endeavour through the fire of wine to wake again the fire of the soul."

"Then," said Louise, "you comprehend something which is very bad and irrational. They are precisely such excitements as these that we have to thank for their being so many miserable men, and so many drunkards in Sweden that one can scarcely venture to go out in the streets for them!"

"I do not defend it, dear Louise," said Henrik, gently smiling at the zeal of his sister, "but I can understand it, and in certain cases I can excuse it. Life is often felt to be so heavy, and the moments of inspiration give a fullness to existence; they are like lightning flashes out of the eternal life!"

"And so they certainly are," said Leonore, who had listened attentively to her brother, and whose mild eyes had become moist by his words; "and life will certainly," continued she, "feel thus clear, thus full, when we shall have become ever entirely freed from the chrysalis; not from the bonds of the body only, but of the soul also; and perhaps these moments are given to us here on earth to allure us up to the Father's house, and to let us feel its air."

"A beautiful thought, Leonore," said her brother. "Thus these gleams of light are truly revelations of our inward-actual, here-yet-en-slaved life. Good God! how glorious that—but ah! the long, long moments of darkness, what are they?"

"Trials of patience, times of preparation," replied Leonore, tenderly smiling. "Besides, the bright moments come again and gladden us with their light, and that so much the more frequently, the farther one advances in perfection. But one must, at the same time, learn to have patience with one's self, Henrik, and here in this life to wait for one's self."

"You have spoken a true word, sister, and I must kiss your hand for it," said Henrik. "Ah, yes, if—"

"Be now a little less sensible and æsthetic," exclaimed 'our eldest,' "and come here and drink a cup of tea. See here, Henrik, a cup of strong warm tea will do your head good; but this evening and to-morrow morning you must take a table-spoonful of my elixir."

"From that defend us all, ye good—*Vi ringrazia carissima sorella!*" said Henrik. "But, but charming Gabriele! a drop of port wine in

the tea would make it more powerful, without turning me into one of those miserable beings of whom Louise is so afraid. Thanks, sister dear. *Fermez les yeux, O Mahomet!*" and with an obeisance before Louise, Henrik conveyed the cup to his lips.

Later in the evening Henrik stood in one of the windows looking out into the moonlight. Leonore went up to him and looked into his face with that mild, humbly questioning glance to which the heart so willingly opened itself, and which was peculiar to her.

"You are so pale, Henrik," said she, disquieted.

"It is extraordinary," said he, half laughing at himself, do you see, Leonore, how the tops of the fir-trees there in the church-yard lift themselves and beckon! I cannot conceive why, but this nodding and beckoning distresses me wonderfully; I feel it in my very heart."

"That comes naturally enough, Henrik," returned she, "because you are not well. Shall we not go out a little! it is such a lovely moon-shine. The fresh air will perhaps do you good."

"Will you go with me, Leonore?" said he. "Yes, that is a good idea."

Gabriele found herself rather poorly, and called her brother and sister Somojedes, Laplanders, Esquimaux, and such like, who would go wandering about in the middle of a winter's night. Nevertheless, these two went forth jesting and merrily arm in arm.

"Is it not too windy for you?" asked Henrik, while he endeavoured carefully to shield his sister from the wind.

"The wind is not cold," replied Leonore, "and it is particularly charming to me to walk by your side, while it roars around us, and while the snow-flakes dance about in the moon-shine like little Kobolds."

"Nay, you feel then like me!" said Henrik, "With you, sisters, I am ever calm and happy; but I don't know how it is, but now for sometime other people often plague and irritate me—"

"Ah, Henrik," remarked Leonore, "is not that somehow your own fault?"

"Are you thinking of Sternhok, Leonore?" asked he.

"Yes."

"So am I," continued he, "and perhaps you are right; yes, I will willingly concede that I have often been unjust towards him, and unreasonably violent, but he has excited me to it. Why has he made me so often oppressively feel his superiority—so often taken away from me my own joy in my own endeavours, and almost always treated me with coldness and depreciation."

Leonore made no answer; the moonlight lit a quiet tear in her eye, and Henrik continued with increasing violence—

"I could have loved him so much! He had, through the originality of his character, his strength, and his whole individuality, a great influence, a great power over me; but he has misused it; he has treated me severely, precisely in the instances in which I approached him nearest. He has flung from him the devotion which I cherished for him. I will tell you the whole truth, Leonore, and how this has happened between us. You know that in the University, about three years ago, a sort of literary

society of young men gathered themselves about me. Perhaps they esteemed my literary talents too highly, and might mislead me,—I could almost believe so myself, but I was the favourite in the day in the circle in which my life moved; perhaps on that account I became presumptuous; perhaps a tone of pretension betrayed itself in me, and a false, one-sided direction was visible in the poems which I then published; nevertheless, these poems made some little noise in the world. Shortly, however, after their appearance, a criticism on them came out, which made a yet greater noise, on account of its power, its severity, and also its satirical wit. Its acrimony spared neither my worth nor my character as a poet, and it produced almost universally a re-action against me. It appeared to me severe and one-sided; and even now, at this moment, it appears to me not otherwise, although I can now see its justice much better than at the time.

"The anonymous author of the critique upon me was Sternhok, and he did not in the slightest deny it. He considered it as being much less directed against me personally, than against the increasing influence of the party of which I was a sort of chief. Even before this I had begun to withdraw myself from his power, which I always felt to be oppressive; and this new blow did not, by any means, tend to reunite us. His severe criticism had made me observant of my faults; but yet I do not know whether it would have produced any other effect than pain, had I not at this time returned home to you; and at home, through the beneficial influence of my own family, a new strength and a purer direction had been aroused in me. That was the time in which my father, with indescribable goodness, and in complot with you all, sold the half of his library to furnish me with the means of foreign travel. Yes, you have called forth a new being in me; and all my poems, and all my writings, are now designed to prove to you that I am not unworthy of you. Ah, yes! I love you warmly and deeply—but it is all over with Sternhok; the love which I cherished for him has changed itself into bitterness."

"Ah, Henrik, Henrik, do not let it be so!" said Leonore. "Sternhok is indeed a noble, a good man, even if, at the same time, too severe. But really he loves you as well as we, but you two will not understand one another; and Henrik, the last time you were really unjust to him—you seemed as if you could hardly bear him."

"I hardly can, Leonore," said he. "It is a feeling stronger than myself. I don't know what evil spirit it is which now, for some time, has set itself firmly in my heart; but there it is steadfastly rooted; and if I am aware only of Sternhok's presence, it is as if a sharp sword passed through me—before him my heart contracts itself; and if he only touch me, I feel as if burning lead went through my veins."

"Henrik! dearest Henrik!" exclaimed Leonore with pain, "it is really terrible! Ah! make only the attempt with yourself; conquer your feelings, and extend the hand of reconciliation to him."

"It is too late for that, Leonore," said Henrik. "Yes, if it were necessary for him, it would be easy; but what does he trouble himself about me? He never loved me, and never

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EVA.

esteemed either my efforts or my ability. And perhaps it may be with some justice that he does not think so very highly of my talents. What have I done? And sometimes it seems to me, even in the future, that I never shall do any thing great; that my powers are limited, and that my spring-time is past. Sternhok's, on the contrary, is yet to come; he belongs to that class which mounts slowly, but on that account all the more steadily. I see now, much better than I did formerly, how far he stands beyond me, and how much higher he will rise—and this knowledge is martyrdom to me."

"But wherefore," pleaded Leonore, "these dark thoughts and feelings, dear Henrik, when your future appears fuller of hope than ever before? Your beautiful poetry; your prize essay, which is certain to bring you honour; the prospect of an advantageous post, a sphere of action which will be dear to you—all this, which in a few months will so animate your heart—why has it at this time so lost its power over you?"

"I cannot tell," replied he; "but for some time now I have been, and am much changed; I have no faith in my good fortune; it seems to me as if all my beautiful hopes will vanish like a dream."

"And even if it were so," said Leonore questioningly, with humility and tenderness, "could you not find happiness and peace at home; in the occupation of your beloved studies; in the life with us, who love you solely, and for your own sake?"

Henrik pressed his sister's arm to his side, but answered nothing; and a violent passing gust of wind compelled him to stand still for a moment.

"Horrible weather!" said he, wrapping his cloak round his sister at the same time.

"But this is your favourite weather," remarked she jestingly.

"Was, you should say," returned he; "now I do not like it, perhaps because it produces a feeling in me which distresses me." With these words he took his sister's hand and laid it on his heart. His heart beat wildly and strongly; its beating was almost audible.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Leonore alarmed, "Henrik, what is this?—is it often thus?"

"Only occasionally;—I have had it now for some time," replied he; "but don't be uneasy on this account; and, above all things, say nothing to my mother or Gabriele about it. I have spoken with Munter on the subject; he has prescribed for me, and does not think it of much consequence. To-day I have had it without intermission, and perhaps I am from that cause somewhat hypochondriacal. Forgive me, dear Leonore, that I have teased you about it. I am much better and livelier now; this little walk has done me good,—if you only don't get cold, Leonore, or you would certainly be punished, or at all events be threatened with Louise's elixir. But does there not drive a travelling carriage towards our door, exactly as if it would stop there? Can it be Eva? The carriage stops—it is certainly Eva!"

"Eva! Eva!" exclaimed Leonore, with cordial delight; and both brother and sister ran so quickly to the gate that she was received into their arms as she dismounted from the carriage.

Among the agreeable circumstances which occur in a happy home, may certainly be reckoned the return to its bosom of one of its beloved members. So returns the bee to the safe hive with her harvest of honey, after her flight abroad over the meadows of the earth. How much is there not mutually to relate, to hear, to see, and to enjoy! Every cloud in the heaven of home vanishes then, all is sunshine and joy; and it must be bad indeed, if they do not find one another lovelier and improved, since every thing goes on right here, every advancing foot-step in life must tend in a certain manner to improvement.

Bright, indeed, did Eva's return make the hours of sunshine in the Frank family! The mutual love which demonstrated itself in embraces, smiles, tears, laughter, sweet words of greeting, and a thousand tokens of joy and tenderness, made the first hours vanish in a lively intoxication, and then, when all had become quieter and they looked nearer about them, all looks and thoughts gathered themselves still about Eva with rapture; her beauty seemed now in its full bloom, and a captivating life seemed to prevail in her looks, in her behaviour, in her every motion, which hitherto had not been seen. Her dress of the most modern fashion, a certain developement and style about her, a bewitching ease of manner, all evinced the elegant circles of the capital, and exerted their magic over her friends and charmed them all, but especially Gabriele, who followed her beautiful sister with beaming looks.

Bergström gave way to his feelings in the kitchen and exclaimed, "Mamselle Eva is quite divine!" Never had the blond Ulla so entirely agreed with him before.

Leonore was the only one who regarded Eva with a tender, yet at the same time troubled eye. She saw a something worldly in Eva's exterior demeanour, which was a presage to her that a great and not happy change had taken place in her beloved sister. Nor was it long before Leonore's foreboding proved itself to be right. Eva had not been many hours in the house before it was plainly visible that domestic affairs had but little interest for her, and that parents and family and friends were not to her all that they had been before.

Eva's soul was entirely occupied by one object, which laid claim to all her thoughts and feelings, and this was Major R—. His handsome person, his brilliant talents; his amiability, his love; the parties in which she had met him, the balls in which she had danced with him; the occasions on which they had played parts together—in short, all the romantic unfoldings of their connexion, were the pictures which now alone lived in her heart, and danced around her fancy, now heated by worldly happiness.

The grave expression of her father's countenance, as he heard her first mention the Major, prevented her during this first evening from repeating his name.

But when afterwards she was alone with her sisters, when the sweet hour of talk came, which between dear friends, on such occasions, gener-

ally extends itself from night till morning, Eva gave free course to all with which her soul was filled, and related to her sisters at large her romance of the last year, in which several rival lovers figured, but of which Major R—— was the hero. Nor was it without self-satisfaction that Eva represented herself as the worshipped and conquering heroine amid a crowd of rival ladies. Her soul was so occupied by all these circumstances; her mind was so excited, that she did not observe the embarrassment of her sisters during her relation; she saw neither their disquiet, their constrained smiles, nor their occasionally depressed looks.

Nor was it till when, with eyes beaming with joy, she confided to them that Major R—— would soon come to the city, where he had relatives; that he would spend the Christmas with them, and then ask her hand from her parents, that the veil fell from her eyes. Louise expressed herself strongly against Major R——, wondered at her sister, and lamented that she could endure such a man; it was not, she said, what she had expected from her. Eva, very much wounded, defended the Major with warmth, and talked of intolerance and prejudice. In consequence of this, Louise's indignation was increased; Gabriele began to weep, and Louise bore her company; she seemed to look upon Eva as on one lost. Leonore was calmer; she spoke not one word which could wound her sister, but sighed deeply, and looked with quiet grief upon the beloved but misguided sister; and then seeing what a tragical turn the conversation was taking, said, with all that expression of calm sincerity so peculiarly her own:

"Do not let us this evening speak farther on this subject; do not let us disturb our joy. We have now Eva with us at home, and shall have time enough to talk and to think—and then all will be cleared up. Is it not quite for the best that we sleep on this affair? Eva must be weary after her journey, and 'our blue-eyed one' must not weep on this first evening."

Leonore's advice was taken, and with a mutual 'forgive,' Louise, Eva, and Gabriele embrace and separate for the night. Leonore was happy to be alone with Eva, and listened undisturbedly through the whole night to her relations. The good Leonore!

Major Victor R. was universally known as one of those who make sport with female hearts, and Judge Frank regarded sport of this kind with a severity very uncommon among his sex, especially where, as was the case in this instance, selfishness, and not thoughtlessness, led to it. The Major, ten years before this time, had married a young and rich girl connected with the Judge's family; and the only fault of the young wife, then sixteen, had been that of loving her husband too tenderly—nay, even in adoring one who repaid her love with relentless severity and faithlessness, under which the poor Amelia drooped, and, in the second year of her marriage, died; but not without having bequeathed to the unworthy husband all the property over which she had any control.

These were the very means by which R. now was enabled to pursue his brilliant and reckless career. He had been several times betrothed, but had broken off the affair again without the smallest regard to the reputation or to the feel-

ings of the girl, upon whom, by this means, he had cast a stain—nay, indeed, he secretly regarded it as an honour to himself to make such victims, and to cause hearts to bleed for him—that cooled the burning thirst of his self-love.

The world did justice to his agreeable and splendid talents; but the noble of his own sex, as well as of the other, esteemed him but very lightly, inasmuch as they considered him a person without true worth. The thoughts of a union between this man and his beloved daughter occasioned a storm in the bosom of the Judge.

Such was the information regarding the man whom she loved that met Eva on her return home. Everybody was unanimously against him. What Eva spoke in his excuse produced no effect; what she said of his true and deep devotion to her, evidently nobody credited; and over her own love, which had made the world so beautiful, which had produced the most delicious feelings in her breast, and had opened to her a heaven of happiness, people mourned and wept, and regarded as a misfortune. Wounded to the inmost of her soul, Eva drew herself back, as it were, from her own family, and accused them to herself of selfishness and unreasonableness. Louise, perhaps, deserved somewhat of this reproach; but Leonore was pure, pure as the angel of heaven; still Leonore mourned over Eva's love, and on that account Eva closed her heart against her also.

The variance, which in consequence of all this existed between Eva and her family, became only yet greater when Major R. arrived, shortly after her, at the city. He was a tall handsome man, of perhaps five-and-thirty; of a haughty, but somewhat trifling exterior; his countenance was gay and blooming, and his look clear and bold. Great practice in the world, and an inimitable ease and confidence, gave to his demeanour and conversation that irresistible power which these qualities exercise so greatly in society.

On his visit to the Franks, the Judge and he exchanged some glances, in which both read that neither could endure the other. The Major, however, let nothing of all this be seen, was perfectly candid and gay; and while he directed his conversation especially to Elise, spoke scarcely one word to Eva, though he looked much at her. After the first stiff salutation, the Judge went again into his study, for the very appearance of this man was painful to him. Leonore was polite, nay, almost friendly to him, for she would willingly have loved one whom Eva loved. Assessor Munter was present during this visit; but when he had seen, for a few minutes, the glances which the Major cast upon Eva, and their magic influence over her, and had observed and had read her whole heart in a timid glance which she raised to her beloved, he withdrew silently and hastily.

The Major came but seldom to the house, for the eye of the Judge appeared to have the power of keeping him at a distance; on the contrary, he managed it so that he saw her almost daily out of the house. He met her when she went out, and accompanied her home from church. Invitations came; sledging-parties and balls were arranged; and Eva, who formerly was so well pleased with home, who had often given up

the pleasures of the world for the domestic evening circle, Eva appeared to find nothing now pleasing at home, appeared only to be able to live in those circles and those pleasures in which Major R. shone, and where she could see herself distinguished by him. Precisely therefore on account of these rencontres of the two, the family went as little as possible into society. Still, notwithstanding all this, Eva's wishes upon the whole were favoured. Leonore accompanied her faithfully wherever she wished. The Judge was gloomy and disturbed in temper; the mother was mild and accommodating; and as to Eva, she was in a high degree sensitive; whilst whatever concerned her love, or seemed to oppose her wishes in the slightest degree, brought her to tears and hysterical sobs, and her friends became ever more and more aware how violent and exclusive her love was to Major R. The mere glimpse of him, the sound of his steps, the tone of his voice, shook her whole frame. All earlier affectionate relationships had lost their power over her heart.

It not unfrequently happens that people, whether it arises from physical or moral causes, become wonderfully unlike themselves. Irritability, violence, indiscretion, and unkindness, suddenly reveal themselves in a hitherto gentle and amiable character, and as if by a magic-stroke, a beautiful form has been transformed into a witch. It requires a great deal, under such circumstances, to keep friends warm and unchanged. A great demand of goodness, a great demand of clearness of vision, is made from any one when, under these circumstances, he is required to remain true in the same love, to persevere in the same faith, to wait patiently for the time when the magic shall lose its power, when the changed one shall come back again; and yet he, all the time, be able only to present himself by quiet prayers, mild looks, and affectionate care! I say *great purity of vision*, because the true friend never loses sight of the heavenly image of his friend; but sees it through every veil of casualty, even when it is concealed from all, may even from the faulty one's self! He has faith in it; he loves it; he lives for it, and says, "Wait! have patience! it will go over, and then he (or she) comes back again!" And whoever has such a friend, comes back indeed!

So stood the quiet, affectionate Leonore, on the side of her altered sister.

All this time Henrik was beneficial to his whole family, and appeared to have regained all his former amiable animation, in order therewith to scare every disturbing sensation from the bosom of home. He accompanied his family, more than he had ever done before, into society, and had always a watchful eye on his sister and the Major.

Before long the Major declared himself, and asked for Eva's hand. Her parents had prepared themselves for this event, and had decided on their line of conduct. They intended not to make their child unhappy by a decided negative to the wishes of her heart; but they had determined to demand a year of trial both from her and her lover, during which time they should have no intercourse with each other, should exchange no letters, and should consider themselves as free from every mutual obligation; and that then again after this interval of time, if they

two, the Major and Eva, still wished it, the question of their union might again be brought forward. This middle path had been proposed by Elise, who, through a progressively inward, and more perfect fulfilment of duties, had acquired an ever-increasing power over her husband, and thus induced him to accede to it, at the same time that she endeavoured to infuse into him the hope which she herself cherished, namely, either that Eya, during the time of probation, would discover the unworthiness of the Major, and won over by the wishes and the tenderness of her family, would conquer her love, or on the other hand, that the Major, ennobled by love and constant to her, would become worthy of her. It was one of the favourite axioms of the Judge, that every man had the power of improving himself, and he willingly conceded that for this end there existed no more powerful means than a virtuous love.

The Judge now talked energetically yet tenderly with his daughter; explaining clearly to her the terms of this connexion, without concealing from her how bitter to him had been, and still was, the thought of this union, and appealed to her own sense and reason whether too much had been required in this prescribed time of trial.

Eva shed many tears; but deeply affected by the goodness of her parents, consented to their wishes, and promised, though not without pain, to fulfil them. The Judge wrote to the Major, who had made his declaration by letter, a candid and noble, but by no means sugared, answer; wherein he required from him, as a man of honour, that he should by no means whatever induce Eva to swerve from the promises which she had made to her parents, and by this means disturb her hitherto so happy connexion with her own family. This letter, which the father allowed his daughter to read, and which occasioned her fresh tears, whilst she in vain endeavoured to persuade him to remove expressions which she considered too severe, but which he, on the contrary, considered too mild, was dispatched the same day, and all was again quieter.

Probably Eva would strictly have adhered to the wishes of her parents, which they endeavoured to make pleasant to her by much kindness, had not a letter from the Major been conveyed to her on the next evening, which quite excited and unhinged her again. He complained violently therein of her father's unreasonableness, injustice, and tyranny; and spoke, in the most passionate terms, of his love, of his unbounded sufferings, and of his despair. The consequence of this letter was, that Eva was ill—but more so, however, in mind than body—and that she demanded to have an interview with Assessor Munter.

The friend and physician of the house came immediately to her.

"Do you love me?" was Eva's first question when they were alone.

"Do I love you, Eva?" answered he, and looking at her with an expression of eye which must have moved any heart to tenderness that had been otherwise occupied than hers was.

"If you love me, if you desire that I should not be really ill," continued Eva, speaking with quickness and great warmth, "you must convey this letter to Major R., and bring his answer back

into my hands. My father is set against him, everybody is set against him; nobody knows him as well as I do! I am in a state of mind which will drive me to despair, if you have not compassion on me! But you must be my friend in secret.—You will not? If you love me you must take this letter and—

"Desire all things from me, Eva," interrupted he, "but not this! and precisely because you are so dear to me. This man in fact is not worthy of you; he does not deserve—"

"Not a word about him!" interrupted Eva, with warmth: "I know him better than you all—I alone know him; but you all are his enemies, and enemies to my happiness. Once again I pray you—pray you with tears! Is it then so much that I desire from you? My benefactor, my friend, will you not grant this prayer of your Eva?"

"Let me speak with your father," said he.

"On this subject! No, no! impossible!" exclaimed she.

"Then, Eva, I must refuse your prayer. It gives me more pain than I can express to refuse you anything in this world; but I will not stain my hand in this affair. I will not be a means of your unhappiness. Farewell!"

"Stop," cried Eva, "and hear me! What is it that you fear for me?"

"Everything from a man of R.'s character."

"You mistake him, and you mistake me," returned she.

"I know him, and I know you," said he, "and on that account I would rather go into fire than convey letters between him and you. This is my last word."

"You will not!" exclaimed she; "then you love me not, and I have not a friend in this world!"

"Eva, Eva, do not say so! you sin against yourself. You know not—ask everything from me—ask my life—ah, through you, life has already lost its worth for me!—ask—"

"Empty words!" interrupted Eva, and turned impatiently away. "I desire nothing more from you, Mr. Munter! Pardon me that I have given you so much trouble!"

Munter looked at her for some moments in silence, laid his hand hastily on his heart as if he had a pain there, and went out more bowed than commonly.

Not long after this, an unexpected ray of light gladdened the painful condition of affairs between Eva and her family. She was calmer. The Major removed from the city into the country, to pass the Christmas with a relation of his there; and on the same day Eva came down into the library at the customary hour of tea, after she had passed several days in her own room. Every one received her with joy. Her father went towards her with open arms, called her sweet names, placed her on the sofa by her mother, and took her tea to her himself: a lover could not have been more tender or more attentive to her. One might see that Eva was not indifferent to these marks of affection, and that yet she did not receive them altogether with joy. A burning red alternated with paleness on her cheek, and at times it seemed that a tear, a repentant tear filled her eyes.

From this time, however, the old state of feeling, and the old quiet, returned in part to the

bosom of the family. Nobody named the Major; and as, when spring-time comes, the grass grows and the leaves burst forth, although the heaven is yet dark, and many a northern blast yet lingers in the air—so did affectionate feelings and joyful hours spring up again in the family of the Franks, from the spontaneous vernal spirit which reigned there.

You might have seen the mother there, like the heart of the family, taking part in all that went forward, making every one so cheerful and comfortable, as she moved about here and there, so rich in grace and joy and consolation! Wherever she came, there came with her a something pleasant or animating, either in word or deed; and yet all this time she was very far from being herself calm. Care for her daughter was accompanied by anxiety on account of Henrik's prospects and happiness. She understood, better than any one else, his feelings, his wishes, and his thoughts; and on this account glances of friendly understanding were often exchanged between them, and from this cause also was it that on those days when the post came in from Stockholm, she became paler and paler the nearer post-time came—for it perhaps might bring with it important news for Henrik.

"My dear Elise," said the Judge, jesting affectionately, "to what purpose is all this unequilibrium, this incomprehensible anxiety? I grant that it would be a happiness to us all, and a prize of good luck, if Henrik could obtain the solicited situation—but if he did not get it—what then? he can get another in a little while. And his poem—suppose it should now and never more be regarded as a masterpiece, and should not obtain the prize—now, in heaven's name! what does it matter? He would perhaps, from the very circumstance of his having less fortune as a poet, be only the more practical man, and I confess that would not mortify me. And I shall wish the poem to the place where pepper grows if you are to become pale and nervous on its account! Promise me now next post-day to be reasonable, and not to look like the waning moon, else I promise you that I shall be downright angry, and will keep the whole post-bag to myself!"

To his children the father spoke thus: "Have you really neither genius or spirit of invention enough to divert and occupy your mother on the unfortunate post-day? Henrik, it depends upon you whether she be calm or not; and if you do not convince her that, let your luck in the world be whatever it may, you can bear it like a man. I must tell you that you have not deserved all the tenderness which she has shown you!"

Henrik coloured deeply, and the Judge continued, "and you, Gabriele! I shall never call you my clever girl again, if you do not make a riddle against the next post-day which shall so occupy your mother that she shall forget all the rest!"

The following post-day was an exceedingly merry one. Never before had more interesting topics of conversation been brought forward by Henrik; never before had the mother been so completely seduced into the discussions of the young people. At the very moment when the post-hour arrived, she was deeply busied in solving a riddle, which Henrik and Gabriele endeavoured to make only the more intricate by their fun and jokes, whilst they were pretending to assist her in the discovery.

The riddle ran as follows :

Raging war and tumult
Am I never nigh ;
And from rain and tempest,
To far woods I fly.
In cold, worldly bosoms
My deep grave is made ,
And from conflagration
Death has me affrayed.
No one e'er can find me
In the dungeon glooms ;
I have no abiding,
Save where freedom blooms.
My morning sun ariseth,
Light o'er mind to fling ;
O'er love's throbbing bosom
Rests my downy wing !
Like our Lord in heaven,
I am ever there ;
And like him of children
Have I daily care.
What though I may sever
From thee now and then,
I forget thee never—m
I come back again !
In the morning's brightness,
Dear one, if thou miss me,
With the sunset's crimson
Come I back and kiss thee !

This riddle, which it must be confessed was by no means one of Gabriele's best, gave rise to a fund of amusement, and occasioned the maddest propositions on Henrik's part. The mother, however, did not allow herself to be misled ; but examined, whilst she endeavoured to overpower the voices of her joking children,

"The riddle is—"

What the riddle was, the reader may see by the title of our next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HAPPINESS.

"HAPPINESS!" repeated the Judge, as he entered the room at the same moment, with letters and newspapers in his hand.

"I fancy you have been busying yourselves here with prophesyings," said he : "Gabriele, my child, you shall have your reward for it—read this aloud to your mother!" laying a newspaper before her.

Gabriele began to read,—but threw the paper hastily down, gave a spring for joy, clapped her hands and exclaimed,

"Henrik's poetry has won the highest prize!"

"And here, Henrik," said the father, "are letters—you are nominated to—" The voice of the Judge was drowned in the general outbreak of joy. Henrik lay in the arms of his mother, surrounded by his sisters, who, amid all their jubilation, had tearful eyes.

The Judge walked up and down the room with long strides ; at length he paused before the happy group, and exclaimed,

"Nay, only see ! let me also have a little bit ! Elise—my thanks to thee that thou hast given him to me—and thou, boy, come here—I must tell thee—" but not one word could he tell him.

The father, speechless from inward emotion, embraced his son, and returned in the same manner the affectionate demonstration of his daughters.

Many private letters from Stockholm contained flattering words and joyful congratulations to the young poet. All Henrik's friends seemed to accord in one song of triumph.

There was almost too much happiness for one time.

During the first moment of this news the joy was calm and mingled with emotion ; afterward, however, it was lively, and shot forth like rockets in a thousand directions. Everything was in motion to celebrate the day and its hero ; and while the father of the family set about to mix a bowl—for he would that the whole house should drink Henrik's health—the others laid plans for a journey to Stockholm. The whole family must be witnesses of Henrik's receiving the great gold medal—they must be present on the day of his triumph. Eva recovered almost her entire liveliness as she described a similar festival which she had witnessed in the Swedish Academy.

Henrik talked a deal about Stockholm ; he longed to be able to show his mother and sisters the beautiful capital. How they would be delighted with the gallery of mineralogy—how they would be charmed with the theatres ! how they would see and hear the lovely Demoiselle Högquist and the captivating Jenny Lind !—and then the castle !—the promenades—the prospects—the churches—the beautiful statues in the public places—Henrik would have been almost ready to have overthrown some of them—Oh, there was so much that was beautiful and delightful to see in Stockholm !

The mother smiled in joy over—the occasion of the journey to Scotland ; the father said "yes" to everything ; the countenances of the young people beamed forth happiness ; the bowl was fragrant with good luck.

The young Baron L., who liked Henrik extremely, and who liked still more every lively excitement to every uproar, was possessed by a regular phrenzy to celebrate the day. He waltzed with everybody ;—Louise might not sit still ; "the little lady" must allow herself to be twirled about ; but the truth was that in her joy she was about as wild for dancing as he was himself—the very Judge himself must waltz with him ; and at last he waltzed with chairs and tables, whilst the fire of the punch was not very much calculated to abate his vivacious spirits.

It was very hard for the Judge that he was compelled on this very day to leave home, but pressing business obliged him to do so. He must make a journey that same evening, which would detain him from home three or four days, and although he left his family in the full bloom of their joy and prosperity, the short separation appeared to him more painful than common.

After he had taken his leave he returned—a circumstance very unusual with him—to the room again ; embraced his wife yet a second time, flourished about with his daughters in his wolf-skin cloak as if out of liveliness, and then went out hastily, giving to the young Baron, who, in his wild joy had fallen upon his wolf's-skin like a dog, a tolerably heavy cuff. A few minutes afterwards, as he cast from his sledge a glance and a hand-greeting to his wife and daughters at the library window, they saw with astonishment that his eyes were full of tears.

But the joy of the present, and the promises of the future, filled the hearts of those who remained behind to overflowing, and the evening passed amid gaiety and pleasure.

Baron L. drank punch with the domestics till both he and they were quite wrong in the head, and all Louise's good moral preaching was like so

* Emilie Högquist and Jenny Lind are two great ornaments of the Stockholm theatre ; the first an actress, the second a singer.

many water-drops on the fire. Henrik was nobly gay, and the beaming expression of his animated, beautiful head, reminded the beholder of an Apollo.

"Where now are all your gloomy forebodings?" whispered Leonore tenderly joyful; "you look to me as if you could even embrace Stern-hok."

"The whole world!" returned Henrik, clasping his sister to his breast, "I am so happy!"

And yet there was one person in the house who was happier than Henrik, and that was his mother. When she looked on the beautiful, glorified countenance of her son, and thought of that which he was and what he would become; when she thought on the laurels which would engarland his beloved head, on the future which awaited her favourite, her summer child—Oh! then bloomed the high summer of maternal joy in her breast, and she revelled in a nameless happiness—a happiness so great that she was almost anxious, because it appeared to her too great to be borne on earth!

And yet for all that—and we say it with grateful joy—the earth can bear a great degree of happiness; can bear it for long without its bringing with it a curse or a disappointment. It is in stillness and in retirement where this good fortune blooms the best, and on that account the world knows little of it, and has little faith in it. But, thank God! it may be abundantly found in all times and in all countries; and it is—we whisper this to the blessed ones in order that we may rejoice with them—it is of extremely rare occurrence when it happens in actual life, as, for the sake of effect, it happens in books, that a strong current of happiness carries along with it unhappiness as in a drag-rope.

CHAPTER VI.

UNHAPPINESS.

NIGHT succeeded the joyful evening, and the members of the Frank family lay deep in the arms of sleep, when suddenly, at the hour of midnight, they were awoken by the cry of "fire! fire!"

The house was on fire, and smoke and flames met them at every turn; for the conflagration spread with incredible speed. An inconceivable confusion succeeded: one sought for another; one called on another—mother, and children, and domestics!

Only half-dressed, and without the means of saving the least thing, the inhabitants of the house assembled themselves in the market-place, where an innumerable crowd of people streamed together, and began to work the fire engines; whilst church bells tolled violently, and the alarm drums were beaten wildly and dully up and down the streets. Henrik dragged with him the young Baron L., who was speechless and much injured by the fire.

The mother cast a wild searching look around among her children, and suddenly exclaiming, "Gabriele!" threw herself with a thrilling cry of anguish into the burning house. A circle of people hastily surrounded the daughters, in order to prevent their following her, and at the same moment two men broke forth from them, and hastened with the speed of lightning after her. The one was her beautiful, now more than ever beautiful, son. The other resembled one of the Cyclops, as art has represented them at work in

their subterranean smithies, excepting that he had two eyes, which in this moment flashed forth flames, as if bidding defiance to those with which he was about to combat. Both vanished amid the conflagration.

A moment's silence ensued: the alarm drum ceased to beat; the people scarcely breathed; the daughters wrung their hands silently, and the fire-bell called anxiously to the ineffectual engine-showers, for the flames rose higher and higher.

All at once a shout was sent from the mass of the people; all hearts beat joyfully, for the mother was borne in the arms of her son from amid the flames, which stretched forth their hissing tongues towards her!—and—now another shout of exultation! The modern Cyclop, in one word Mr. Munter, stood in the window of the second story, and amid the whirlwind of smoke, was seen a white form, which he pressed to his bosom. A ladder was quickly raised, and Jeremias Munter, blackened and singed, but nevertheless happy, laid the fainting but unhurt Gabriele in the arms of her mother and sisters.

After this, he and Henrik returned to the burning house, from which they were fortunate enough to save the desk containing the Judge's most valuable papers. A few trifles, but of no great importance, were also saved. But this was all. The house, which was of wood, spite of every effort to save it, was burned to the ground, but, as it stood detached, without communicating the fire to any other.

When Henrik, enfeebled with his exertions, returned to his family, he found them all quartered in the small dwelling of the Assessor, which also lay in the market place; while he seemed to have multiplied himself into ten persons, in order to provide his guests with whatever they required; and his old housekeeper, what with the fire, and what with so many guests, who were to be provided for in that simply-supplied establishment, was almost crazed. But the good master of the house had help at hand for every body: he prepared coffee, he made beds, and seemed altogether to forget his own somewhat severe personal injuries by the fire. He joked about himself and his affairs at the same time that he wiped tears from his eyes, which he could not but shed over the misfortunes of his friends. Affectionate and determined, he provided for every thing and for every one; whilst Louise and Leonore assisted him with quiet resolution.

"Wilt thou be reasonable, coffee-pot, and not boil over, since thou hast to provide coffee for ladies!" said the Assessor in jesting anger. "Here, Miss Leonore, are drops for the mother and Eva. Sister Louise, be so good as to take my whole store-room in hand; and you, young sir," said he to Henrik, as he seized him suddenly by the arm, and gazed sharply into his face, "come you with me, for I must take you rather particularly in hand."

There was indeed not a moment to lose; a violent effusion of blood from the chest, placed the young man's life in momentary danger. Munter tore off his coat, and opened a vein at the very moment in which he lost all consciousness.

"Now then a tea-kettle!" said the doctor, as Henrik breathed again, "how can people be so foolish when they are such—clever fellows! Nay now all danger for the time is over. Death has been playing his jokes with us to-night! Now, like polite knights, let us be again in at-

tendance on the ladies. Wait, I must just have a little water for my face, that I need not look any more than is necessary, like 'the Knight of the Rueful Countenance!'"

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONSEQUENCES.

THE sun of the next morning shone brightly on the glistening snow-covered roofs round the market-place, and dyed the smoke clouds, which rose slowly from the ruins of the burnt-down house, with the most gorgeous tints of purple, gold, and sulphur-blue, whilst hundreds of little sparrows raked and picked about in the ashy-flakes which were scattered over the snow in the market-place and churchyard, with exulting twitters.

Both mother and daughters looked with tearful eyes towards the smoking place, where had so lately stood their dearly-beloved home; but yet no one gave themselves up to sorrow. Eva alone wept much, but that from a cause of grief concealed in her own heart. She knew that Major R. had passed the night in the city, and yet for all that she had not seen him.

With the morning came much bustle and a crowd of people into the dwelling of the Assessor. Families came who offered to the roofless household both shelter and entertainment; young girls came with their clothes; servants came with theirs for the servants of the family; elegant services of furniture were sent in; the baker sent baskets full of bread; the brewer beer; another sent wine, and so on. It was a scene in social life of the most beautiful description, and which showed how greatly esteemed and beloved the Franks were.

Mrs. Gunilla came so good and zealous, ready to contend with anybody who would contend with her, to convey her old friends in her carriage to the dwelling which she had prepared for them in all haste. The Assessor did not strive with her, but saw, in silence, his guests depart, and with a tear in his eye looked after the carriage which carried Eva away from his house. The house seemed now so dark and desolate to him.

On the evening of this same day the father returned into his family circle, and pressed them all to his breast with tears of joy—yes, tears of joy, for all were left to him!

A few days after this he wrote thus to one of his friends—

"Before this occurrence, I knew not how much I possessed in my wife and children; knew not that I had so many good friends and neighbours. I thank God, who has given me such a wife, such children, and such friends! These last have supplied, may over-supplied all the necessities of my family. I shall begin in spring to rebuild my house on the old foundation.

"How the fire was occasioned I know not, and do not trouble myself to discover. The misfortune has happened, and may serve as a warning for the future, and that is enough. My house has not become impoverished in love, even though it may be so in worldly goods, and that sustains and heals all. The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Probably the Judge would listen to no conjectures respecting the origin of the fire. We will

venture, however, not the less on that account to give our conjectures—thus, it is very probable that the fire had its origin in the chamber of the young Baron L., and that also he, in his scarcely half sober state, might have been the occasion of it. Probably he himself regarded the affair in this light—but this however is certain, that this event, in connexion with the behaviour of the Franks towards him, occasioned a great change in the temper and character of this young man. His father came for him shortly after this, and took him to consult a celebrated oculist in Copenhagen, in consequence of his eyes having suffered severely in the fire.

Our eyes will see him again, only at a much later period of our history.

The daughters of the house busied themselves earnestly with the already-spoken-of plans for themselves, that they might lighten the anxieties of their parents in their adverse circumstances, and that without being burdensome to anybody else. Eva wished at first to receive an invitation to a country-seat in the neighbourhood, not far from that where Major R. was at present. Axelholm opened itself, heart, arms, main-building and wings, for the members of the Frank family; there were wanting no opportunities for colonization; but the Judge besought his children so earnestly to decline all these, and for the present to remain altogether.

"In a few months," said he, "perhaps in spring, you can do what you like; but now—let us remain together. I must have you all around me, in order to feel that I really possess you all. I cannot bear the thoughts of losing any one of you at present."

The thought of parting appeared likewise soon to weigh heavily upon him. Henrik, since the night of the conflagration, had scarcely had a moment free from suffering; a violent, incessant beating of the heart had remained since then, and the pain of this was accompanied by dangerous attacks of spasms, which, notwithstanding all remedies, appeared rather to increase than otherwise. This disturbed the Judge so much the more, as now, more than ever, he loved and valued his son. Since the night of the fire it might be said that, for the first time, affection was warm between father and son.

The Mahomedan says beautifully, that when the angel of death approaches, the shadow of his wings falls upon him from a distance. From the beginning of his illness Henrik's soul appeared to be darkened by unfriendly shadows, and the first serious outbreak of disease revealed itself in depression and gloom. Oh! it was not easy for the young man, richly gifted as he was with whatever could beautify life on earth, standing as he did at the commencement of a path where fresh laurels and the roses of love beckoned to him, it was not easy to turn his glance from a future like this, to listen to the words which night and day his beating heart whispered to him: "Thou wilt descend to thy grave! nor will I cease knocking till the door of the tomb opens to thee!"

But to a mind like Henrik's the step from darkness to light was not wide. There was that something in his soul which enables man to say to the Lord of life and earth—

The dreaded judgment-doom in thine own hand is writ—
We kiss it; bow our heads, and silently submit.

Henrick had one day a long conversation with

his skilful and anxious physician Munter, who when he left him had tears in his eyes; but over Henrik's countenance, on the contrary, when he returned to his family, although he was paler than usual, was a peculiarly mild and solemn repose, which seemed to diffuse itself through his whole being. From this moment his temper of mind was changed; he was now mild and calm, yet at the same time more joyous and amiable than ever. His eyes had an indescribable clearness and beauty; the shadow had passed away from his soul altogether.

But deeper and deeper lay the shadow over one person, who from the beginning of Henrik's illness was no longer like herself—and that was Henrik's mother. It is true that she worked and spoke as formerly, but a knowing anguish lived in her; she appeared absent from the passing business of life; and every occupation which had not reference, in some way or other, to her son, was indifferent or painful to her. The daughters kept carefully from her any thing which might be disturbing to her mind. She devoted herself almost exclusively to her son; and many hours full of rich enjoyment were spent by these two, who soon, perhaps—must separate for so long!

Every strong mental excitement was interdicted to Henrik; his very illness would not admit of it. He must renounce his beloved studies; but his living spirit, which could not sleep, refreshed itself at the youthful fountains of art. He occupied himself much with the works of a poet who, during his short life, had suffered much and sung much also, and from amid whose crown of thorns the loveliest "Lilies of Sharon" had blossomed. The works of Stagnelius* were his favourite reading. He himself composed many songs, and his mother sang them to him during the long winter evenings. According to his opinion, his mother sang better than his sisters; and he rejoiced himself in the pure strength which triumphantly exalted him in this poet above the anguish and fever of life.

It was observed that about this time he often turned the conversation, in the presence of his mother, to the brighter side of death. It seemed as if he wished to prepare her gradually for the possibly near separation, and to deprive it beforehand of its bitterness. Elise had formerly loved conversations of this kind; had loved whatever tended to diffuse light over the darker scenes of life: but now she always grew paler when the subject was introduced; uneasiness expressed itself in her eyes, and she endeavoured, with a kind of terror, to put an end to it.

One evening as the family, together with Mr. Munter, were assembled in the confidential hour of twilight, they began to speak about dreams, and then about death. Henrik mentioned the ancient comparison of sleep and death, which he said he considered less striking as regarded its unconsciousness than its resemblance in the awaking.

"And in what do you especially consider this resemblance to consist?" asked Leonore.

"In the perfect retention and re-animation of consciousness, of memory, of the whole condition of the soul," replied he, "which is experienced in the morning after the dark night."

* Erle Stagnelius, who was born in 1793, and died in 1823, would have been, it is probable, had a longer life been granted to him, one of the most distinguished poets of the age. His poems, epic, dramatic, and lyric, fill three volumes. "Liljer i Sharon"—Lilies of Sharon, is the general title of his lyrics.

"Good," said the Assessor, "and possible; but what can we *know* about it?"

"All that revelation has made known to us," replied Henrik with an animated look: "do we really need any stronger light on this subject than that afforded us by one of our own race, who was dead and yet rose again from the grave, and who exhibited himself after his sleep in the dark dwelling with precisely the same dispositions, the same friendships, and with the most perfect remembrance of the least as well as the greatest events of his earthly existence? What a clear, what a friendly light has not this circumstance diffused around the dark gates of the tomb! It has united the two worlds! it has thrown a bridge over the gloomy deep; it enables the drooping wanderer to approach it without horror; it enables him to say to his friends on the evening of life, 'Good night!' with the same calmness with which he can speak those words to them on the evening of the day."

An arm was thrown convulsively round Henrik, and the voice of his mother whispered, in a tone of despair, to him, "You must not leave us, Henrik! you must not!" and with these words she sunk unconscious on his breast.

From this evening Henrik never again introduced in the presence of his mother a subject which was so painful to her. He sought to calm and cheer her, and his sisters helped him truly in the same work. They now had less desire than ever to leave home and to mingle in society generally; yet notwithstanding they did so occasionally, because their brother wished it, and it enabled them to have something to tell at home, which could entertain and enliven both him and his mother. These reports were generally made in Henrik's room, and how heartily did they not laugh there! Ah! in a cordially united family, care may take firm footing for one moment and in the very next be chased away! Eva appeared, during this time to forget her own trouble, that she also might be a flower in the garland of comfort and tenderness which was bound around the favourite of the family; the Judge too, tore himself more frequently than hitherto from his occupations, and united himself to the family circle.

A more attractive sick chamber than Henrik's can hardly be imagined, and that he himself felt. Enfeebled by the influence of disease, his beautiful eyes often became filled with tears from slight causes, and he would exclaim "I am happy—too happy! What a blessedness to be able to live! That is happiness! that is the summer of the soul! Even now, amid my sufferings, I feel myself made through you so rich, so happy!" and then he would stretch forth his hands to those of his mother or his sisters, and press them to his lips or to his bosom.

In a while, an interval of amendment occurred, and he suffered much less; a sentiment of joy diffused itself through the house, and Henrik himself appeared at times to entertain hopes of life. He could now go out again and inhale the fresh winter air—his favourite air. The Judge often accompanied him, and it was beautiful to see the powerful, vigorous father supporting with his arm the pale but handsome son, whenever his steps became weary; to see him curbing his own peculiarly hasty movements, and conducting him slowly homewards—it was beautiful to see the expression in the countenance of each.

People talk a great deal about the beauty of

maternal love—paternal love has perhaps something yet more beautiful and affecting in it; and it is my opinion that he who has had the happiness of experiencing the careful culture of a loving, yet at the same time upright father, can, with fuller feeling and with more inward understanding than any other, lift his heart to heaven in that universal prayer of the human race, "Our Father which art in heaven!"

Several weeks passed on, and a lady who was an intimate friend of the family was about to undertake a journey with her daughter to the city where Petrea was visiting, and desired greatly to take Gabriele with her, who was the dearest friend of the young Amalie. Gabriele would very gladly have embraced the opportunity of visiting her beloved sister, and of seeing at the same time something of the world, but now when Henrik was ill, she could not think about it; she was quite resolved not to separate herself from him. He, on the contrary, was zealously bent upon it, and wished greatly that she should make this journey, which would be so extremely agreeable to her.

"Don't you see," said he, "that Gabriele sits here and makes herself pale with looking at me, and that is so utterly unnecessary, especially now I am so much better, and when I certainly in a little time shall be quite well again. Journey, journey away, dear Gabriel, I beseech you! You shall cheer us in the mean time with your letters, and when at Easter you return with Petrea you will no longer have an ailing suffering brother, for I will manage it so that I will be quite well by that time!"

She was talked to also on other sides, especially by the young, lively Amalie, and at length she was over persuaded; was made to believe, that for the present all danger for her brother was passed, and she commenced the journey with a merry jest on her lips, but with tears in her eyes.

This was the first flight of "our little lady" from home.

Not a word was heard from Major R.; and although Eva continued reserved towards her own family, she appeared to be so much calmer than formerly that they all began to be quite easy on her account. The Judge, who in consequence of her behaviour evinced towards her a grateful tenderness, and endeavoured to gratify her slightest wishes, gave his consent that in the early commencement of spring she should go to M—s. He hoped that by that time the Major would be far removed from the country; but it was not long before a painful discovery was made.

On a dark evening at the beginning of March, two persons stood in deep but low discourse under a tree in St. Mary's churchyard.

"How childish you are Eva!" said the one, "with your fears and your doubts! and how pusillanious in your love. If you would learn, lovingly angel! how true love speaks, listen to me,

"Pourquoi fit on l'amour, si son pouvoir s'affronte,
Et la vie et la mort, et la haine et la honte!
Je ne demande, je ne veux pas savoir
Si rien a de ton cœur terni le pur miroir:
Je t'aime! tu le sais! Que l'importe tout le reste?"

"O Victor," answered the trembling voice of Eva, "my fault is not the having too little love for you. Ah, I feel indeed, and I evince it in my conduct, that my love to you is greater than my love for father, mother, sisters, or all the world! And yet I know that it is wrong; my heart raises itself against me—but I cannot resist your power."

"On that account am I called Victor, my angel," said he; "heaven itself has sanctioned my power—and your Victor am I also, my sweet Eva; is it not so?"

"Ah! only too much so," sighed Eva. "But now, Victor, spare my weakness; do not desire to see me again till I go in spring in a month's time to M—s. Do not desire—"

"Demand no such promises from Victor, Eva," said he; "he will not bind himself so! but you—you must do what your Victor wills, else he cannot believe that you love him. What—you will refuse to take a few steps only in order to gladden your eyes and your heart—in order to see and to hear him; in truth you do not love him!"

"Ah, I love you, I adore you," returned Eva; "I could endure anything on your account—even the pangs of my own conscience; but my parents, my brother and sisters! they are so good, so excellent—Ah! Yet sometimes the love which I have for them contends with the love which I have for you. Do not string the bow too tightly, Victor! And now, farewell, beloved! In a month's time you will see me, your Eva, again in M—s."

"Stop!" said he, "do you think you are to leave me in that way! Where is my ring?"

"On my heart," returned she, "day and night it rests there—farewell, let me go!"

"Say once more that you love me above every thing in this world!" said he, "that you belong only to me!"

"Only to you! farewell!" and with these words Eva tore herself away from him, and hastened with flying feet, like one terrified, across the churchyard, and the Major followed her slowly. A dark form stepped at that moment hastily forward, as if it had arisen from one of the graves, and met the Major face to face. It seemed to him as if a cold wind passed through his heart, for the form, tall and silent, and at that dark hour, and in the churchyard, had something in it ominous and spectre-like, and as it had evidently advanced to him with design, he paused suddenly, and asked sharply, "Who are you?"

"Eva's father!" replied a suppressed but powerful voice, and by the up-flaring light of a lamp which the wind drove towards them, the Major saw the eyes of the Judge riveted upon him with a wrathful and threatening expression. His heart sank for a moment, but in the next, he spoke with all his accustomed haughty levity.

"Now there is no necessity for me," said he, "to watch longer after her;" and so saying he turned hastily aside, and vanished in the darkness.

The Judge followed his daughter without hearing her. When he came home, such a deep and painful grief lay on his brow as had never been observed there before.

For the first time in his life the powerful head of the Judge seemed actually bowed.

At this time Sternhok came to the city quite unexpectedly. He had heard of the misfortune which had befallen the Franks, as well as the part which Henrik acted on this occasion, and of the illness which was the consequence of it, and he came now in order to see him before he travelled abroad. This visit, which had occasioned Sternhok to diverge as much as sixty English miles out of his way, surprised and deeply affected Henrik, who, as he entered the room, met

with the most candid expression of cordial devotion. Sternhok seized his outstretched hand, and a sudden paleness overspread his manly countenance as he remarked the change a few weeks' illness had made in Henrik's appearance.

"It is beautiful of you to come to me—my thanks for it, Sternhok!" said Henrik from his heart, "otherwise," continued he, "you would probably have seen me no more in this world; and I have wished so much to say one word to you before we separated thus."

Both were silent for some minutes.

"What would you say to me, Henrik?" at length asked Sternhok, while an extraordinary emotion was depicted in his countenance.

"I would thank you," returned Henrik cordially, "thank you for your severity towards me, and tell you how sincerely I now acknowledge it to have been just, and wholesome for me also. I would thank you, because by that means you have been a more real friend, and I am now perfectly convinced how honestly and well you have acted towards me. This impression, this remembrance of our acquaintance, is the only one which I will take away with me when I leave this world. You have not been able to love me, but that was my own fault. I have sorrowed over the knowledge of that, but now I have submitted to it. In the mean time it would be very pleasant to me to know that my faults—that my late behaviour towards you, had not left behind it too repulsive an impression—it would be very pleasant for me to believe that you were able to think kindly of me when I am no more!"

A deep crimson flamed on Sternhok's countenance, and his eyes glistened as he replied, "Henrik, I feel more than ever in this moment that I have not shown justice towards you. Several later circumstances have opened my eyes, and now—Henrik, can you give me your friendship! mine you have for ever!"

"O this is a happy moment!" said Henrik, with increasing emotion, "through my whole life I have longed for it, and now for the first time it is given me—now when—"

"But why," said Sternhok warmly, "why speak so positively about your death? I will hope and believe that your condition is not so dangerous. Let me consult a celebrated foreign physician on your case—or better still, make the journey with me, and put yourself under the care of Dr. K—. He is celebrated for his treatment of diseases of the heart; let me conduct you to him; certainly you can and will recover!"

Henrik shook his head mournfully: "There lies his work," said he, pointing to an open book, "and from it I know all concerning my own condition. Do you see, Nils Gabriel," continued he, with a beautiful smile, as he placed his arm on the shoulder of his friend and pointed with his other towards heaven, gazing on him the while with eyes that seemed larger than ever—for towards death the eyes increase in size and brilliancy—"do you see," said he, "there wanders your star. It ascends! for certain a bright path lies before; but when it beams upon your renown it will look down upon my grave! I have no doubt whatever on this point. Some time ago this thought was bitter to me; it is so now no more! When the knowledge depresses me that I have accomplished so very little on earth, I will endeavour to console myself with the conviction that you will be able to do so much more, and that either in this world or the next I shall rejoice over your usefulness and your happiness!"

Sternhok answered not a word; large tears rolled down his cheeks, and he pressed Henrik warmly to his breast.

On Henrik's account he endeavoured to give the conversation a calmer turn, but the heart of his poor friend swelled high, and it was now too full of life and feeling to find rest in anything but the communication of these.

The connexion between the two young men seemed now different to what it had ever been before. It was Henrik who now led the conversation, and Sternhok who followed him, and listened to him with attention and the most unequivocal sympathy, whilst the young man gave such free scope to his thoughts and presentiments as he had never ventured to do before in the presence of the severe critic. But the truth is, there belongs to a dweller on the borders of the kingdom of death a peculiar rank, a peculiar worth, and man believes that the whispering of spirits from the mysterious land reaches the ear which bows itself to them—on this account the wise and the strong of earth listen silently like disciples, and piously like little children, to the precepts which are breathed forth from dying lips.

The entrance of the Judge gave another turn to the conversation, which Sternhok soon led to Henrik's last works. He directed his discourse principally to the Judge, and spoke of them with all the ability of a real connoisseur, and with such entire and cordial praise as surprised Henrik as much as it cheered him.

It is a very great pleasure to hear oneself praised, and well praised too, by a person whom one highly esteems, and particularly when, at the same time, the person is commonly niggardly of his praise. Henrik experienced at that moment this feeling in its highest degree; and this pleasure was accompanied by the yet greater pleasure of seeing himself understood, and in such a manner by Sternhok as made himself more clear to himself. In this moment he seemed, now for the first time, to comprehend in a perfectly intelligible manner his own talents, and what he wished to do, and what he was able to do. The fountain of life swelled forth strongly in his breast.

"You make me well again, Nils Gabriel!" exclaimed he; "you give me new life. I will recover; recover in order again to live, in order to work better and more confidently than I have hitherto done. As yet I have done nothing; but now, now I could—I feel new life in me—I have never yet felt myself so well as now! Certainly I shall now recover, or indeed—is the best wine reserved for me till the last?"

The evening sped on agreeably, and with animation in the family circle. The blessed angels of heaven were not more beautiful or more joyous than Henrik. He joked with his mother, and sisters, nay, even with Sternhok, in the gayest manner, and was one of the liveliest who partook of the citron-soufflé which Louise served up for supper, and which she herself had helped to prepare, and of which she was not a little proud. Yes, indeed, she was almost ready to believe that it was this which had given new life to Henrik, and the power of which she considered to be wonderfully operative. But ah!

At the very moment when Henrik jested with Louise on this very subject, he was seized by the most violent suffering.

This suffering continued uninterruptedly for three days, and deprived the sick young man of consciousness; whilst it seemed to be leading.

him quickly to that bound which mercy has set to human sufferings. On the second day after this paroxysm Henrik was seized with desire for change of resting-place, which may be commonly regarded as the sign that the soul is preparing for its great change of abode. The Judge himself bore his son in his arms from room to room, and from bed to bed. No sleep visited the eyes of his family during these terrible days; whilst his mother, with eyes tearless and full of anguish riveted upon her son, followed him from room to room, and from bed to bed; now hanging over his pillow, now seated at the foot of his bed, and smiling tenderly upon him when he appeared to know her, and articulating his name in a low and almost inaudible voice.

On the evening of the third day the poor youth regained his consciousness. He recognised his family again, and spoke kindly to them. He saw that they were pale and weary, and besought them incessantly to go to rest. The Assessor, who was present, united earnestly in this request, and assured them that, according to all appearances, Henrik would now enjoy an easy sleep, and that he himself would watch by him through the night. The father and daughters retired to rest; but when they endeavoured to persuade the mother, she only waved with her hand, whilst a mournful smile seemed to say, "it is of no use whatever to talk to me about it."

"I may remain with you, Henrik?" said she, beseechingly.

He smiled, took her hand, and laid it on his breast; and in the same moment closing his eyes, a calm refreshing sleep stole over him. The Assessor sat silently beside them, and observed them both: it was not long, however, before he was obliged to leave them, being summoned suddenly to some one who was dangerously ill. He left them with the promise to return in the course of the night. Munter was called in the city the night-physician, because there was no one like him who appeared earnestly willing to give his help by night as by day.

The mother breathed deeply when she saw herself alone with her son. She folded her hands, and raised her eyes to heaven with an expression which through the whole of the foregoing days had been foreign to them. It was no longer restless, almost murmuring anxiety; it was a mournful, yet at the same time, deep, perfect, nay, almost loving resignation. She bent over her son, and spoke in a low voice out of the depths of her affectionate heart.

"Go, my sweet boy, go! I will no longer hold thee back, since it is painful to thee! May the deliverer come! Thy mother will no longer contend with him to retain thee! May he come and make an end of thy sufferings! I—will then be satisfied! Go, then, my first-born, my summer-child; and if there may never more come a summer to the heart of thy mother—still go! that thou mayst have rest! Did I make thy cradle sweet, my child! so would I not embitter by my lamentations thy death-bed! Blessed be thou! Blessed be He also who gave thee to me, and who now takes thee from me to a better home! Some time, my son, I shall come to thee; go thou beforehand, my child! Thou art weary; so weary! Thy last wandering was heavy to thee; now thou wilt rest. Come thou good deliverer, come thou beloved death, and give rest to his heart; but easily, easily. Let him not suffer more—let him not endure more. Never did he give care to his parents—"

At this moment Henrik opened his eyes and fixed them calmly and full of expression on his mother.

"Thank God!" said he, "I feel no more pain."

"Thanks and praise be given to God, my child!" said she.

Mother and son looked on each other with deep and cheerful love! they understood each other perfectly.

"When I am no more," said he, with a faint and broken voice, "then—tell it to Gabriele prudently; she has such tender feelings—and she is not strong. Do not tell it to her on a day—when it is cold and dull—but—on a day—when the sun shines warm—when all things look bright and kindly—then, then tell her—that I am gone first to greet her—and tell her from me—that it is not difficult—to die!—that there is a sun on the other side—"

He ceased, but with a loving smile on his lips, and his eyes closed their lids as from very weariness.

Presently afterward he spoke again, but in a very low voice. "Sing me something, mother," said he, "I shall then sleep more calmly, 'They knock, I come!'"

These words were the beginning of a song which Henrik had himself written, and set to music some time before, during a night of suffering.

The genius of poetry seemed to have deserted him during the latter part of his illness; this was painful to him, but his mind remained the same, and the spirit of poetry lived still in the hymn which his mother now, at his request, sang in a trembling voice:

They knock! I come! yet ere on the way
To the night of the grave I am pressing,
Thou Angel of Death, give me yet one lay—
One hymn of thanksgiving and blessing.

Have thanks, O Father! in heaven high,
For thy gift, all gifts exceeding;
For life! and that grieved or glad I could fly
To thee, nor find these unheeding.

Oh thanks for life, and thanks too for death,
The bound of all trouble and sighing;
How bitter! yet sweet 'tis to yield our breath
When thine is the heart of the dying!

By our path of trial thou plantest still
Thy lilies of consolation;
But the loveliest of all to do thy will—
Be it done in resignation!

Farewell, lovely earth, on whose bosom I lay;
Farewell, all ye dear friends, mourning;
Farewell, and forgive all the faults of my day:
My heart now in death is burning!

"It is burning!" repeated Henrik in a voice of suffering. "It is terrible! Mother! mother!" said he, looking at her with a restless glance.

"Your mother is here!" said she, bending over him.

"Ah! then all is right!" said he again, calmly. "Sing, my mother," added he, again closing his eyes, "I am weary."

She sang,

We part! but in parting our steps we bend
Alone towards that glorious morrow,
Where friend no more shall part from friend,
Where none knoweth heartache or sorrow!

Farewell! all is dark to my failing sight,
Your loved forms from my faint gaze rending,
'Tis dark, but oh! far beyond the night
I see light o'er the darkness ascending!

"Oh! if you only knew how serene it is! It is divine!" said the dying one, as he stretched forth his arms, and then dropped them again.

A change passed over the countenance of the young man; death had touched his heart gently,

and its pulsations ceased. At the same moment a wonderful inspiration animated the mother; her eyes beamed brightly, and never before had her voice so beautiful, so clear a tone as while she sang,

Thou callest O Father! with glad accord
I come! Ye dear ones we sever!
Now the pang is past! now behold I the Lord—
Praise be thine, O Eternal, forever!

Judge Frank was awoke out of his uneasy sleep by the song, whose tone seemed to have a something supernatural in it. A few moments passed before he could convince himself that the voice which he heard was really that of his wife.

He hastened with indescribable anxiety to the sick room; Elise yet sung the last verse as he entered, and, casting his eyes on her countenance, he exclaimed, "My God!" and clasped his hands together.

The song ceased: a dreadful consciousness thrust itself like a sword through the heart of the mother. She saw before her the corpse of her son, and with a faint cry of horror she sank, as if lifeless, upon the bed of death.

CRAPTER VIII.

ELISE TO CECILIA.

Two months later.

"WHEN I last wrote to you, my Cecilia, it was winter. Winter, severe and icy, had also gathered itself about my heart—my life's joy was wrapped in his winding-sheet, and it seemed to me as if no more spring could bloom, no more life could exist; and that I should never again have the heart to write a cheerful or hopeful word. And now—now it is spring! The lark sings again the ascension-song of the earth; the May-sun diffuses his warming beam through my chamber, and the grass becomes already green upon the grave of my first-born, my favourite! And I—O Lord! thou who smitest, thou also healest, and I will praise thee! for every affliction which thou sendest becomest good if it be only received with patience. And if thou concealst thyself for a season, thou revealest thyself yet soon again, kinder and more glorious than before! For a little while and we see thee not, and again for a little while and we see thee, and our hearts rejoice and drink strength and enjoyment out of the cup which thou, Almighty One, hast filled. Yes, everything in life becomes good, if that life be only spent in God!

"But in those dark winter hours it was often gloomy and tumultuous within me. Ah, Cecilia, I was not willing that he should die! He was my only son, my first-born child. I suffered most at his birth; I sang most beside his cradle; my heart leaped up first and highest with maternal joy at his childish play. He was my summer-child, born in the midsummer of nature and of my life, and my strength, and, then, he was so full of life, so beautiful, so good! No, I was not willing that he should have died; and as the time drew nearer and nearer, and I saw that it must be—then it was dark in me. But the last night—Oh, it was a most wonderful night! then it was quite otherwise. Do you know, Cecilia, that I sung gayly, triumphantly, by the deathbed of my first-born! Now I cannot comprehend it. But this night—he had the foregoing day suffered much, and his

sufferings had reconciled me to his death; they abated as death approached, and he besought of me, as he had often done in the years of his childhood, to sing him to sleep. I sang—I was able to sing. He received pleasure from the song and strength also, and with a heavenly smile, while heavenly pictures seemed to float before his eyes, he said, 'Ah, it is divine!' and I sang better and ever clearer. I saw his eyes change themselves, his breath became suspended, and I knew that then was the moment of separation between soul and body—between me and him! but I did not then feel it, and I sang on. It seemed to me as if the song sustained the spirit and raised it to heaven. In that moment I was happy; for even I, as well as he, was exalted above every earthly pain.

"The exclamation of my name awoke me from my blessed dream, and I saw the dead body of my son—after this I saw nothing more.

"There was a long, deep stupor, from which when I recovered I felt a heart beating against my temples. I raised my eyes and saw my husband; my head was resting on his breast, and with the tenderest words he was calling me back to life; my daughters stood around me weeping, and kissing my hands and my clothes; I also wept, and then I felt better; it was then morning, and the dawn came into my chamber. I threw my arms round my husband's neck, and said, 'Ernst, love me! I will endeavour—'

"I could say no more, but he understood me, thanked me warmly, and pressed me close to his bosom.

"I did endeavour to be calm, and with God's help I succeeded. For several hours of the day I lay still on my bed, while Eva, whose voice is remarkably sweet, read aloud to me. I got up for tea, and endeavoured to be as usual; my husband and my daughters supported me, and all was peace and love.

"But when the day was ended, and Ernst and I were alone in our chamber, a fear of the night, of bed, and a sleepless pillow, seized hold of me; I therefore seated myself on the sofa, and prayed Ernst to read to me, for I longed for the consolations of the Gospel. He seated himself by me and read; but the words, although spoken by his manly, firm voice, passed at this time impressionless over my inward sense. I understood nothing, and all within me was dark and vacant. All at once, some one knocked softly at the door, and Ernst, not a little astonished, said, 'Come in;' the door was opened, and Eva entered. She was very pale, and appeared excited, but yet, at the same time, firm and determined. She approached us softly, and, sinking down on her knees between us, took our hands between hers. I would have raised her, but Ernst held me back, and said, mildly but gravely, 'Let her alone!'

"My father, my mother!" said Eva, with humbling voice, 'I have given you uneasiness—pardon me! I have grieved you—I will not do it again. Ah! I will not now lay a stone on your burden. See, how disobedient I have been—this ring, and these letters, I have received against your will and against my promises; from Major R. I will now send them back. See here! read what I have written to him; our acquaintance is for ever broken! Pardon me, that I have chosen these hours to busy you with my affairs, but I feared my own weakness when the force of this hour shall have passed. Oh, my parents! I feel, I know that he is not worthy to be your

son! But I have been, as it were, bewitched—I have loved him beyond measure. Ah, I love him still—nay! do not weep, mother—you shall never again shed a tear of grief over me—you have wept already enough on my account. Since Henrik's death everything in me is changed—fear not for me, I will conquer this, and will become your obedient, your happy child; only require not from me that I should give my hand to another—never will I marry, never belong to another! But for you, my parents, will I live, and with you be happy! Here, my father, take this, and send it back to him whom I will no more see! And—oh, love me! love me!”

“Tears bedewed the face which she bowed down to her father's knee. Never had she looked so lovely, so attractive! Ernst was greatly affected; he raised his hand as if in blessing upon her head, which he raised, and said—

“When you were born, Eva, you lay as if dead; in my arms you first opened your eyes to the light, and I thanked God—but I thank him manifold more for you in this moment, in which I see in you the joy and blessing of our age—in which you have been able to combat with your own heart, and to do that which is right! God bless you! God reward you!”

“He held her for a long time to his bosom, and his tears wetted her forehead. I also clasped her in my arms, and let her feel my love and my gratitude, and then, with a look which beamed through tears, she left us.

“We called her ‘our blessed child’ at that time, for she had blessed us with a great consolation. She had raised again our sunken hearts.

“Ernst went to the window and looked silently into the star-lighted night; I followed him, and my glance accompanied his, which in this moment was so beautiful and bright, and laying his arm around me he spoke thus:

“It is good—it is so intended—and that is the essential thing! He is gone! What more? We must all go; all, sooner or later! He might not perfect his work; but he stood ready, ready in will and ability when he was called to the higher work-place! Lord and Master, thou hast taken the disciple to thyself—well for him that he was ready! That is the most important for us all!”

“Ernst's words and state of mind produced great effect upon me. Peace returned to my spirit. In the stillness of the night I did not sleep, but I rested on his bosom. It was calm around me and in me, and in the secret of my soul I wished that it might ever remain so, that no more day might dawn upon me, and no more sun shine upon my weary, painful eyes.

“How the days creep on! On occasions of great grief it always appears as if time stood still. All things appear to stand still, or slowly and painfully to roll on, in dark circles; but it is not so! Hours and days go on in an interminable chain; they rise and sink like the waves of the sea; and carry along with them the vessel of our life: carry it from the islands of joy it is true, but carry it also away from the rocky shores of grief. Hours came for me in which no consolation could appease my heart, in which I in vain combated with myself, and said; ‘Now I will read, and then pray, and then sleep!’ but yet anguish would not leave me, but followed me still, when I read, prevented me from prayer, and chased away sleep; yes, many such hours have been, but they too are gone; some such may perhaps come yet but I know also that they

too will go. The tenderness of my husband and of my children—the peace of home; the many pleasures within it; the relief of tears; the eternal consolations of the Eternal Word—all these have refreshed and strengthened my soul. It is now much, much better. And then—he died pure and spotless, the youth with the clear glance and the warm heart! He stood, as his father said, ready to go into the higher world. Oh! more than ever have I acknowledged, in the midst of my deep pain, that there is pain more bitter than this; for many a living son is greater grief to his mother than mine—the good one there, under the green mound!

“We have planted fir-trees and poplars around the grave, and often will it be decorated with fresh flowers. No dark grief abides by the grave of the friendly youth. Henrik's sisters mourn for him deep and still—perhaps Gabriele mourns him most of all. One sees it not by day, for she is generally gay as formerly; a little song, a gay jest, a little adornment of the house, all goes on just as before to enliven the spirits of her sisters. But in the night, when all rest in their beds, she is heard weeping, often so painfully—it is a dew of love on the grave of her brother; but then every morning is the eye again bright and smiling.

“On the first tidings of our loss Jacobi hastened to us, and took from Ernst and me in this time of heavy grief all care upon himself, and was to us as the tenderest of sons. Alas! he was obliged very soon to leave us, but the occasion for this was the most joyful. He is about to be nominated for the living of T—; and this promotion, which puts him in the condition soon to marry, affords him also a respectable income, and a sphere of action agreeable to his wishes and accordant with his abilities, and altogether makes him unspeakably happy. Louise also looks forward towards this union and establishment for life with quiet satisfaction, and that, I believe, as much on account of her family as for herself.

“The family affection appears, through the late misfortune, to have received a new accession: my daughters are more amiable than ever in their quiet care to sweeten the lives of their parents. Mrs. Gunilla has been like a mother to me and mine during this time; and many dear evidences of sympathy, from several of the best and noblest in Sweden, have been given to Henrik's parents;—the young poet's pure glory has brightened his house of mourning. ‘It is beautiful to have died as he has died,’ says our good Assessor, who does not very readily find any thing beautiful in this world.

“And I, Cecilia, should I shut my heart against so many occasions for joy and gratitude, and sit with my sorrow in darkness? O no! I will gladden the human circle in which I live; I will open my heart to the gospel of life and of nature; I will seize hold on the moments, and the good which they bring. No friendly glance, no spring-breeze, shall pass over me unenjoyed or unacknowledged; out of every flower will I suck a drop of honey, and out of every passing hour a drop of eternal life.”

“And then—I know it truly—be my life long or short, bear it a joyful or a gloomy colour,

The day will never endure so long
But at length the evening cometh.

The evening in which I may go home—home to my son, my summer-child! And then—O then, shall I perhaps acknowledge the truth of that

prophetic word which has so often animated my soul: 'For behold I create new heavens and a new earth; and the former shall not be remembered nor come into mind. But be ye glad and rejoice forever in that which I create.'

"I have wept much whilst I have written this, but my heart has peace. It is now late. I will creep in to my Ernst, and I feel that I shall sleep calmly by his side.

"Good night, my Cecilia."

CHAPTER. IX.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

It was afternoon. The sisters were busily quilting Louise's bridal bed-cover; because, at the end of May, as was determined in the family council, she was to be married. The coverlet was of green silk, and a broad wreath of leafy branches formed its border. This pattern had occasioned a great deal of care and deliberation; but now, also, what joy did it not give rise to, and what ever-enduring admiration of the tasteful, the distinguished, the indescribably good effect which it produced, especially when seen from one side! Gabriele, to be sure, would have made sundry little objections relative to the connexion of the leaves, but Louise would not allow that there was any weight in them: "The border," said she, "is altogether charming!"

Gabriele had placed a full-blown monthly rose in the light locks of the bride, and had arranged with peculiar grace, around the platted hair at the back of her head, the green rose-leaves like a garland. The effect was lovely, as at this time the sunlight fell upon her head, and her countenance had more than ordinary charm; the cheeks a higher colour; the eyes a clearer blue, as they were often raised from the green rose-wreath and directed towards the window: Jacobi, the new pastor, was expected that evening.

Gabriele went up to her mother, and besought her to notice how well Louise looked, and the rose, how becoming it was to her! The mother kissed her, but forgot to notice Louise in looking on the peculiarly lovely face of "the little lady."

The industrious up-and-down picking of the needles accompanied the joyful conversation of the sisters.

Now they talked about the management of the living; now about the school; now about milk, and now about cheese. They settled about household matters; about meal-times; the arrangement of the table, and such like. In many things, Louise intended to follow the example of home; in others, she should do differently. "People must advance with the age;" she meant there to be great hospitality in the parsonage-house—that was Jacobi's pleasure. Some one of her own family she hoped to have always with her; an especial wing should be built for beloved guests. She would go every Sunday to church, to hear her husband preach or sing the service. If the old wives came to the parsonage with eggs or other little presents, they should always be well entertained and encouraged to come again. All sick-people should be regaled with her elixir, and all misdoers

should be more or less reproved by her. She would encourage all, to the very best of her power, to read, to be industrious, to go to church, and to plant trees. Every Sunday several worthy peasants should be invited to dine at the parsonage with their wives. If the ladies of the Captain and the Steward came to visit her, the tea-kettle should be immediately set on and the card-table prepared. Every young peasant girl should live in service a whole year at the parsonage before she was married, in order to learn how to work and how to behave herself.—N.B. This would be wages enough for her. At all marriages the Pastor and his wife would always be present, the same at christenings; they would extend their hand in sponsorship over the youth, that all might grow up in good-breeding and the fear of God. At Midsummer and in harvest-time there should be a dance and great merry-making at the parsonage for the people—but without brandy; for the rest, nothing should be wanting:

None she forgets, the mistress of the feast,
The beer flows free, the bunch of keys it jingles,
And, without pause, goes on the stormy dance!

Work should be found for all beggars at the Parsonage, and then food; for lazy vagabonds a passing lecture, and then—march! And thus, by degrees, would preparation be made for the Golden Age.

Ah! ruin to the golden plans and to the golden age which she planned! Two letters which were delivered to Louise put a sudden end to them all! One of the letters from Jacobi, was very short, and said only that the parsonage was quite gone from him; but that Louise would not blame him on that account, as soon as she understood the whole affair.

"I long for you inexpressibly," continued Jacobi, "but I must postpone my arrival in H. in order to pay my respects to his Excellence D., who is detained in P. from an attack of gout, which seized him on his journey from Copenhagen to Stockholm. But by the 6th of May I hope certainly to be with you. I have new plans, and I long to lay down all my feelings and all my thoughts on your true breast, my Louise! I will no longer wait and seek. Since fortune perpetually runs out of my way, I will now take a leap and catch it, and in so doing trust in Heaven, in you, and lastly also—on myself. But you must give me your hand. If you will do that, beloved, I shall soon be yours, much happier than now, and eternally,

"Your tenderly devoted,

"J. JACOBI."

The other letter was from an unknown hand—evidently a woman's hand, and was as follows:

"Do not hate me, although I have stood in the way of your happiness. Do not hate me—for I bless you and the noble man with whom you have united your fate. He is my benefactor, and the benefactor of my husband and my children. Oh, these children whose future he has made sure, they will now call on heaven to give a double measure of happiness to him and you for that which he has so nobly renounced. The object of my writing is to obtain your forgiveness, and to pour forth the feelings of a grateful heart to those who can best reward my

benefactor. Will you be pleased on this account to listen to the short, but uninteresting relation of a condition, which, at the same time, is as common as it is mournful?

"Perhaps Mr. Jacobi may at some time or other have mentioned my husband to you, for he was for several years his teacher, and both were much attached to each other. My husband held the office of schoolmaster in W., with honour, for twenty years. His small income, misfortunes which befell us, a quick succession of children, made our condition more oppressive from year to year, and increased the debt which from the very time when we settled down first, we were obliged to incur. My husband sought after a pastoral cure, but he could have recourse to none of those arts which are now so almost universally helpful, and which often conduct the hunter after fortune, and the mean-spirited, rather than the deserving, to the goal of their wishes; he was too simple for that, too modest, and perhaps too proud.

"During the long course of years he had seen his just hopes deceived, and from year to year the condition of his family became more and more melancholy. Sickness had diminished his ability to work, and the fear of not being able to pay his debts gnawed into his health, which was not strong, and the prospect—of his nine unprovided-for children! I know I should deeply affect your heart, if I were to paint to you the picture of this family contending with want; but my tears would blot my writing. Jacobi can do it—he has seen it, he has understood it—for this picture which I had so carefully concealed from every other eye—this pale, family misery I revealed to him, for I was in despair!

"The name of my husband stood on the list of candidates for the living of T—. He had threefold the legally-demanded requisites of Jacobi, and was, over and above, known and beloved by the parish; all the peasants capable of voting, openly declared their intention of choosing him. Two great landed proprietors, however, had the ultimate decision: Count D. and Mr. B. the proprietor of the mines, could, if they two were agreed, they two alone, elect the pastor. They also acknowledged the esteem in which they held my husband, and declared themselves willing to unite in the general choice.

"For the first time in many years did we venture to look up to a brighter future. Presently, however, we learned that a powerful patron of Mr. Jacobi had turned the whole scale in his favour, and that it would be soon decided—the two great proprietors had promised their votes to him, and our condition was more hopeless than ever.

"The day of nomination approached. I did not venture to speak with my strictly conscientious husband of the design which I cherished. I had heard much said of Jacobi's excellent character. I was a distracted wife and mother. I sought out Jacobi, and spoke to him out of the depths of my heart, spoke to his sense of right—to his sense of honour; I showed him how the affair stood for us before he disturbed it, by means which could not be justly called honourable. I feared that my words were bitter, but all the more angel-like was it in Jacobi to hear me with calmness. I pictured to him our adverse circumstances; told him

how he might save us from misery, and besought him to do it.

"My prayer at first was almost wild, and in the beginning Jacobi seemed almost to think it so, but he heard me out; he let me conduct him to the house of his former teacher, saw the consuming anxiety depicted on his pale emaciated countenance—saw that I had exaggerated nothing—he wept, pressed my hand with a word of consolation, and went out hastily.

"The day of nomination came. Jacobi renounced all claims. My husband was elected to the living in T—. Good God! how it sounded in our ears and in our hearts! For a long time we could not believe it. After fifteen years of deceived hopes we hardly dared to believe in such happiness. I longed to embrace the knees of my benefactor, but he was already far distant from us. A few friendly lines came from him, which reconciled my husband to his happiness and Jacobi's renunciation, and which made the measure of his noble behaviour full. I have not yet been able to thank him; but you, his amiable bride, say to him—"

We omit the outpourings which closed this letter; they proceeded from a warm, noble heart, overflowing with happiness and gratitude.

The needles fell from the fingers of the sisters, as the mother, at Louise's request, read this letter aloud, and astonishment, sympathy, and a kind of admiring pleasure might be read in their looks. They all gazed one on the other with silent and tearful eyes.

Gabriele was the first who broke silence: "So then, we shall keep our Louise with us yet longer," said she, gaily, while she embraced her; and all united cordially in the idea.

"But," sighed Leonore, "it is rather a pity, on account of our wedding and parsonage; we had got all so beautifully arranged."

Louise shed a few quiet tears, but evidently not merely over the disappointed expectation. Later in the evening, the mother talked with her, and endeavoured to discover what were her feelings under these adverse circumstances.

Louise replied with all her customary candour, that at first it had fallen very heavily upon her. "I had now," continued she, "fixed my thoughts so much on an early union with Jacobi, I saw so much in my new condition which would be good and joyful for us all. But though this is now—and perhaps for ever, at an end, yet I do not exactly know if I wish it otherwise; Jacobi has behaved so properly, so nobly, I feel that I now prize him higher, and love him more than ever!"

It was difficult to the Judge not to be more cheerful than common this evening. He was inexpressibly affectionate towards his eldest daughter; he was charmed with the way in which she bore her fate, and it seemed to him as if she had grown considerably.

On the following day they quietly went on again with the quilting of the bed-cover while Gabriele read aloud; and thus "the childhood of Eric Meuvéd" diverted with its refreshing magic power all thoughts from the parsonage and its lost paradise to the rich middle age of Denmark, and to its young king Eric.

CHAPTER X.

NEW VIEWS AND NEW SCHEMES.

JACOBI was come; Gabriele complained jestingly to her mother, "that the brother-in-law-elect had almost overturned her, the little sister-in-law-elect, in order to fly to his Louise."

Louise received Jacobi with more than customary cordiality; so did the whole family. What Jacobi had lost in worldly wealth he seemed to have won in the esteem and love of his friends, and it was the secret desire of all to indemnify him, as it were, for the loss of the paragon. Jacobi on this subject had also his own peculiar views; and after he had refreshed himself with the food that he so much loved, which Louise served up to him in abundance, and after he had had a conference of probably three hours' length with her, the result of the same was laid before the parents, who looked on the new views thus opened to them, not without surprise and disquiet.

It was Jacobi's wish and intention now immediately to celebrate his marriage with Louise, and afterwards to go to Stockholm, where he thought of commencing a school for boys. To those who knew that all Jacobi's savings amounted to a very inconsiderable capital; that his yearly income was only fifty crowns; that he had displeased his only influential patron; that his bride brought him no dowry; and thus that he had nothing on which to calculate excepting his own ability to work—to all those then who knew thus much, this sudden establishment had some resemblance to one of those romances with their "*dîner de mon cœur, et souper de mon âme*," which is considered in our days to be so infinitely insipid.

But Jacobi, who had already arranged and well considered his plans, laid them with decision and candour before the parents, and besought their consent that he might as soon as possible be able to call Louise his wife. Elise gasped for breath; the Judge made sundry objections, but for every one of these Jacobi had a reasonable and well-devised refutation.

"Are Jacobi's plans yours also, Louise?" asked the Judge, after a momentary silence; "are you both agreed?"

Louise and Jacobi extended a hand to each other; looked on each other and then on the father, with tearful yet with calm and assured eyes.

"You are no longer children," continued the father; "you know what you are undertaking. But have you well considered?"

Both assented that they had. Already, before there had been any expectation of the living, they had thought on this plan.

"It is a fatiguing life that you are stepping into," continued the Judge, seriously, "and not the least so for you, Louise. The result of your husband's undertaking will depend for the greatest part on you. Will you joyfully, and without complaint, endure what it will bring with it; will you, from your heart, take part in his day's work?"

"Yes, that I will!" replied Louise with entire and hearty confidence.

"And you, Jacobi," continued he, with unsteady voice, "will you be father and mother and sisters to her? Will you promise me that

she neither now, nor in the future, so far as in you lies, shall miss the paternal home?"

"God help me! so certainly as I will exert myself to effect it, she shall not!" answered Jacobi, with emotion, and gave his hand to the Judge.

"Go then, children," exclaimed he, "and ask the blessing of your mother—mine you shall have," and with tearful eyes he clasped them in his arms.

Elise followed the example of her husband. She felt now that Louise and Jacobi's firm devotion to each other; their willingness to work; and their characters, so excellent, and beyond this, so well suited to each other, were more secure pledges of happiness than the greatest worldly treasure. With respect to the time of the marriage, however, she made serious objections. All that the parents could give to their daughter was a tolerably handsome outfit, and this could not by any possibility be so speedily prepared. Louise took her mother's view of the question, and Jacobi saw himself, although reluctantly, compelled to agree that it should remain as at first arranged, namely, for the second day in Whitsuntide, which in this year fell at the end of May.

After this the betrothed hastened to the sisters to communicate to them the new views and schemes. There was many an Oh! and Ah! of astonishment; many a cordial embrace, and then, of course, what industry in the oak-leaf garland!

But as the mother at the usual time came in, she saw plainly that "the little lady" was somewhat impatient towards the brother-in-law-elect, and but little edified by his plans.

From that kind of sympathy which exists between minds, even when not a single word is spoken, especially between persons who are dear to each other, the dissatisfaction of Gabriele took possession also of the mother, who began to discover that Jacobi's plans were more and more idle and dangerous. Thus when Jacobi, not long afterwards, sought to have a *tête-à-tête* with her, in order to talk about his and Louise's plans, she could not help saying that the more she thought about the undertaking the more foolish did it appear to be.

To which Jacobi answered gaily, "Heaven is the guardian of all fools!"

Elise recollected at that moment how it had fared with a person with whom she was acquainted, who hoped for this guardianship in an undertaking that in most respects resembled Jacobi's, yet nothing had prevented all his affairs from going wrong altogether, and at length ending in bankruptcy and misery. Elise related this to Jacobi.

"Have you not read, mother," replied he, "a wise observation which stands at the end of a certain medical work?"

"No," said she; "what observation is it?"

"That what cured the shoemaker killed the tailor," said Jacobi.

Elise could not help laughing, and called him a conceited shoemaker. Jacobi laughed too, kissed Elise's hand, and then hastened to mingle in the group of young people, who assembled themselves round the tea-table to see and to pass judgment on an extraordinary kind of tea-bread wherewith Louise would welcome

her bridegroom, and which, according to her opinion, besides the freshest freshness, was possessed of many wonderful qualities.

Whilst at tea, the mother whispered slyly into Louise's ear as Jacobi put sugar into his tea, "My dear child, there will be a deal of sugar used in your house—your husband will not be frugal."

Louise whispered back again, "But he will not grumble because too much sugar is used in the house. So let him take it then, let him take it!"

Both laughed.

Later in the evening, as the mother saw Jacobi dance the gallopade with Louise and Gabriele, whilst he made all happy with his joy, and his eyes beamed with life and goodness, she thought to herself—even virtue has her carelessness; and she was well satisfied with his plans.

One day Jacobi related the particulars of his audience with the excellence D., at P., to Louise and her mother; his relation was as follows:

"When I came up into the saloon the Bishop N. was coming backwards, with low bows, out of the chamber of his Excellence. Within a powerful voice was heard speaking polite and jocular words, and immediately afterwards his Excellence himself, with his foot wrapped in a woollen sock, accompanied the Bishop out. The lofty figure, clothed now in a dark green morning coat, seemed to me more imposing than ever. He swung a stick in his hand, upon which a grey parrot was sitting, which, while it strove to maintain its balance, screamed with all its might after the Bishop, 'Adieu to thee! adieu to thee!'"

"The sunshine which was diffused over the expressive countenance of his Excellence as he came out of his room, vanished the moment he saw me (I had already informed him by letter of the use I had made of his goodness), and a severe repulsive glance was the only greeting which I received. When the Bishop at length, accompanied by the parting salutations of the parrot, had left, his Excellence motioned the servants out, and riveted upon me his strong, bright, grey eyes, and with an actually oppressive look inquired short and sharp, 'What want you, Sir!'"

"I had never seen him behave thus to me before, and whilst I endeavoured to overcome a really choking sensation, I answered, 'I would thank you for the goodness which—'"

"Which you have thrown away as if it were a very trifle," interrupted his Excellence. "You must have a confounded many livings at command I think. You can perhaps throw such away on all sides."

"He spoke these words in a hard ironical tone. I conjured him to hear me; and laid before him shortly, but with the utmost clearness, the reasons which had compelled me to give up the good fortune which his favour had procured for me. I concluded by saying, that the only consolation which I had for my loss, and the danger of having displeased my benefactor, was the feeling that I had done my duty and acted according to my conscience, and the persuasion that I had acted right."

"You have acted like a fool!" interrupted

his Excellence. with violence, 'like a regular bedlamite have you behaved yourself! Things like this, sir, may do in romance, but in actual life they serve to no other purpose than to make their actors and all that belong to them beggars. But you have unpardonably compromised me! The thousand! you should have thought over all these things and these feelings before you had obtained my recommendation! Can I know of all supplicants with poverty, merits, and nine children! On your account in this business I have written letters; given dinners; made fine speeches; paid compliments in order to silence other claimants. I obtained for you that living, one of the best in the whole bishoprick, and now you have given it away as if it were a——. It is really too bad! Don't come any more to me; and don't mix me up again in your concerns, that I say to you! I shall for the future meddle in nothing of the kind. Don't you ask me ever again for any thing!"

"I was wounded, but still more distressed than wounded, and said, 'The only thing which I shall ask from you, and shall ask for till I obtain it, is the forgiveness of your Excellence! My error in this affair was great; but after I had seen it, there was nothing for me to do but to retrieve it as well as lay in my power, and then to bear the consequences, even though they be as bitter as I now find them. Never again shall I make any claim to your goodness—you have already done more than enough for me. My intention is now to try if I cannot maintain myself by my own powers as teacher. I intend to establish a school for boys in Stockholm, whither I shall travel as soon as——'"

"Attempt, and travel, and do whatever you like," interrupted his Excellence, 'I don't trouble myself about it. I have occupied myself in your affairs for the last time! If I were to get for you ten livings, you would give all away the next moment, to the first, best poor devil that prayed you for them, with his full complement of wife and ten children!"

"Lundholm, wash me the glass! I never drink out of a glass from which a Bishop has drunk!"

"His Excellence had already turned his back upon me, and went again into his chamber cursing his gout, without the slightest parting word to me. The parrot, however, on the contrary turned itself about on the stick, and cried out with all his might, 'Adieu to thee! adieu to thee!'"

"With this greeting, perhaps the last in the house of his Excellence, I retired; but not without, I must confess, stopping a few moments on the steps and wetting the stones with my tears. It was not the loss of a powerful patron which gave me so much pain, but—I had so admired this man, I had loved him with such an actual devotion; I looked up to him as to one of the noblest and most distinguished of men. He also seemed really to like me—at least I thought so, and now all at once he was so changed, so stern towards me, and as it seemed to me so unreasonable. It actually gave me pain to find so little that was noble in him, so little that was just! These were my feelings in those first bitter moments. When

"I came to think over the whole event more calmly, I could almost believe that he had received beforehand an unjust representation of the whole affair, and that I encountered him while under its influence. Over and above, he had reason to be dissatisfied with the whole thing, and then just at that moment a fit of the gout seized him! I have written to him from this place, and I feel it impossible to give up the hope of seeing his sentiments mollified towards me."

Louise, however, did not think so favourably of his sentiments; thought Jacobi quite too indulgent, and was altogether irritated against his Excellence.

"It is quite the best not to trouble oneself about him," said she.

Jacobi smiled. "Poor Excellence!" said he.

CHAPTER XI.

A RELAPSE.

WHILST May wrote its romance in leaves and life; whilst Jacobi and Louise wrote many sweet chapters of theirs in kisses; whilst all in the house was in motion on account of the marriage, and joy and mirth sprang up to life like butterflies in the spring sun, one glance was ever darker, one cheek ever paler, and that was Eva's.

People say commonly that love is a game for the man, and a life's-business for the woman. If there be truth in this, it may arise from this cause, that practical life makes commonly too great a demand on the thoughts and activity of the man for him to have much time to spend on love, whilst on the contrary the woman is too much occupied with herself to have the power of withdrawing herself from the pangs of love (may the Chamberlain's lady forgive us talking so much about man and woman! It has not been our lot here in the world to scour either a room or a kettle, though; to speak the truth, we do not consider ourselves incapable of so doing).

Eva found nothing in her peaceful home which was powerful enough to abstract her from the thoughts and feelings which for so long had been the dearest to her heart. The warm breezes of spring, so full of love, fanned up that glimmering fire; so did also that innocent life of the betrothed, so full of cordiality and happiness; so did also a yet more poisonous wind. One piece of news which this spring brought was the betrothal of Major R. with one of the beauties of the capital, a former rival of Eva—news which caused a deep wound to her heart. She wished to conceal, she wished to veil what was yet remaining of a love which no one had favoured, and over which she could not now do other than blush; she had determined never again to burden and grieve her family with her weakness, her sorrows; she would not disturb the peace, the cheerfulness, which now again began to reign in the family, after the misfortunes which had shaken it, but under the endeavour to bear her burden alone, her not strong spirit gave way. She withdrew more and more from the family circle; became ever more silent and reserved, sought for solitude, and was unwilling to have her solitude disturbed by any

one. She even was reserved before Leonore, although she, like a good angel, stood by her side, resting her soft eyes upon her with a tender disquiet, endeavouring to remove from her every annoyance, taking upon herself every painful occupation, and evincing towards her all that anxious care which a mother shews to a sick child. Eva permitted all this, and was daily more and more consumed by her untold mental sufferings. The engrossing cares which at this time occupied the family, prevented almost every one from paying attention to Eva's state of mind, and thus she was often left to herself.

For several of the last evenings Eva had gone down into her own chamber directly after tea—for in their present dwelling some of the daughters occupied the ground-floor—and on the plea of headache had excused herself from again returning to her family during the evening. It was a principle of the parents never to make use of any other means of compulsion with their children, now that they were grown up, than love, be it in great things or in small. But then love had a great power in this family; and as the daughters knew that it was the highest delight of their father to see them all round him in an evening, it became a principle with them neither to let temper nor any other unnecessary cause keep them away. As now, however, this was the third evening on which Eva had been absent, the father became uneasy, and the mother went down to her, whilst the rest of the family and some friends who were with them were performing a little concert together. But Eva was not to be found in her chamber, and the mother was hastening back again, full of disquiet, when she met Ulla, who was going to make the beds.

"Where is Eva?" asked she, with apparent indifference.

Ulla started, was red and then pale, and answered hesitatingly, "She is—gone out—I fancy."

"Where is she gone?" asked Elise, suddenly uneasy.

"I fancy—to the grave of the young master," returned Ulla.

"To the grave?—so late! Has she gone there or several evenings?" inquired the mother.

"This is now the third evening," said Ulla: "Ah, best, gracious lady, it goes really to my heart—it is not justly right there!"

"What is not justly right, Ulla?"

"That Mamselle Eva goes out to the grave so late, and does not come back again till it has struck ten, and that she will be so much alone," returned Ulla. "Yesterday Mamselle Leonore even cried, and begged of her not to go, or to allow her to go with her. But Mamselle Eva would not let her, but said she would not go, and that Mamselle Leonore should go up stairs, and leave her alone; but as soon as Mamselle Leonore had left her she went out for all that, with only a thin kerchief over her head. And this evening she is gone out also. Ah! it must be a great grief which consumes her, for she gets paler every day!"

Greatly disturbed by what she had heard, Elise hastened to seek her husband. She found him deeply engaged over his books and papers, but he left all the moment he saw the troubled countenance of his wife. She related to him

what she had heard from Ulla, and informed him that it was her intention to go now immediately to the churchyard.

"I will go with you," said the Judge, "only tell Louise to defer supper for us till we come back; I fancy nobody will miss us, they are so occupied by their music."

No sooner said than done. The husband and wife went out together; it was half-past nine in the middle of May, but the air was cold, and a damp mist fell.

"Good heavens!" said the Judge softly, "she'll get her death of cold if she stops in the churchyard so late, and in air like this!"

As they approached the churchyard, they saw that a female form passed hastily through the gate. It was not Eva, for she sat on the grave of her brother; she sat there immovable upon the earth, and resembled a ghost. The churchyard was, with this exception, deserted. The figure which had entered before them, softly approached the grave, and remained standing at the distance of a few paces.

"Eva!" said a beseeching mournful voice; it was Leonore. The parents remained standing behind some thick-leaved fir-trees. On precisely the same spot had the father stood once before, and listened to a conversation of a very different kind.

"Eva!" repeated Leonore, with an expression of the most heartfelt tenderness.

"What do you want with me, Leonore?" asked Eva, impatiently, but without moving. "I have already prayed you to let me alone."

"Ah! I cannot leave you, dear Eva!" replied her sister, "why do you sit her on the ground, on this cold, wet evening. Oh, come home with me!"

"Do you go home, Leonore! this air is not proper for you! Go home to the happy, and be merry with them," returned Eva.

"Do you not remember," tenderly pleaded Leonore, "how I once, many years ago, was sick both in body and mind? Do you know who it was then that left the gay in order to comfort me? I prayed her to leave me—but she went not from me—neither will I now go away from you."

"Ah, go! leave me alone!" repeated Eva, "I stand now alone in the world!"

"Eva, you distress me!" said her sister, "you know that there is no one in this world that I love like you: I mourned so much when you left us—the house without you seemed empty, but I consoled myself with the thought that Eva will soon come back again. You came, and I was so joyful, for I believed that we should be so happy together. But I have seen since how little consequence I am to you! still I love you as much as ever, and if you think that I have not sympathized in your sorrows, that I have not wept with you and for you, you do me certainly injustice! Ah, Eva, many a night, when you have believed perhaps that I lay in sweet sleep, have I sat at your door, and listened how you wept, and have wept for you, and prayed for you, but I did not dare to come in to you because I imagined your heart to be closed to me!" And so saying, Leonore wept bitterly.

"You are right, Leonore," answered Eva, "much has become closed in me which once

was open. This feeling, this love for him—Oh, it has swallowed up my whole soul! For some time I believed I should be able to conquer it—but now I believe so no longer——"

"Do you repent of your renunciation?" asked Leonore; "it was so noble of you! Would you yet be united to him?"

"No, no! the time for that is gone by," said Eva. "I would rather die than that; but you see, Leonore, I loved him so—I have tasted love, and have felt how rapturous, how divine life might be!—Oh, Leonore, the bright sun-warm summer-day is not more unlike this misty evening hour, than the life which I lived for a season is unlike the future which now lies before me!"

"It seems so to you now, Eva—you think so now," answered her sister; "but let a little time pass over, and you will see that it will be quite otherwise; that the painful feelings will subside, and life will clear up itself before you. Think only how it has already afforded you pleasure to look up to heaven when the clouds separated themselves, and you said, 'see how bright it will be! how beautiful the heaven is!' and your blue eyes beamed with joy and peace, because it was so. Believe me, Eva, the good time will come again, in which you will thus look up to heaven, and feel thus joyful and thus gay!"

"Never!" exclaimed Eva, weeping; "Oh, never will that time return! Then I was innocent, and from that cause I saw heaven above me become clear—now so much that is bad, so much that is impure has stained my soul—stains it yet!—O Leonore, if you only knew all that I have felt for some time you would never love me again! Would you believe it that Louise's innocent happiness has infused bitterness into my soul; that the gaiety which has again begun to exist in the family has made me feel bitterness towards my own family—my own beloved ones! Oh, I could detest myself! I have chastised myself with the severest words—I have prayed with bitter tears, and yet——"

"Dear Eva, you must have patience with yourself," said Leonore, "you will not——"

"Ah, I am already weary of myself, of my life!" hastily interrupted Eva; "I am like some one who has already travelled far, who is already spent, but who must still go on, and can never come to his journey's end. It seems to me as if I should be a burden to all who belong to me; and when I have seen you all so happy, so gay one with another, I have felt my heart and my head burn with bitterness; then have I been obliged to go out—out into the cold evening dew, and I have longed to repose in the earth upon which it fell—I have longed to be able to hide myself from every one—deep, deep in the grave below!"

"But from me," said Leonore, "you will not be able to hide yourself; nor to go from me, since where you go there will I follow. Oh, what were life to me if you were to leave it in despair! You would not go alone to the grave, Eva. I would follow you there; and if you will not allow that I sit by your side, I will seat myself on the churchyard wall, that the same evening damps which penetrate you may penetrate me also; that the same night wind which chills your bosom may chill mine; that I may

be laid by your side and in the same grave with you. And willingly would I die for you, if—you will not live for me, and for the many who love you so much. We will try all things to make you happier. God will help us, and the day will come in which all the bitter things of this time will seem like a dream, and when all the great and beautiful feelings, and all the agreeable impressions of life will again revive in you. You will again become innocent—nay, become more, because virtue is a higher, a glorified innocence. O Eva, if he whose dust reposes beneath us, if his spirit invisibly float around us—if he who was better and purer than all of us, could make his voice audible to us at this moment, he would certainly join with me in the prayer—‘O Eva, live—live for those who love thee.’ Mortal life, with all its anguish and its joy, is soon past; and then it is so beautiful that our life should have caused joy to one another on earth; it causes joy in heaven. The great Comforter of all affliction will not turn from thee; only do not thou turn from Him! Have patience; tarry out your time. Peace comes, comes certainly—”

The words ceased; both sisters had clasped their arms round each other, and mingled their tears. Eva's head rested on Leonore's shoulder as she, after a long pause, spoke in a feeble voice:

“Say no more, Leonore; I will do what you wish. Take me; make of me what you will; I am too weak to sustain myself at this moment—support me; I will go with you; you are my good angel.”

Other guardian angels approached just then, and clasped the sisters in a tender embrace. Conducted by them, Eva returned home. She was altogether submissive and affectionate, and besought earnestly for forgiveness from all. She was very much excited by the scenes which had just occurred, drank a composing draught which her mother administered, and then listened to Leonore, who read to her, as she lay in bed, till she fell asleep.

The Judge paced up and down his chamber uneasily that night, and spoke thus to his wife, who lay in bed.

“A journey to the baths, and that in company with you, would be quite the best thing for her. But I don't know how I can do without you; and more than that, where the money is to come from. We have had great losses, and see still great expenses before us: in the first place Louise's marriage; and then, without a little money in hand, we cannot let our girls go from home; and the rebuilding of our house. But we must borrow more money; I see no other way. Eva must be saved, her mind must be enlivened and her body strengthened let it cost what it may. I must see and borrow—

“It is not necessary, Ernst,” said Elise; and the Judge, making a sudden pause, gazed at her with astonishment; while she, half raising herself in bed, looked at him with a countenance beaming with joy. “Come,” continued she, “and I will recal something to your memory which occurred fifteen years ago.”

“What sort of a history can that be?” said he, smiling gaily, while he seated himself on the bed, and took the hand which Elise extended to him.

“Five-and-twenty years ago,” began she.

“Five-and-twenty years?” interrupted he, “heaven help me, you promised to go no farther back than fifteen.”

“Patience, my love; this is part the first of my story. Do you not remember, then,” said she, “how, five-and-twenty years ago, at the commencement of our married life, you made plans for a journey into the beautiful native land of your mother? I see now, Ernst, that you remember it. And how we should wander there you planned, and enjoy our freedom and God's lovely nature; you were so joyful in the prospect of this; but then came adversity, and cares, and children, and never-ending labour for you, so that our Norwegian journey retreated more and more into the background. Nevertheless, it remained like a point of light to you in the future; but now for some time you seem to have forgotten it; for you have given up all your own pleasures in labouring for your family; have forsaken all your own enjoyments, your own plans, for your own sphere of activity and your home. But I have not forgotten the Norwegian journey, and in fifteen years have obtained the means of its accomplishment.”

“In fifteen years! what do you mean?” asked he.

“Now I am arrived,” she answered, “at part the second of my history. Do you still remember, Ernst, that fifteen years ago we were not so happy as we are now? You have forgotten? Well, so much the better; I scarcely remember it myself any more, for the expansive mind of love has grown over the black scar. What I, however, know is, that at that time I was not so properly at home in actual life, and did not rightly understand all the good that it offered me, and that to console myself on that account I wrote a romance. But now it happened that by reason of my romance characters I neglected my duties to my lord and husband, for the gentlemen are decidedly unskilled in serving themselves—

“Very polite!” interposed the Judge, smiling.

“Be content!” continued she, “now it happened that one evening his tea and my romance came into collision—a horrible story followed. But I made a vow in my heart that one of these days the two rivals should become reconciled. Now you see my manuscript—you had the goodness to call it rubbish—I sent to a very enlightened man, a man of distinguished taste and judgment, and thus it befell, he found taste in the rubbish; and, what say you to it? paid me a pretty little sum for permission to bring it before the world. Do not look so grave, Ernst; I have never again taken up the pen to write romances; my own family has found me enough to do; and besides, I never again could wish to do anything which was not pleasant to you. You have displaced all rivals, do you see! But this one I decided should be the means of your taking the Norwegian journey. The little sum of two hundred crowns banco which it produced me have I placed in the savings' bank for this purpose, and in fifteen years it has so much augmented itself that it will perfectly accomplish that object; and if ever the time for its employment will come, it is now. The desire for travelling is gone from me—I covet now only rest. But you and—”

"And you think," said the Judge, "that I shall take you—"

"O Ernst! why should you not?" exclaimed she; "if you could but know what joy the thought of this has prepared for me! The money, which from year to year increased, in order to give you pleasure, has been to me like a treasure of hidden delight, which has many a time strengthened and animated my soul! Make me only perfectly happy by allowing yourself to have enjoyment from it. Take it, my Ernst, and make yourself pleasure with it, this summer; I pray you to do so on account of our children. Take Eva with you, and if possible Leonore also. Nothing would refresh Eva's soul more than such a journey with you and Leonore in a magnificent and beautiful country. The money can be obtained in a month's time, and a few month's leave of absence cannot possibly be denied to one who has spent more than thirty years in incessant service for the state; and when Louise and her husband have left us, and spring and nature are in their very loveliest, then you shall set out; you shall be refreshed after so many years of painful labour, and the wounded heart of our sick child shall be healed."

CHAPTER XII.

PLANS AND COUNTER PLANS.

Eva entered her father's study the next morning. He immediately left his work, received her with the greatest tenderness, drew her to his side on the sofa, and placing one arm round her waist, took her hand in his and inquired, with a searching glance, "Do you want anything from me, my child? Can I do anything for you? Tell me!"

Encouraged by this kindness, Eva described the state of her mind to her father, and explained how she wished to commence an active life in order to overcome her weakness, and to regain strength and quiet. The situation of teacher in a girl's school in the city was vacant, and she wished immediately to take it, but only for the summer, during which time she and Leonore would prepare themselves to open a school in autumn. It was a plan of which they had long thought, and which would afford them a useful and independent life. Eva besought the acquiescence of her father to this proposition.

"Leonore and I," continued she, "have this morning talked a deal on the subject; we hope that with the counsel and countenance upon which we may reckon, to be able to make it succeed. Ah, father! I am become quite anxious about it on account of my own weakness. I must speedily resort to external means, that I may overcome it. I will become active; I will work; and while thus employed, I shall forget the past and myself, and only live for the happiness of those who love me, and to whom I have caused so much trouble."

"My child! my dear child, you are right; you do rightly!" said the father, deeply affected, and clasping his daughter in his arms; "your wish shall be granted, and whatever is in my power will I do to forward your plans. What a many institutions for education will

there not proceed from our house! But there is no harm at all in that—there are no more useful institutions on the face of the earth! One reservation, however, I must make from your and Leonore's determination. You may dedicate the autumn and winter to your school—but the summer you must devote to your father; and Madame B. may find a teacher where she can, only not from my family—for I am not now in a condition to find her one."

"Ah, father," said she, "every unemployed hour is a burden to me!"

"We will bear the burden together, my child," interrupted her father, "Leonore, I, and you, in our wanderings towards the west. In a few weeks I am thinking of undertaking a journey, after which I have longed for these many years; I will visit the beautiful native land of my mother; will you, Eva, breathe this fresh mountain air with me? I should have very little pleasure in the journey alone; but in company with you and Leonore it will make me young again! Our heads are become bowed, my child, but in God's beautiful nature we will lift them up again! You will go with me—is it not so? Good! Come then with me to your mother, for it is she alone who has managed this journey!"

With an arm round the waist of his daughter the Judge now went to his wife; they found Leonore with her; nor was ever a quartet of Mozart's more harmonious than that which was now performed among them.

Eva was uncommonly animated all day, but in the evening she was in a burning fever. A feeling of anxiety went through the whole family; they feared that a new grave was about to be opened, and disquiet was painted on all countenances. Eva, demanded, with a fervour, which was not without its feverish excitement, that the Assessor should be fetched. He came immediately.

"Forgive me!" exclaimed Eva, extending her hand to him, I have been so ungrateful to you! But my heart was so disordered that it was quite changed; but it will recover itself again. Leonore has given it health. I am very ill now; my hands burn, my head aches! Give me my little work-box—that I may hold it between my hands—that I may lean my head upon it—else I shall be no better! You, my friend, will cure me that I may again make my family happy!"

The Assessor dried his tears. As Eva leaned her head on the work-box, she talked earnestly, but not quite coherently, of the plans for the future.

"Very good, very good," said the physician, interrupting her; I too will be of the establishment; I will give instructions in botany to the whole swarm of girls, and between us we will drive them out into the woods and into the fields, that we may see them learn all that is beautiful in the world. But now, Eva, you must not talk any more—but you must empty this glass."

Eva took the composing draught willingly, and was soon calmer. She was the most obedient and amiable of patients, and showed a confidence in her old friend which penetrated his heart. He would have sate night and day by her bed.

Eva's sickness was a violent fever, which confined her to her bed for nearly three weeks, and occasioned her family great uneasiness. This sickness was, however, very beneficial for herself and for the health of her mind; but still more beneficial was the infinite love with which she saw herself encompassed on all sides.

One day in the beginning of her convalescence, as she sate up and saw herself surrounded by all the comforts which love and home could gather about a beloved sufferer, she said to Leonore as she leaned upon her, "Ah, who would not be willing to live when they see themselves so beloved."

In the mean time Louise's wedding-day was approaching nearer.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SURPRISE.

THREE days before the wedding a grand travelling-carriage drawn by four horses rolled through the streets of the city of X., and from the prodigious clatter which it made drew all the inhabitants to their windows.

"Did you see, dear sister," cried the general-shopkeeper Madame Saur to Madame Bask, the wife of the postmaster, "the grand travelling-carriage that has just gone by? Did you see the sweet youth that sate on the left and looked so genteel, with his snow-white neck and open shirt-collar? Lawk! how he looked at me—so sweet as he was! How like a real prince he looked!"

"Dear sister!" answered the postmistress, "then you did not see the gentleman who sate on the right? He was a grand gentleman, that I can positively assert! He sate so stately leaning back in the carriage, and so wrapped up in grand furs that one could not see the least bit of his face. Positively it was something grand!"

"I got a shimmer of the youth," said the grey-brown handed and visaged Annette P. as she glanced up from her coarse sewing, with such a look as probably a captive who has glanced out of his prison into a freer and more beautiful state of existence; "he looked so calm, with large blue eyes, out of the plate-glass windows of the carriage! as pure and grave he looked as one of God's angels!"

"Ay! we know to be sure how the angels look!" said the postmistress snubbingly, and with a severe glance at Annette; "but that's absolutely all one! Yet I should like to know what grandees they are. I should not be a bit surprised if it were his royal highness or gracious crown-prince, who with his eldest son is travelling *incondito* through the country."

"Dear sister says what is true," returned Madame Saur. "Yes it must be so! for he looked like a regular prince, the dear youth, as he sate there and glanced at me through the window; really, he smiled at me!"

"Nay, my ladies, we've got some genteel strangers in the city!" exclaimed Mr. Alderman Nyberg as he came into the room.

"Have they stopped here!" cried both ladies at once.

"My wife saw the carriage draw up and——"

"Nay, heaven defend us! Mr. Alderman

what are you thinking about that you don't make a stir in the city and send a deputation to wait upon them? For goodness sake let the city-council come together!"

"How! What! Who!" asked the Alderman, opening wide his grey eyes like some one just awoke out of sleep; "Can it indeed——"

"Yes, very likely his royal highness himself in his own proper person—possibly his majesty!"

"Gracious heavens!" said the Alderman, and looked as if the town-house had fallen.

"But speed off in all the world's name; and run and look about you, and don't stand here staring like a dead figure!" exclaimed the Postmistress quite hoarse, while she shook up and down her great mass of humanity on the creaking sofa. "Dear sister, cannot you also get on your legs a little, and Annette too, instead of sitting there humdrumming with her sewing, out of which nothing comes. Annette run quick, and see what it is all about—but come back in an instant—minute and tell me, poor soul, whom our Lord has smitten with calamity and sickness—nay, nay, march *pancake*!"

The alderman ran; dear sister Saur ran; Mamselle Annette ran; we ran also, dear reader, in order to see a large-made gentleman somewhat in years, and a youth of eleven, of slender figure and noble appearance, dismount from the travelling-carriage. It was Excellence D. and his youngest son.

They alighted and went into the house of the Franks. His Excellence entered the drawing-room without suffering himself to be announced, and introduced, himself to Elise, who though surprised by the visit of the unexpected stranger, received him with all her accustomed graceful self-possession; lamenting the absence of her husband, and thinking to herself that Jacobi had not in the least exceeded the truth in his description of the person of his Excellence.

His Excellence was now in the most brilliant of humours, and discovered, as by sudden revelation, that he and Elise were related; called her "my cousin" all the time, and said the handsomest things to her of her family, of whom he had heard so much, but more especially of a certain young man on whom he set the highest value. Further he said, that however much he must rejoice in having made the personal acquaintance of his cousin, still he must confess that his visit at this time had particular reference to the young man of whom he had spoken; and with this he inquired after Jacobi.

Jacobi was sent for and came quickly, but not without evident emotion in his countenance. Excellence D. approached him, extended his hand cheerfully, and said, "I rejoice to see you; my cursed gout has not quite left me; but I could not pass so near the city without going a little out of my way in order to wish you happiness on your approaching marriage, and also to mention an affair—but you must introduce me to your bride."

Jacobi did it with glowing eyes. His Excellence took Louise's hand, and said, "I congratulate you on your happiness, on being about to have one of the most estimable of men for your husband!" And with these words he riveted a friendly penetrating glance upon her, and then kissed her hand. Louise blushed deeply, and

looked happier than when she agreed to her own proposition of not troubling herself about his Excellence.

Upon the other daughters also who were present, his keen eyes were fixed with a look which seemed rather to search into soul than body, and rested with evident satisfaction on the beautifully blushing Gabriele.

"I also have had a daughter," said he slowly, "an only one—but she was taken from me!"

A melancholy feeling seemed to have gained possession of him, but he shook it quickly from him, stood up and went to Jacobi, to whom he talked in a loud and friendly voice.

"My best Jacobi," said he, "you told me the last time we were together that you thought of opening a school for boys at Stockholm. I am pleased with it, for I have proved that your ability as teacher and guide of youth is of no ordinary kind. I wish to introduce to you a pupil, my little boy. You will confer upon me a real pleasure if you will be able to receive him in two months, at which time I must undertake a journey abroad, which perhaps may detain me long, and would wish to know that during this my absence my son was in good hands. I wish that he should remain under your care at least two or three years. You will easily feel that I should not place in your hands him who is dearest to me in the world. If I had not the most perfect confidence in you, and therefore I give you no prescribed directions concerning him. And if prayers can obtain motherly regard," continued he, turning to Louise, "I would direct myself with them to you. Take good care of my boy—he has no longer a mother!"

Louise drew the boy hastily to her, embraced him and kissed him with warmth. A smile as of sunshine diffused itself over the countenance of the father, and certainly no words which Louise could have spoken would have satisfied him more than this silent but intelligent answer of the heart. Jacobi stood there with tears in his eyes; he could not bring forth many words, but his Excellence understood him, and shook him cordially by the hand.

"May we not have the horses taken out? Will not your Excellence have the goodness to stay to dine with us?" were the beseeching questions which were repeated around him.

But however willing his Excellence would have been to do it, it was impossible. He had promised to dine at Strö with Count Y., eighteen miles distant from the city.

"But breakfast? a little breakfast at least? It should be served in a moment. The young Count Axel would certainly be glad of a little breakfast!" asserted Louise with friendly confidence, who seemed already to have taken under her protection the future pupil of her husband.

The young Count Axel did not say no; and the father, whose behaviour became every moment more cordial and gay, said that a little breakfast in such company would eat excellently.

Bergström prepared, with rapture and burning zeal the table for the lofty guest, who in the mean time chatted with evident satisfaction with Elise and Jacobi, directing often also his conversation to Louise, as if insensibly, to test her; and from their inmost hearts did both mother and bridegroom rejoice that with her

calm understanding she could stand the test so well.

Gabriele entertaining the young Count Axel; in one of the windows by listening to the repeater of his new gold watch, which set the grave and naturally silent boy at liberty to lead the entertainment in another way; and Gabriele, who entered into all his ideas, wondered very much over the wonderful properties of the watch, and let it repeat, over and over again, whilst her lovely and lively smiles, and her merry words, called forth more and more the confidence of the young Axel.

Breakfast was ready; was brought in by the happy Bergström; was eaten and praised by his Excellence, who was a connoisseur; a description of the capitally preserved anchovies was particularly desired from Louise; and then her health and that of her bridegroom were drunk in Madeira.

Towards the conclusion of the breakfast the Judge came home. The trait of independence, bordering on pride, which sometimes revealed itself in Judge Frank's demeanour, and perhaps at the very time of his respectful but simple greeting of his Excellence, called forth in him also a momentary glimpse of height. But this pride soon vanished from both sides. These two men knew and valued each other mutually, and it was not long before they were so deeply engrossed by conversation, that his Excellence forgot his journey, not for one only, but for two hours.

"I lament over Strö and its dinner!" said his Excellence, preparing to take his departure; "how they must have waited there! But we could not possibly help it."

After his Excellence had departed, he left behind him a bright impression on all the family of Franks, not one of whom did not feel animated in a beneficial manner by his behaviour and his words. Jacobi in his joy made a high *entrechat*, and embracing Louise said, "Now, Louise, what say you to the man? And we have got a pupil that will draw at least twenty after him!"

Louise was perfectly reconciled to his Excellence. From this day forth Bergström began a new era; whatever happened in the family was either before or after the visit of his Excellence.

"Ah, then, my goodness! that it should be Excellence D.!" said the dear sister Bask to the dear sister Saur.

"Yes, just think! That he should come solely, and for no other purpose, than to visit the Franks, and breakfast there, and stop several hours there! He is a cousin of the Judge's lady."

"Her cousin! Bah! no more her cousin than I am the king's cousin, positively not!"

"Yes, yes! or why else should he have called her 'my gracious cousin?' And one must confess that there is something refined and genteel about her—and such hands as she has have I never seen!"

"Hum! There's no art in looking genteel and having beautiful hands, when one goes about the house like a foolish thing, washing one's hands in rose-water, and all the livelong day doing not one sensible act. That I know well enough!"

"Yes, yes! they who will be of any use in their house cannot keep such hands, and sit the whole day and read romances! I should like to know how it would have gone with the blessed Saur's baking business—to which at last he added the grocery—if I had been a genteel lady! Not at all, because I should not have done it. Dear sister, know that I once had my whims—yes, and a turn for scribbling and writing. Yes, so help me Heaven! if it had not been for my little bit of sound sense, which shewed me my folly in time, I might have become a regularly learned lady, another—what do you call her?—Madame de Stael! But when I married the late Saur I determined to give up all that foolishness, and do honour to the baking; and now I have quite let my little talent slip away from me, so that it is as good as buried. But on that account I am, to be sure, no fitting company for the Franks—think only!—and shall be only less and less so, if they are always climbing higher and higher."

"Let them climb as high as they will, I don't intend to make obeisances before them, that I can promise them! that I absolutely will not! It vexes me enough that Annette is so mad after them. Before one is aware of it, they will be taking her away from me, skin and hair; and that's my thanks for all I have lavished upon her! But I'll tell the gentry that I'm positively determined to make no compliments to them or to their Excellencies, and that one person is just as good as another! Positively I'll tell them that!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EVENING BEFORE THE WEDDING.

"God bless the little ones! But when one considers how little of a rarity children are in this world, one has only to open one's mouth to say so, and people are all up in arms and make such a stir and such an ado about their little ones! Heart's-dearest! People may call them angels as much as ever they will, but I would willingly have my knees free from them! But worst of all is it with the first child in a family! Oh, it is a happiness and a miracle, and cannot be enough overloaded with caresses and presents from father and mother, and aunts and cousins, all the world over. Does it scream and roar, then it is a budding genius; is it silent, then it is a philosopher, in its cradle: and scarcely is it eight days old but it understands Swedish, and almost German also. And—it bites, the sweet angel!—it has got a tooth! It bites properly. Ah, it is divine! Then comes the second child:—it is by far less wonderful already; its cry and its teeth are not half so extraordinary. The third comes:—it is all over with miracles now! the aunts begin to shake their heads and say, "no lack of heirs in the house! Nay, nay! may there be only enough to feed them all. After this comes a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth—yes, then people's wits are set in full play! The parents resign themselves, but the friends defend themselves! Heart's-dearest, what is to become of it? The house full of children, a whole half dozen! Poor Mrs. This and This—it makes one quite weak both in body and mind only to think of it! Yes,

yes, my friends, people don't put these things down in romances, but it goes on in this way in real life! Yes!"

It was the Chamberlain's lady who preached this little sermon, in the zeal of her spirit, to the young couple who the next day were to be man and wife. She ate on this evening Whitsuntide-porridge* with the Franks, and all the while gave sundry lessons for the future. Jacobi laughed heartily over the history of the children, and endeavoured to catch Louise's eye; but this was fixed upon the Postillion, which she was arranging with a very important and grave aspect. The Judge and Elise looked smilingly on each other, and extended to each other their hands.

The state of feeling in the family, for the rest of the evening, was quite rose-coloured. Letters had been received from Petrea which gave contentment to all her friends, and Eva sate in the family circle with returning, although as yet, pale roses on her cheeks. The Judge sate between Eva and Leonore, laying out on the map the plan of the summer tour. They would visit Thistedalen, Ringeriget, and Thellemarken, and would go through Trondheim to Norrland, where people go to salute the mid-night sun.

Gabriele looked after her flowers, and watered the myrtle tree from which next morning she would break off sprays wherewith to weave a crown and garland for Louise. Jacobi sate near the mother, and seemed to have much to say to her; what it was, however, nobody heard, but he often conveyed her hand to his lips, and seemed as if he were thanking her for his life's happiness. He looked gentle and happy. Every thing was prepared for the morrow, so that this evening would be spent in quiet.

According to Jacobi's wish the marriage was to take place in the church, and after this they were all to dine *en famille*. In the evening, however, a large company was to be assembled in the S. saloon, which with its adjoining garden had been hired for the purpose. This was according to the wish of the father, who desired that for the last time, perhaps for many years, his daughter should collect around her, all her acquaintance and friends, and thus should show to them, at the same time, welcome politeness. He himself, with the help of Jacobi and Leonore, who was everybody's assistant, had taken upon himself the arrangement of this evening's festival, that his wife might not be fatigued and disturbed by it.

At supper the betrothed sat side by side, and Jacobi behaved sometimes as if he would purposely seize upon his bride's plate as well as his own, which gave rise to many dignified looks, to setting-to-rights again, and a deal of merriment besides.

Later in the evening, when they all went to rest, Louise found her toilette-table covered with presents from bridegroom, parents, sisters, and friends. A great deal of work was from Petrea. These gifts awakened in Louise mingled feelings of joy and pain, and as she hastened yet once again to embrace the beloved ones from whom she was about so soon to separate,

* There is some new kind of porridge for almost every week in the year in Sweden, with which the table is most religiously served.

many mutual tears were shed. But evening dew is prophetic of a bright morrow—that was the case here.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

THE sun shone bright and warm on that morning of Whit-Monday. Flowers and leaves glistened in the morning dew; the birds sang; the bells of the city rang festively and gaily; the myrtle-crown was ready woven early; and the mother and Leonore were present at the toilette of the bride. They expected that Jacobi would make his appearance in the highest state of elegance, and hoped that his appearance would not dim that of the bride. Louise's sisters made her appearance on this occasion of more importance than she herself did. Gabriele dressed her hair—she possessed an actual talent for this art—half-blown rose-buds were placed in the myrtle wreath; and what with one, and what with another little innocent art of the toilette, a most happy effect was produced. Louise looked particularly well in her simple, tasteful, bridal dress—for the greatest part, the work of her own skilful hands—and the content, and the beautiful repose which diffused itself over her countenance, spread a glorification over all.

"You look so pale to-day in your white dress, my little Eva," said Leonore, as she helped her to dress—"you must have something pink on your neck, else our bride will be anxious when she sees you."

"As you will, Leonore! I can put this handkerchief on, that it may give a little reflected colour to my cheek. I will not distress any one."

When the festally-arranged family assembled for breakfast they presented a beautiful appearance. The family father, however, looked more gloomy than gay; and as Jacobi entered they saw, with astonishment, that his toilette was considerably negligent. He had been out; his hair was in disorder, and he evidently was in an excited state of mind; but he was handsome for all that. He kissed his bride tenderly on hand and lips, and gave her a nosegay of beautiful wild-flowers, and several splendidly bound books,—the sermons of Franzen and Wallin, which gift was very valuable, and was received by "our sensible" and sermon-loving Louise with the greatest pleasure.

After breakfast Jacobi hastened to arrange his toilette, and then they all went to church. The weather was uncommonly beautiful, and crowds of festally-dressed people thronged about, in part to hear the Provost, who was to preach that day, but principally to see the bridal pair.

It was an agreeable surprise to the family when at the entrance of the churchyard many young girls began to strew flowers before the bridal couple the whole way to the church-door. The church also was decorated with flowers and foliage.

When the Judge took the hand of his daughter in the church, she perceived that his was cold, and that it trembled. She looked at him, and read in his countenance the disquiet with which his soul laboured.

"My father," said she to him, "I feel so calm, so happy!"

"Then I am so too, my child," said he, pressing her hand, and after this moment his demeanour was calm and decided as usual.

Jacobi both before and after the ceremony was excited in the highest degree; he wept much. Louise, on the contrary, was externally quite calm: She looked rather pale, but her eyes were bright and almost joyous; an altogether unusual contrast in a bridal pair.

On their return from the church a little circumstance occurred which gave pleasure to all, but more especially to the Judge. As they went past the remains of the burnt-down house, they saw a great swarm of bees suddenly mount up from the trees of the garden; it flew several times round the market-place as if seeking for a habitation, and at last turning back, struck directly down among the ruins of the former kitchen fire-place; it seemed as if it had selected the hearth for its abiding home. This was regarded as the happiest omen, and no sooner had the Judge conducted his daughter home, than he returned in order to remove his bees to a convenient resting-place; Gabriele following him with a treatise on the management of bees in her hand.

When Louise was again locked in the arms of her mother—the mother and Eva had remained at home—she was seized by a slight trembling fit which lasted several hours, but which was unobserved by all except her mother; and through the whole of the day she continued graver than common. Jacobi on the contrary, after his fit of weeping was over, and he had embraced everybody, and kissed his bride on lips, hair, hand, and foot, was seized with a real desire of dancing with the whole world. He was so wildly joyous and happy, and at the same time so amiable, that he imparted his state of mind to everybody else.

At half-past four in the afternoon they assembled themselves in the garden, where the time was passed in the most agreeable manner, with music, walking about, entertainment and eating of ices and fruit, to which also the Almighty added the brightest heaven and the calmest air. Later in the evening they danced in the great saloon; no lady could sit still, and scarcely a gentleman stand; all must dance! When the company wished to go across the garden to the eating-room, they perceived that it had rained considerably, and that it still dropped; this occasioned a great commotion among the ladies, because all the wrapping shawls and cloaks were on the other side; they had quite forgotten to bring them over in the fine weather. But it was, according to popular belief in Sweden, fortunate that rain-drops should fall on the crown of the bride—but at the same time it was also against all sense of prudence and propriety that she should wet her shoes. And then all the other ladies! They must have the wrapping things fetched to this side!

"I will provide for it!" said Jacobi, and with these words seized his astonished bride in his arms and carried her across the garden. What he whispered in her ear during this journey we know not, but this far we can say, that this action set Jacobi very high in the favour of the ladies.

The new-married pair spent several days after the wedding under the paternal roof, and joyful days they were, only rather too much given up to dissipation, for all friends and acquaintance would see and entertain the two young people. Mrs. Gunilla gave them a dinner, in which she communicated to them that she should, at the same time with them, journey to Stockholm, where important affairs would oblige her to stay a considerable time. However much it grieved Elise to lose so excellent and almost motherly a friend, she rejoiced very much over what Louise and Jacobi would win thereby. Louise and Mrs. Gunilla, it is true, had not perfectly harmonized together, because each would instruct the other; but Jacobi and she agreed all the better, and she had already invited the young people to dine with her as often as they would in Stockholm.

In the hour of parting she spoke thus to Elise and her husband with tears in her eyes: "Who knows when we may meet again? The old woman is in years—is not of much more use in the world—na, na! God will care for her as he has hitherto done! And listen," continued she with an arch, roguish air, "don't be uneasy on account of the young folks; I shall see that it all goes on right there. I invite myself as sponsor to the first child. Perhaps we shall meet then! Yes, yes, I have a presentiment that we shall see one another again in Stockholm! Nay! now farewell, dear Elise! God bless you, my kind friend, and make all go well with you! Think of the old woman sometimes! Adieu!"

After the trouble of the packing was over—we mean packing Louise's things, of course—and the still sorrow of parting, quiet returned back into the house, and was only agreeably interrupted by preparations for the journey to the West. The Judge seemed at this time to be young again, and an increased union of heart shewed itself between him and his wife. So wear away, sometimes, the most beautiful summer days, even after the autumn has made advances into the year. From what cause is this? God knows.

The invisible genius of our history leads us at this moment far from the home of peace to a distant shore, in order to give us a glimpse into—the subject of our next chapter

CHAPTER XVI.

A SICK CHAMBER.

If the sun shine on the head of the crucified, if a bird lifts up its joyous song in presence of a broken heart, it seems to us cruel. But beautiful is the unconscious irony of nature in comparison with that which exists in human circumstances. We have here an example of this before us. See these sparkling false diamonds, this red gauze finery, these ruins of theatrical ornament. They seem to mock the misery of the room about which they are strewn. In that wretched room is want of light; want, not only of all the comforts of life, but also of its most necessary things. And yet—where could they be more useful than here?

Forlorn, upon a miserable bed, lay a woman, who appeared to have seen better days; still is

she handsome, although passion and suffering seem early to have wasted her yet young countenance. Fever burned on the sunken cheek and in the dark eye, and her lips moved themselves wildly; but no one was there to refresh with friendly hand the dry lips and the hot brow: no cooling fever-draught stood near her bed. Two new-born babes lay weeping near the mother. Uneasy phantoms seemed to agitate the unhappy one: sometimes she raised herself in the bed with gestures, but sunk back again powerless; whilst her pale convulsed, and wandering lips spoke from the depths of her torn heart the following incoherent words:

"It is a bitter, bitter path! but I must, must fly for help! My strength is broken—I can do nothing—the children cry to be heard, hungry, half-naked! Parents! sisters! help!"

"It is night—the wind is cold—I freeze! The waves swell and swell—they drive a wreck ashore—they strike on the rocks—ah! wherefore did it not go down in the storm on the open sea? And thou, thou who art the cause of all, thou sittest by and lookest coldly on me! Miserable egotist! Dost thou bear a heart in thy breast? The temple is dashed to pieces, and thou that hast ruined, treadest upon its ruins!

"Hush! is it she? Is it my foster-mother which comes here so soft and low? It becomes bright! She will lay her warm hands on my little children, and wrap them in the warm coverlet—

There sits a dove so fair and white
All on the lily spray.

Is it she? No! it is the moon, which rises palely out of black clouds. How coldly she looks on my misery! Away, away!

"Sisters, I thirst! Will no one give me a drop of water? Have you all, all left me? It is so strange in my head. Perhaps I shall become mad if I thirst much longer. It is dark—I am afraid! I am afraid of the dark bird! If it come again it will begin to rend my heart; but if I am ever again strong I will kill it—with my own hands will I murder it! Day and night a wick burns in my heart; its name is Hate, and the oil that supplies it is bitterness!

"When shall I be strong again? Do you see how he has misused me; has fettered me to the sick-bed? Do you hear the children cry?—the children which, through the abuse of the father, have come into the world before their time, and now will die? Give nourishment to the children, for the mercy of God, sisters! Let me die, but help the children!

"Help me up, I must dress myself! Here, with my handsome attire! haste! To-night I must appear anew before the public, and be admired; must hear the clapping of hands and bravos; must see garlands showered before my feet! See you, sisters, it is so glorious! It is a real burst of joy! See how I glitter—how I beam forth! Listen to the tempest of applause! How it thunders! But wherefore is it again silent? wherefore is it now again so still?—still and dark as the grave? It was a short joy!

"Do not look so sternly upon me, foster-father! Your stern look penetrates me. Give me your hand, that I may lay it on my burning brow. You turn from me! You go! Oh!

"I will not die! I am so young, have so much strength of life in my soul!"

"Who saves me? There come foaming waves!—or are they your white arms, sisters, which you stretch out towards me? Do you see what I see, like gray misty ghosts wandering on the corpse coast? Do you hear the noise? It is death—it is the dark hird which comes!—now I must fly—fly—or die!"

With a violent effort the delirious woman rose from the bed—took a few steps, and then fell down as if lifeless. Her head struck against the bedstead, and a stream of blood rushed forth.

At this moment a tall man habited in black entered the room softly; light locks surrounded the noble but somewhat aged head; the mild, serious expression of the countenance, and the affectionate look of the blue eyes shewed, still more than the dress, whose servant he was. A lady, who was not handsome, but whose countenance bore the stamp of beauty of the soul, like her husband's, followed him. With a look of the deepest compassion this couple surveyed the room, and then drew near the sick-bed.

"Merciful heaven!" whispered they, "we are come too late! The children are dead—and so is the mother!"

Let us now turn our eyes away from this dark picture that they may rest upon a brighter one.

CHAPTER XVII.

A LANDSCAPE.

ON one of the heights of the Bofrine Mountains we see three travellers—an elderly man and two young ladies. He seemed neither afraid of trouble for himself nor for them; he seemed as if he were accustomed to it and could play with it. But he does all so affectionately; he goes before them so friendly and kind, reaches out his hand and encourages them to yet another effort, and they would then enjoy the magnificent view; they would then be able to rest, and would get refreshment at the mountain but above them! The daughters follow him smiling, and overcome weakness and weariness for his sake! Now they are above on the heights—and well are they rewarded for all the labour of climbing up there! The earth lies below so rich, with its hills and valleys, dark woods, fruitful plains—and there, in the far distance, sea and heaven—unite themselves in majestic repose!

With an exclamation of rapture the father extended his arms towards the magnificent prospect; and the mountain wind—not keen here, but mild from the breath of spring, agreeably cooled the cheeks of the wanderers.

The father went to the hut to obtain milk for himself and his daughters, and in the mean time one of the daughters rested upon a moss-covered stone and supported herself against a rock. Almond-scented Linnea formed a garland around her feet, and the joyous singing-birds ascended from the valley. The sister who stood near her and against whom she leaned her lovely head, whilst the wind played in her brown tresses, looked on the comfortable dwellings which gleamed forth below from amid green trees and beside clear waters and her affectionate but un-

impassioned heart rejoiced itself over the scene which seemed to say to her, "Here may one live calmly and happily!" At that moment she heard her name spoken by a loving voice; it was Eva's, who, while she pointed with hand and eye towards heaven, when the clouds began to divide themselves, and stripes of blue light gleamed forth like friendly eyes, "Seest thou, Leonore," said she, gently smiling, "it will be bright!"

"Will it be bright? Ah, thank God!" whispered Leonore in reply, with eyes full of joyful tears, as she laid her cheek against the brow of her sister.

CHAPTER XVIII.

UPS AND DOWNS.

WHEN a new swarm is ready in a hive to attempt its own flight, warning voices may be heard on still evenings in the little state, calling forth, "Out! out!"

People have interpreted it to be the old queen bee, which thus warns the young ones forth into the world to fashion their own kingdom. I should rather imagine it to be the young ones who in this manner sing forth their longing. But let it be with them as it may, certain it is that in the human hive, home, a similar cry sometimes makes itself heard. Then also there, when the young swarm is become strong with the honey and wax of home, it finds the house too narrow and longs to get abroad. This is common to all homes; but it is peculiar to the good and happy home, that the same voice—which exclaims, "Out! out!" exclaims afterwards yet more animatedly, "In! in!"

So was it in the home of the Franks.

The period to which we must now cast our eyes conducts us several years beyond the time when we saw father and daughters on the heights of the Dofrine Mountains, and shews us our Petrea returned home after a long absence.

The mother, Petrea, and Gabriele, are deep in a conversation which appears to interest them all three in a very lively manner, and the mild voice of the mother is heard saying—

"You may freely decide for yourself, my good child, that you know perfectly well; but as you describe Mr. M., and with the feelings, or more properly speaking the want of feeling which you have for him, I can never believe that you will be happy with him, and I cannot therefore advise this marriage. See, here are some almonds in the shell, my dear girl! We have not forgotten so soon your love for them—I set the basket before you!"

"And the Countess Solstrale," said the lively Gabriele archly, "has herself spoken for her nephew, and invited you to her house. Very polite and handsome of her! And you, Petrea, no longer covet this exaltation?"

"Ah, no, Gabriele!" answered Petrea, "this childish desire is long past; it is another kind of exaltation than this that I pine for."

"And this is called?" asked Gabriele, with a light in her lovely eyes which shewed that she very well knew what, however she had not pronounced in words.

"I do not know what I should call it; but there lives and moves here a longing difficult to describe," said Petrea, laying her hand upon her breast, and with eyes full of tears, "Oh, if I

could only rise upwards to light—to a higher, freer life!"

"You do not wish to die!" said Gabriele warmly, "not that I now fear death. Since Henrik has trod this path, I feel so entirely different to what I used to do. Heaven is come quite near to the grave. To die is to me to go to him, and to his home. But I am yet so happy to be living here with my family, and you, my Petrea, must feel so too. Ah! life on earth with those that we love may indeed be so beautiful!"

"So I think, and so I feel, Gabriele," replied Petrea, "and more so than ever when I am at home, and with my own family. On that account I will gladly live on the earth, at least till I am more perfect. But I must have a sense of this life having in it a certain activity, by which I may arrive at the consciousness of that which lives within me—there moves in me a fettered spirit, which longs after freedom!"

"Extraordinary!" said Gabriele, half displeased, "how unlike people are one to another. I, for my part, feel not the least desire for activity. I, unworthy mortal, would much rather do nothing!" and so saying she leaned her pretty head with half-shut eyes against her mother, who looked on her with an expression that seemed to say, "Live only; that is enough for thee!"

Petrea continued: "When I have read or heard of people who have lived and laboured for some great object, for some development of human nature, who have dedicated all their thoughts and powers to this purpose, and have been able to suffer and to die for it; oh! then I have wept for burning desire that it also might be granted to me to spend and to sacrifice my life. I have looked around me, have listened after such an occasion, have waited and called upon it; but ah! the world goes past me on its own way—nobody and nothing has need of me."

Petrea both wept and laughed as she spoke, and with smiles and tears also did both Gabriele and the mother listen to her; and she continued—

"As there was now an opportunity for my marrying, I thought that here was sphere in which I might be active—But ah! I feel clearly that it is not the right one for me, neither is it the one for which I am suitable—especially with a husband whose tastes and feelings are so different to mine."

"But, my good girl," said the mother, disconcerted, "how came it, then, that he could imagine you sympathised so well together; it seems from his letter that he makes himself quite sure of your consent."

"Ah!" replied Petrea, blushing, and not without embarrassment, "there was reason for that, and it was partly his fault and partly mine. In the country where I met him, he was quite left to himself; nobody troubled themselves about him; he had ennui, and for that reason I began to find pleasure for him."

"Very noble," said Gabriele, smiling.

"Not quite so much so as you think," replied Petrea, again blushing, "because—at first I wished really to find pleasure for him, and then also a little for myself. Yes, the truth is this, that I—had nothing to do, and while I busied myself about Mr. M., I did not think it so very much amiss to busy him a little about me; and for this reason I entered into his amusements, which turned upon all sorts of petty, social title-

tattle; for this reason I preserved apricots for him, and sang to him in an evening, 'Welcome, O Moon!' and let him think if he would that he was the moon. Mother, Gabriele, forgive me, I know how little edification there is in all this, it is quite too—but you cannot believe how dangerous it is to be idle, when one has an active spirit within one, and an object before one that—You laugh! nay, the affair is not worth anything more, for it is anything but tragic—yet it might become so, if on account of any of my sins I were to punish myself by marrying Mr. M. I should be of no worth for him, excepting as housekeeper and plaything, and this would not succeed in the long run; for the rest he does not love me—cannot love me seriously, and would certainly easily console himself for my refusal."

"Then let him console himself, and do not think any farther on the affair!" cried Gabriele, with animation.

"I am of Gabriele's opinion," said the mother, "for to marry merely to be married; merely to obtain a settlement, an establishment, and all that, is wrong; and moreover with your family relationships the most unnecessary thing in the world. You know, my dear child, that we have enough for ourselves and for you, and a sphere of action suitable for you will present itself in time. Your father will soon return home, and then we can talk with him on the subject. He will assist us directly in the best way."

"I had, indeed, presentiments," said Petrea with a sigh, "and hopes, and dreams perhaps—of a way, of an activity which would have made me useful and happy according to my own abilities. I make now much humbler demands on life than formerly; I have much less opinion of myself than I had—but oh! if I might only ally myself, as the least atom of light, to the beams which penetrate humanity at the same time that they animate the soul of man, I would thank God and esteem myself happy! I have made an attempt—you know, mother and Gabriele—to express in a book somewhat of that which has lived in me and which still lives; you know that I have sent the manuscript to an enlightened printer for his judgment, and also—if his judgment be favourable—that he should publish it. If this should succeed, if a sphere of action should open itself to me in this way, oh! then some time or other I might become a more useful and happy being, should give pleasure to my connexions, and —"

Petrea was here interrupted by the arrival of a large packet directed to herself. A shuddering apprehension went through her; her heart beat violently as she broke the seal, and—recognised her own manuscripts. The enlightened, intelligent printer sent them back to her, accompanied by a little note, containing the unpleasant tidings that he would not offer the merest trifle for the book, neither could he undertake the printing of it at his own cost.

"Then this path is also closed against me!" said Petrea, bowing her head to her hand that nobody might see how deeply she felt this. Thus then she had deceived herself regarding her talents and her ability. But now that this way also was closed against her—what should she undertake? Marriage with Mr. M. began again to haunt her brain. She stumbled about in the dark.

Gabriele would not allow, however, that the path of literature was closed against her; she was extremely excited against the printer. "He was certainly," she said, "a man without taste."

"Ah!" said Petrea, readily smiling, "I also will gladly flatter myself with that belief, and that if the book could only be printed, then we soon—but that is not to be thought of!"

Gabriele thought it was quite worth while to think about it, and did not doubt but that means might be found, some time or other, to make the gentleman printer make a long face about it one of these days.

The mother agreed; spoke of the return of her husband, who she said would set all right: "keep only quietly with us, Petrea, calmly, and don't be uneasy about the means for bringing out your book; they will be found without difficulty, if we only give ourselves time."

"And here," added Gabriele, "you shall have as much quiet as you desire. If you would like to spend the whole day in reading and writing, I will take care that nobody disturbs you. I will attend to all your friends and acquaintance, if it be needful, to insure your quiet. I will only come in to you to tell you when breakfast is ready and when dinner; and on the post-day, I'll only come at the post hour and knock at your door, and take your letters and send them off. And in the evening then—then we may see you amongst us—you cannot believe how welcome you will be! Ah! certainly you will feel yourself happy among those who love you so much! And your book! we will send it out into the world, and it too shall succeed!"

Loving voices! domestic voices in happy families, what adversity, what suffering is there which cannot be comforted by you!

Petrea felt their healing balsam. She wept tears of love and gratitude. An hour afterwards, much calmer in mind, she stood at the window, and noticed the scene without. Christmas was at hand, and every thing was in lively motion, in order to celebrate the beautiful festival joyously. The shops were ornamented, and people made purchases. A little bird came and sat on the window, looked up to Petrea, twittered joyfully, and flew away. A lively sentiment passed through Petrea's heart.

"Thou art happy, little bird," thought she; "so many beings are happy. My mishap grieves no one, hurts no one. Wherefore, then, should it depress me? The world is large, and its Creator rich and good. If this path will not succeed for me, what then? I will find out another."

In the evening she was cheerful with her family. But when night came, and she was alone; when the external world presented no longer its changing pictures; when loving, sweet voices no more allured her out of herself—then anguish and disquiet returned to her breast. In no condition to sleep, and urged by irresistible curiosity, she sate herself down sighingly to go through her unlucky manuscripts. She found many pencil-marks, notes of, interrogation, and traces of the thumb on the margin, which plainly proved that the reader had gone through the manuscript with a censorious hand, and had had satisfaction in passing his judgment of "good for nothing!"

Ah! Petrea had built so many plans for herself and her family upon this, which was now good for nothing; had founded upon it so many hopes for her ascent upwards. Was nothing now to come out of them all?

Petrea read; she acknowledged the justice of many marginal marks, but she found, more and more, that the greater part of them had reference to single expressions, and other trifles. Petrea read and read, and was involuntarily captivated

by that which she read. Her heart swelled, her eyes glowed, and suddenly animated by that feeling which (we say it *sans comparaison*) gave courage to Correggio, and which comforted Galileo, she raised herself, and struck her hand upon the manuscript with the exclamation, "It is good for something after all!"

Animated to the depths of her heart, she ran to Gabriele, and laughing, embraced her with the words "You shall see that one of these days I'll ascend upwards yet."

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

PETREA TO IDA.

From my Hermitage in the Garret.

"ILLUSIONS! Illusions!" you cry over all joys, all faith, all love in life. I shout back with all my might over your own words, 'Illusions! Illusions!' All depends upon what we fix our faith and our affections. Must the beauty of love and worth of life be at an end to woman when her first spring, her bloom of love, her moments of romance, are past? No, do not believe that, Ida. Nothing in this world is such an illusion as this belief. Life is rich; its tree blossoms eternally, because it is nourished by immortal fountains. It bears dissimilar fruits, various in colour and glory, but all beautiful; let us undervalue none of them, for all of them are capable of producing plants of eternal life.

"Youthful love—the beaming passion-flower of earth! Who will belie its captivating beauty, who will not thank the Creator that he gave it to the children of earth? But ah! I will exclaim to all those who drink of its nectar, and to those who must do without it—"There are flowers which are as noble as this, and which are less in danger than it of being paled by the frosts of the earth—flowers from whose chalices also you may suck life from the life of the Eternal!"

"Ah! if we only understood how near to us Providence has placed the fountains of our happiness—if we had only understood this from the days of our childhood upwards, acted upon it, and profited by it, our lives would then seldom lead through dry wildernesses! Happy are those children whose eyes are early opened by parents and home to the rich activity of life. They will then experience what sweetness and joy and peace can flow out of family relationships, out of the heart-felt union between brothers and sisters, between parents and children; and they will experience how these relations, carefully cherished in youth, will become blessings for our maturer years.

"You pray me to speak of my home and my family. But when I begin with this subject, who can say, Ida, whether I shall know how to leave off? This subject is so rich to me, so dear—and yet how weak will not my description be, how lifeless in comparison with the reality!"

"The dwelling-house—which may be said to have the same relation to home as the body has to the soul—arisen now out of its ashes, stands on the same place on which, twelve years ago, it was burnt down. I wish you had been with

me yesterday in the library at breakfast. It was Leonore's birth-day, and the family had occasioned her a surprise by a little gift which was exactly according to her taste—ornament combined with convenience. It was an insignificant gift—wherefore then did it give us all so much pleasure? wherefore were there sweet tears in her pious eyes, and in ours also? We were all so still, and yet we felt that we were very happy—happy because we mutually loved one another, and mutually pleased one another so much. The sun shone at that time into the room—and see, Ida! this sunbeam which shines day by day into the house is the best image of its state; it is that which chases hence all darkness, and turns all shadows into the glorification of its light!

"I will now, lively Ida, talk to you some little about the daughters of the house, and in order that you may not find my picture too sentimental, I will introduce first to you, 'Honour to whom honour is due!'

'OUR ELDEST,'

Well known for industry, morality, moral lecturing, cathedral airs, and many good properties. She married eleven years ago upon a much smaller than common capital of worldly wealth; but both she and her husband knew how to turn their pound to account, and so, by degrees, their house, under her careful hands, came to be what people call a well-to-do house.

Eight wild Jacobins during this time sprung up in the house without bringing about any revolution in it, so good were the morals which they drew in with the mother's milk. I call them the 'Berserkers,' because when I last saw them they were perfect little monsters of strength and swiftness, and because we shall rely upon their prowess to overturn certain planks—of which more anon—on which account I will inspire them and their mother beforehand with a certain old gothic ambition.

"So now! After the married couple had kept school eleven years, he instructing the boys in history, Latin, and such like, and she washing, combing, and moralizing the same, and, in fact, becoming a mother to many a motherless boy, it pleased the mercy of the Almighty to call them—not directly to heaven, but through his angel the Consistorium to the pastoral care of the rural parish adjoining this city—the highest goal of their wishes ever since they began to have wishes one with another. Their approaching journey here has given rise to great pleasure—it is hard to say in which of the two families the greatest. Thus then Louise will become a pastor's wife—perhaps soon also a provost's, and then she arrives at the desired situation in which she can impart moral lectures with power—of which sister Petrea might have the benefit of a good part, and pay it back with interest.

"But the moral lectures of our eldest have a much milder spirit than formerly, which is owing to the influence of Jacobi; for it has occurred in their case, as in the case of many another happily-married couple, they have ennobled one another; and it is a common saying in our family, that she without him would not have become what she now is, neither would he have been without her what he now is.

"The Rose of the Family, the daughter Eva, had once in her life a great sorrow—a bitter conflict; but she came forth victorious. True it is that an angel stood by her side and assisted her. Since then she has lived for the joy of her family and her friends, beautiful and amiable and happy, and has from time to time rejected lovers. I said that an angel stood beside her in the bitter conflict. There was a time when this angel was an ugly, uncomfortable girl, a trouble to herself, and properly beloved by none. But there is no one in the family who is more beloved or more in favour than she is. Never, through the power of God, did there take place a greater change than in her. Now it gives one pleasure to look at her and to be near her. Her features, it is true, have not improved themselves, nor has her complexion become particularly red-and-white; but she has become lovely, lovely from the heartfelt expression of affection and intelligence—beautiful from the quiet, unpretending grace of her whole being. Her only pretension is that she will serve all and help all; and thus has she inclined every one, by degrees, to her, and she is become the heart, the peace of the house; and, for herself, she has struck deep root down into the family, and is become happy through all these charms. She has attached herself, in the closest manner, to her sister Eva, and these two could not live separated from each other.

"You know the undertaking which these two sisters, while yet young, commenced together. You know also how well it succeeded; how it obtained confidence and stability, and how it won universal respect for its conductors, and how also, after a course of ten years—independent of this institution—they had realized a moderate income; so that they can, if they are so disposed, retire from it, and it will still continue to prosper under the direction of Annette H., who was taken as assistant from the beginning, and who in respect of character and ability has proved herself a person of rare worth. The name of the sisters Frank stood estimably at the head of this useful establishment; but it is a question whether it would have prospered to such an extent, whether it would have developed itself so beautifully and well without the assistance of a person who, however, has carefully concealed his activity from the eye of the public, and whose name, for that reason, was never praised. Without Assessor Munter's unwearied care and assistance—so say the sisters—the undertaking could never have gone forward. What a wonderful affectionate constancy lies in the soul of this man! He has been, and is still, the benefactor of our family; but if you would see and hear him exasperated, tell him so, and see how he quarrels with all thanks to himself. The whole city is now deploring that it is about to lose him. He is going to reside on his estate in the country, for it is impossible that he could sustain much longer the way in which he is at present overworked. His health has for some time evidently declined, and we rejoice that he can now take some rest, by which he may regain new strength. We all love him from our hearts—but I forget that I was to write about the daughters of the family.

"There is a peculiar little world in the house—a world into which nothing bad can enter—

where live flowers, birds, and Gabriele. The morning would lose its sweetest charms, if during the same Gabriele's birds and flowers did not play a part, and the evening twilight would be duskier if it were not enlivened by Gabriele's guitar and songs. Her flower-stand has extended itself by degrees into an orangery—not large to be sure, but yet large enough to shelter a beautiful vine, which is now covered with grapes, and many beautiful and rare plants also, so as to present to the family a little Italy, where they may enjoy all the charms of the south, in the midst of a northern winter. A covered way leads from the dwelling-house down into the orangery, and it is generally there that in winter they take their afternoon coffee. The aviary is removed thither; and there upon a table covered with a green cloth, lie works on botany, together with the writings of the Swedish gardening society, which often contain such interesting articles. There stand two comfortable armed chairs, on which the most magnificent birds and flowers are worked, you can easily imagine for whom. There my mother sits gladly, and reads or looks at her 'little lady' (she never grows out of this appellation) as she tends her flowers in the sun, or plays with her tame birds. One may say, in fact, that Gabriele strews the evening of her mother's days with flowers.

"A man dear to the Swedish heart has said, 'that the grand natural feature of northern life is a conquered winter,' and this applies equally to life individually, to family life, and to that of individual persons. It so readily freezes and grows stiff, snow so readily falls upon the heart; and winter makes his power felt as much within as without the house. In order to keep it warm within, in order that life may flourish and bloom, it is needful to preserve the holy fire ever burning. Love must not turn to ashes and die out; if it do, then all is labour and heaviness, and one may as well do nothing but—sleep. But if fire be borrowed from heaven, this will not happen; then will house and heart be warm, and life bloom incessantly, and a thousand causes will become rich sources of joy to all. If it be so within the house—then may it snow without—then, winter, thou mayst do thy worst!

"But I return to Gabriele, whose lively wit and joyous temper, united to her affectionate and innocent heart, make her deservedly the favourite of her parents, and the joy of every one. She asserts continually her own good-for-nothingness, her uselessness, and incorrigible love to a sweet '*far niente*,' but nobody is of her opinion in this respect, for nobody can do without her, and one sees that when it is necessary, she can be as decided and as able as any one need be. It is now some time since Gabriele made any charades. I almost fancy that the cause of this is a certain Baron Rudger L., who was suspected for a long time of having set fire to a house, and who now is suspected of a design of setting fire to a heart, and who with certain words and glances has put all sorts of whims into her head—I will not say heart.

"And so then we have nothing bad to say of 'this here Petrea,' as one of the friends of the house calls her. This Petrea has had all kind of botherations in the world: in the first place with her own nose, with which she could not

get into conceit, and then with various other things, as well within her as without her, and for a long time it seemed as if her own world would never come forth out of chaos.

"It has, however. With eyes full of grateful tears I will dare to say this, and some time I may perhaps more fully explain how this has been done. And blessed be the home which has turned back her wandering steps, has healed the wounds of her heart, and has offered her a peaceful haven, an affectionate defence, where she has time to rest after the storms, and to collect and to know herself. Without this home, without this influence, Petrea certainly might have become a witch, and not, as now, a tolerably reasonable person.

"You know my present activity, which, while it conducts me deeper into life, discovers to me more beauty, more poetry than I had ever conceived of it in the dreams of my youth. Not merely from this cause, although greatly owing to it, a spring has begun to blossom for me on the other side of my thirty years, which, were it ever to wither, would be from my own fault. And if even still a painful tear may be shed over past errors or present faults; if the longing after what is yet unattainably better, purer, and brighter, may occasion many a pang,—what matters it? What matter if the eye-water burn, so that the eye only become clear! if heaven humiliate, so that it only draws us upwards!

"One of Petrea's means of happiness is, to require very few of the temporal things of earth. She regards such things as nearly related to the family of illusions, and will, on that account, have as little as possible to do with them. And thus has she also the means of obtaining for herself many a hearty and enduring pleasure. I will not, however, be answerable for her not very soon being taken by a frenzy of giving a feast up in her garret, and thereby producing all kinds of illusions; such, for example, as the eating little cakes, the favourite illusion of my mother, and citron-soufflé, the almost perfect earthly felicity of 'our eldest,' in which a reconciliation skål with the frenzy-feast might be proposed to her beloved 'eldest.'

"If you would make a *summa summarum* of Petrea's state, it stands thus: that which was once a fountain of disquiet in her is now become a fountain of quiet. She believes in the truth of life. She does not allow her peace to be disturbed by accidental troubles, be they from within or from without; she calls them mist-clouds, passing storms, after which the sun will come forth again. And should her little garret tumble to pieces one of these days, she would regard even that as a passing misfortune, and hold herself ready, in all humility, to mount up yet a little higher.

"But enough of Petrea and her future ascension. One other daughter still dwelt in the family, and her lovely image lives still in the remembrance of all, but a mourning veil hangs over it; for she left home, but not in peace. She was not happy, and for many years her life is wrapped in darkness. People think that she is dead; her friends have long believed so, and mourned her as such; but one among them believes it not. I do not believe that she is dead. I have a strong presentiment that she will re-

turn; and it would gladden me to show her how dear she is to me. I have built plans for her future with us, and I expect her continually, or else a token where I may be able to find her; and be it in Greenland or in Arabia Deserta whence her voice calls me, I will find out a way to her.

"I would that I could now describe to you the aged pair, to whom all in the house look up with love and reverence, who soon will have been a wedded couple forty years, and who appear no longer able to live the one without the other—but my pen is too weak for that. I will only venture upon a slight outline sketch. My father is nearly seventy years old—but do you think he indulges himself with rest? He would be extremely displeased if he were to sleep any later in a morning than usual: he rises every morning at six, it being deeply impressed upon him to lose as little of life as possible. It is unpleasant to him that his declining sight compels him now to less activity. He likes that we should read aloud to him in an evening, and that—romances. My mother smilingly takes credit to herself for having seduced him to this kind of reading; and he confesses, with smiles, that it is really useful for old people, because it contributes to preserve the heart young. For the rest, he is in all respects equally, perhaps more, good, more noble-hearted than ever; and from that cause he is to us equally respect-inspiring and dear. O Ida, it is a happy feeling to be able intrinsically to honour and love those who have given us life!

"And now must I, with a bleeding heart, throw a mournful shadow over the bright picture of the house, and that shadow comes at the same time from a beautiful image—from my mother! I fear, I fear she is on the way to leave us! Her strength has been declining for two years. She has no decided malady, but she becomes visibly weaker and feebler, and no remedy, as yet, has shown itself availing for her. They talk now of the air of next spring—of Selzer-water, and a summer-journey; my father would travel to the world's end with her; they hope with certainty that she will recover; she hopes so herself, and says she would gladly live with us—that she is happy with us,—yet nevertheless there is a something about her, and even in her smiles, that tells me that she herself does not cherish full faith in the hope which she expresses. Ah! when I see daily her still paler countenance; the unearthly expression in her gentle features—when I perceive her ever-slower gait, as she moves about, still arranging the house and preparing little gratifications for her family; then comes the thought to me that she perhaps will soon leave us, and it sometimes is difficult to repress my tears.

"But why should I thus despair? Why not hope like all the rest? Ah, I will hope, and particularly for the sake of him who, without her, could no more be joyful on earth. For the present, she is stronger and livelier than she has been for a long time. The arrival of Louise, and her family have contributed to this, as also another day of joy which is approaching, and which has properly reference to my father. She goes about now with such joy of heart, with the almanac in her hand, and prepares every thing, and thinks of every thing for the joyful festival.

My father has long wished to possess a particular piece of building land which adjoins our little garden, in order to lay it out for a great and general advantage; but he has sacrificed so much for his children, that he has nothing remaining wherewith to carry out his favourite plan. His children in the mean time have, during the last twelve years, laid by a sum together, and now have latterly borrowed what was wanting for the purchase of the land. On the father's seventieth birth-day, therefore, with the joint help of the 'Berserkers,' will the wooden fence be pulled down, and the genius of the new place, represented by the graceful figure of Gabriele, will deliver over to him the purchase-deed, which is made out in his name. How happy he will be! Oh, it makes us all happy to think of it! How he will clear away, and dig, and plant! and how it will gladden and refresh his old age. May he live so long that the trees which he plants may shake their leafy branches over his head, and may their rustling foretell to him the blessing, which his posterity to the third and fourth generations will pronounce upon his activity.

"I would speak of the circle of friends which ever enclosed our home most cordially, of the new Governor Sternhok and his wife, whom we like so much, and whose removal here was particularly welcome to my father, who almost sees a son in him. I would speak also of the servants of the house, who are yet more friends than servants—but I fear extending my letter to too great a length.

"Perhaps you blame me secretly for painting my pictures in colours too uniformly bright; perhaps you will ask, 'Come there then not into this house those little knocks, disturbances, rubs, overhastinesses, stupidities, procrastinations, losses, and whatever those spiritual mosquitoes may be called, which occasion by their stings irritation, unquiet, and vexation, and whose visits the very happiest families cannot avoid?'

"Yes, certainly. They come, but they vanish as quickly as they come, and never leave a poisonous sting behind, because a universal remedy is employed against them, which is called 'Forgive, forgive, amend!' and which, the earlier applied the better, and which make also the visits of these fiends of rarer occurrence; they come, indeed, in pure and mild atmospheres never properly forth.

"Would you, dearest Ida, be convinced of the truth of the picture, come here and see for yourself. We should all like it so much. Come, and let our house provide for you the divertissement, perhaps also the rest which is so needful to your heart. Come, and believe me, Ida, when one observes the world from somewhat of an elevation—as, for instance, a garret—one sees illusions like mist, passing over the earth, but above it heaven vaulting itself in eternal brightness."

CHAPTER II.

A MORNING HOUR.

"Good morning!" said Jeremias Munter, as, with his pocket full of books, he entered Petrea's garret, which was distinguished from all other

rooms merely by its perfect simplicity and its lack of all ornament. A glass containing beautiful flowers was its only luxury.

"Oh, you are heartily welcome!" exclaimed Petrea, as she looked with beaming eyes on her visitor and on his valuable appendages.

"Yes, to-day," said he, "I am of opinion that I am welcome! Here's a treat for Miss Petrea. Here, and here, and here!"

So saying, the Assessor laid one book after another upon the table, naming, at the same time, their contents. They belonged to that class of books which open new worlds to the eye of reflecting minds. Petrea took them up with a delight which can only be understood by such as have sought and thirsted after the same fountains of joy, and who have found them. The Assessor rejoiced quietly in her delight, as she looked through the books and talked about them.

"How good, how cordially good of you," said Petrea, "to think about me. But you must see that I also have expected you to-day;" and with eyes that beamed with the most heartfelt satisfaction, she took out of a cupboard two fine china plates, on one of which lay cakes of light wheaten bread, and on the other piled up the most magnificent grapes reposing amid a garland of their own leaves, which were tastefully arranged in various shades against the golden border of the plate. These Petrea placed upon a little table in the window, so that the sun shone upon them.

The Assessor regarded them with the eye of a Dutch fruit painter, and appeared to rejoice himself over a beautiful picture after his own manner.

"You must not only look at your breakfast, but you must eat it," said the lively Petrea; "the bread is home-baked, and—Eva has arranged the grapes on the plate and brought them up here."

"Eva!" said he, "now, she could not know that I was coming here to-day!"

"And precisely because she thought so as well as me, would she provide your breakfast;" with these words Petrea looked archly at the Assessor, who did not conceal a pleasurable sensation—broke off a little grape, seated himself, and—said nothing.

Petrea turned herself to her books: "Oh," said she, "why is life so short, when there is such an infinite deal to learn! Yet this is not right, and it evidences ignorance to imagine the time of learning limited; besides, this remark about the shortness of time and the length of art proceeds from the heathen writer Hippocrates. But let us praise God for the hope, for the certainty, that we may be scholars to all eternity. Ah, Mr. Munter, I rejoice myself heartily over the industrial spirit of our age! It will make it easy for the masses to clothe and feed themselves, and then will they begin also to live for mind. For true is that sentiment, which is about two thousand years old, 'When common needs are satisfied, man turns himself to what is more universal and exalted.' Thus, when the great week of the world is past, the Sabbath will commence, in which a people of quiet worshippers will spread themselves over the earth, no more striving after decaying treasures, but seeking after those which are eternal;

a people whose life will be to observe, to comprehend, and to adore, revering their Creator in spirit and in truth. Then comes the day of which the angels sung 'Peace on earth!'"

"Peace on earth!" repeated Jeremias, in a slow and melancholy voice, "when comes it! It must first enter into the heart; and there, there live so many demons, so much disquiet and painful longing—but what—what is amiss now!"

"Ah, my God!" exclaimed Petrea wildly, "she lives! she lives!"

"What! her! who lives! No, really, Petrea, all is not right with you," said the Assessor, rising.

"See! see!" cried Petrea, trembling with emotion, and showing to the Assessor a torn piece of paper, "see, this lay in the book!"

"Well, what then? It is indeed torn from a sepia picture—a hand strewing roses on a grave, I believe. Have I not seen this somewhere already?"

"Yes, certainly; yes, certainly! It is the girl by the rose-bush which I, as a child, gave to Sara! Sara lives! see, here has she written!"

The back of the picture seemed to have been scrawled over by a child's hand; but in one vacant spot stood these words, in Sara's own remarkably beautiful handwriting:

"No rose on Sara's grave!
Oh Petrea! if thou know'st—"

The sentence was unfinished, whilst several drops seemed to prove that it had been closed by tears.

"Extraordinary!" said the Assessor: "these books which I purchased yesterday were bought in U. Could she be there? But—"

"Certainly! certainly she is there," exclaimed Petrea, "look at the book in which the picture lay—see, on the first page is the name, Sara Schwartz—although it has been erased. Oh! certainly she is in U., or there we can obtain intelligence of her! Oh, Sara, my poor Sara! She lives, but perhaps in want, in sorrow! I will be with her to-day if she be in U.!"

"That, Miss Petrea will hardly manage," said the Assessor, "unless she can fly. It is one hundred and two (English) miles from here to U."

"Alas, that my father should at this time be absent, should have the carriage with him; otherwise he would have gone with me! But he has an old chaise, I will take it—"

"Very pretty, indeed," returned he, "for a lady to be travelling alone in an old chaise, especially when the roads are spoiled with rain; and see what masses of cloud are coming up with the south wind—you'll have soaking rain the whole day through in the chaise."

"And if it rain pokers," interrupted Petrea, warmly, "I must go. O heaven! she was indeed my sister; she is so yet, and she shall not call on me in vain! I will run down to my mother in this moment and—"

Petrea took her bonnet and cloak in her hand.

"Calm yourself a little, Miss Petrea," he said. "I tell you, you could not travel in this way. The chaise would not hold together. Alas, I have tried it myself—you could not go in it!"

"Now then," exclaimed Petrea determinately, "I will go; and if I cannot go I'll creep—but go I will!"

"Is that then your firm determination?"

"My firm and my last."

"Well, then, I must creep with you!" said the Assessor, smiling, "if it be only to see how it goes with you. I'll go home now, but will be back in an hour's time. Promise me only to have patience for so long, and not without me to set off—creep off, I should say!"

The Assessor vanished, and Petrea hastened down to her mother and sisters.

But before her communications and consultations were at an end, a light travelling carriage drew up at the door. The Assessor alighted from it, came in, and offered Petrea his arm. Soon again was he seated in the carriage, Petrea by his side, and was protesting vehemently against the bag of provisions, and the bottle of wine, which Leonore thrust in, spite of his protestations, and so away they went.

CHAPTER III.

ADVENTURES.

It was now the second time in their life that the Assessor and Petrea were out together in such a manner, and now as before it seemed as if no favourable star would light their journey, for scarcely had they set out when it began to rain, and clouds as heavy and dark as lead gathered together above their heads. It is rather depressing when in answer to the inquiring glances which one casts upwards at the commencement of an important journey, to be met by a heaven like this. Other omens also little less fortunate added themselves; the horses pranced about as if they were unwilling to go farther, and an owl took upon itself to attend the carriage, set itself on the tree-branches and points of the palings by the wayside, and then on the coming up of the carriage flew a little farther, there to await its coming up at a little distance.

As the travellers entered a wood, where on account of the deep road they were compelled to travel slowly, they saw on the right hand a little black-gray old woman step forth, as ugly, witch, and Kobold-like in appearance as an old woman ever can be. She stared at the travellers for a moment, and then vanished among the trunks of the trees.

The Assessor shuddered involuntarily at the sight of her, and remarked; "What a difference is there between woman and woman—the loveliest upon earth and the most horrible is yet—woman!"

After he had seen the old witch he became almost gloomy. Perhaps in the mean time the owl vanished with her; perhaps, because "birds of a feather flock together."

Yet it may be that I am calumniating all this time the little old mother in the most sinful manner; she may be the most good-tempered woman in the world.

All this time Petrea sate silent, for however enlightened and unprejudiced people may be, they never can perfectly free themselves from the impression of certain circumstances, such as presentiments, omens, apparitions, and forebodings, which, like owls on noiseless wings, have flown through the world ever since the time of Adam, when they first shouted their ominous

"hut! hut!" People know that Hobbs, who denied the resurrection in the warmest manner, never could sleep in the neighbourhood of a room in which there had been a corpse. Petrea, who had not the least resemblance in the world to Hobbs, was not inclined to gainsay anything within the range of probability. Her temperament naturally inclined her to superstition: and like most people who sit still a great deal, she felt always, at the commencement of a journey a degree of disquiet as to how it would go on. But on this day, under the leaden heaven, and the influence of discomforting forebodings, this uneasiness amounted to actual presentiment of evil; whether this had reference to Sara or to herself, she knew not, but she was disposed to imagine the latter, and asked herself, as she often had done, whether she were prepared for any occasion which might separate her for ever from all those whom she loved on earth. By this means Petrea most livingly discovered—discovered almost with horror, how strongly she was fettered to her earthly existence, how dear life had become to her.

All human souls have their heights, but then they have also their morasses, their pits (I will not speak of abysses, because many souls are too shallow to have these). A frequent mounting upwards, or a most constant abode upon these heights, is the stipulated condition of man's proximity to heaven. Petrea's soul was an uneven ground, as is the case with most people; but there existed in her nature, as we have before seen, a most determined desire to ascend upwards; and at this time, in which she found her affections too much bound to earthly things, she strove earnestly to ascend up to one of those heights where every limited attraction vanishes before more extended views, and where every fettered affection will become free, and will revive in what is loftier. The attempt succeeded, succeeded by making her feel that whatever was most valuable in this life was intimately connected with that life which only first begins when this ends. Her lively imagination called forth, one after another, a great variety of scenes of misfortune and death; and she felt that in the moment before she resigned life, her heart would be able to raise itself with the words, "God be praised in all eternity."

With this feeling, and convinced by it that her present undertaking was good and necessary, whatever its consequences might be, Petrea's heart became light and free. She turned herself with lively words and looks to her travelling companion, and drew him, by degrees, into a conversation which was so interesting to them both, that they forgot weather and ways, forebodings, evil omens, and preparation for death. The journey prospered as well as any autumn journey could prosper. Not a trace of danger met them by the way. The wind slumbered in the woods; and in the public-houses they only heard one and another sleepy peasant open his mouth with a "devil take me!"

In the afternoon of the following day our travellers arrived, happily, at U. Petrea scarcely allowed herself time to take any refreshments before she commenced her inquiries. The result of all her and the Assessor's labours we give shortly thus:

It soon became beyond a doubt to them that

Sara, together with a little daughter, had been in the city, and had resided in the very inn in which Petrea and the Assessor now were, although they travelled under a foreign name. She was described as being in the highest degree weak and sickly; and, as might be expected in her circumstances, it appeared that she had besought the host to sell some books for her, which he had done. One of these books it was which, with its forgotten mark, had fallen into the hand of Petrea. Sara, on account of her debility, had been compelled to remain several days in that place, but she had been gone from there probably a week; and they saw by the Day-book* that it had been her intention to proceed thence to an inn which lay on the road to Petrea's native place; not, however, on the road by which they had travelled to U., but upon one which was shorter, although much worse.

Sara then also was on her way home, yes, perhaps, might be there already. This thought was an indescribable consolation for Petrea's heart, which, from the account she had received of Sara's condition, was anxious in the highest degree. But when she thought on the long time which had passed since Sara's journey from the city, she was filled with anxiety, and feared that Sara might be ill upon the road.

Willingly would Petrea have turned back again on the same evening to seek out traces of Sara; but care for her old friend prevented her from doing more than speaking of it. The Assessor, indeed, found himself unwell, and required rest. The cold and wet weather had operated prejudicially upon him, both mind and body. It was adopted as unquestionable that they could not continue the journey till the following morning.

The Assessor had told Petrea that this was his birthday, and perhaps it was this thought which caused him to be uncommonly melancholy the whole day. Petrea, who was infinitely desirous of cheering him, hastened, whilst he was gone out to seek an acquaintance, to prepare a little festival for his return.

With flowers and foliage which Petrea obtained, heaven knows how!—but when people are resolutely bent on anything they find out the means to do it—with these then, with lights, a good fire, with a table covered with his favourite dishes and such like, although in a somewhat disagreeable public-house room, such a picture of comfort and pleasantness was presented as the Assessor much loved.

Fathers and mothers, and all the members of happy families, are accustomed to birthday festivals, flower-garlands, and well-covered tables; but nobody had celebrated the birthday of the Assessor during his solitary wandering; he had not been indulged with those little flower-surprises of life—if one may so call them; hence it happened that he entered from the dark, wet street into this festal room with an exclamation of astonishment and heartfelt pleasure.

Petrea, on her part, was inexpressibly cordial, and was quite happy when she saw the pains

which she had taken to entertain her old friend succeed so well. The two spent a pleasant evening together. They made each other mutually acquainted with the evil omens and the impressions which they had occasioned, and bantered one another a little thereon; but decided positively that such fore-tokenings for the most part—betoken nothing at all.

As they separated for the night the Assessor pressed Petrea's hand with the assurance that very rarely had a day given him such a joyous evening. Grateful for these words, and grateful for the hope of soon finding again the lost and wept friend of her youth, Petrea went to rest, but the Assessor remained up late—midnight saw him still writing.

Man and woman! There is a deal, especially in romances, said about man and woman, as of separate beings. However that may be, human beings are they both—and as human beings, as morally sentient and thinking creatures, they influence one another for life. Their ways and manners, their gifts, are different; and it is this very difference which, by mutual benefits, and mutual endeavours to sweeten life to one another, produces what is so beautiful and so perfect.

The clearest sun brightened the following morning; but the eyes of the Assessor were troubled, as if they had enjoyed but little repose. Whilst he and Petrea were breakfasting, he was called out to inspect something relative to the carriage.

Was it now the hereditary sin of mother Eve, or was it any other cause which induced Petrea at this moment to approach the table on which the Assessor's money lay, together with papers ready to be put into a travelling writing-case. Enough! she did it—she did certainly what no upright reader will pardon her for doing, quickly ran her eyes over one of the papers which seemed just lately to have received from the pen impressions of thought, and—took it. Shortly afterwards the Assessor entered, and as it was somewhat late, he hastily put together his papers, and they set off on their journey.

The weather was glorious, and Petrea rejoiced like—nay, even more than a child, over the objects which met her eyes, and which, after the rain, stood in the bright sunshine, as if in the glory of a festive-day. The world was to her now more than ever a magic ring; not the perplexing, half-heathenish, but the purely Christian, in which every thing, every moment has its signification, even as every dewdrop receives its beaming point of light from the splendour of the sun. Autumn was, above all, Petrea's favourite season, and its abundance now made her soul overflow with joyful thoughts. It is the time in which the earth gives a feast to all her children, and joyous and changing scenes were represented by the way-sides. Here the corn-field raised to heaven its golden sheaves, and the harvesters sang; there, around the purple berries of the service-tree circled beautiful flocks of the twittering silk-tails; round the solitary huts, the flowering potatoe-fields told that the fruit was ripe, and merry little barefooted children sprang into the wood to gather bilberries. Petrea thanked heaven in her heart for all the innocent joys of earth. She thought of her home, of her parents, of her sisters, of Sara, who would soon again be one of their circle, and of how she

* A Day-book (Dagbok) is kept at every inn in Sweden. The name of every traveller who takes thence horses, and the name of the next town to which he proceeds, are entered in it; and thus, when on the trace, nothing could be easier than to discover such a traveller. The Day-book is renewed each month.—M. H.

(Petrea) would cherish her, and care for her, and reconcile her to life and happiness. In this blessed, beautiful morning hour, all thoughts clothed themselves in light. Petrea felt quite happy, and the joke which she thought of playing on her friend the Assessor, with the stolen piece of paper, contributed not a little to screw up her life's spirit to greater liveliness. "From the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and Petrea involuntarily influenced her travelling companion so far that they both amused themselves with bombarding little children on the waysides with apples and pears, whereby they were not at all terrified.

They had now taken the same road upon which Sara travelled, and in the first inn at which they stopped, their hopes were strengthened; for Sara had been there, and had taken thence a horse to the next public-house.* All was on the way toward home. So continued it also at the three following stations; but at the fifth, they suddenly lost all traces of her. No one there had seen a traveller answering to her description, nor was her name to be found in the Travellers' Day-book. New and great uneasiness for Petrea! After some deliberation, she and the Assessor determined to return to the public-house whence they were just come, in order to discover clearly in what direction Sara had gone thence.

In the mean time the evening had come on, and the sun was descending as our friends were passing through one of the gloomiest woods in Sweden, and one in such ill-report that not long ago a writer speaking of it, said, "the forest shrouds memories as awful as itself, and monuments of murder stand by the wayside. Probably the mantle of the mountains falls not now in such thick folds as formerly, but yet there still are valleys where the stroke of the axe has never yet been heard, and rocky ranges which have never yet been smitten by the rays of the sun."

"Here two men murdered the one the other," said the postilion, with the gayest air in the world, whilst the carriage stopped to give the horses breath, on account of the heaviness of the road, and as he spoke he pointed with his whip to a heap of twigs and pieces of wood which lay to the left of the road, directly before the travellers, and which presented a repulsive aspect. It is customary for every passer-by to throw a stone or a piece of wood upon such a blood-stained spot, and thus the monument of murder grows under the continued curse of society. Thus it now stands there, hateful and repulsive amid the beautiful fir-trees, and it seemed as if the earth had given forth the ugliest of its mis-shaped boughs, and the most distorted of its twisted roots, wherewith to build up the heap. From the very midst of this abomination, however, a wild-rose had sprung forth and shot upwards its living twigs from among the dry boughs, whilst, like fresh blood-drops above the pike, shone its red berries illuminated by the sun, which now in its descent threw a path of light over the broad road.

* In Sweden, every traveller, be he poor or rich, must provide himself with his vehicle; he can hire nothing but horses from one station to another. It must not be imagined that Sara travelled with any state—most probably from what occurs afterwards, in a rude sort of peasant's car.—M. H.

"When this wild-rose is full of flowers," said Jeremias, as he regarded it with his expressive glance, "it must awaken the thought, that what the state condemns with justice, a Higher Power can cover with the roses of his love."

The sun withdrew his beams. The carriage set itself again in motion, but at the very moment when the horses passed the heap, they shied so violently that the carriage was backed into a ditch and overturned.

"Farewell life!" cried Petrea, internally; but before she herself knew how, she was out of the carriage, and found herself standing not at all the worse upon the soft heather. With the Assessor, however, it did not fare so well; a severe blow on the right leg made it impossible for him to support himself on it without great suffering. His old servant, who had acted as coachman on the journey, lay in a fainting fit at a few paces from him, bleeding profusely from a wound in the head, while the little post-boy stood by his horses and cried. Time and situation were not the most agreeable. The post-boy said that at about three quarters of a mile (English) there lay a peasant's hut in the wood by the road side; but it was impossible to induce him to run there, or under any condition to leave his horses.

"Let us wait," said the Assessor, patiently and calmly, "probably somebody will soon come by from whom we can beg assistance." They waited, but nobody came, and every moment the shades became darker; it seemed as if people avoided this horrible wood at this hour. Petrea, full of anxiety for her old friend, if he must remain much longer on the damp ground, and in the increasing coolness of evening, determined with herself what she would do. She wrapped up the Assessor and his old servant in every article of clothing of which she could gain possession, amongst which was her own cloak, rejoicing that this was unobserved by her friend, and then said to him decidedly, "now I go myself to obtain help! I shall soon be back again!" And without regarding the prohibitions, prayers, and threats with which he endeavoured to recall her, she ran quickly away in the direction of the hut, as the post-boy had described it. She hastened forward with quick steps, endeavouring to remove all thoughts of personal danger, and only to strengthen herself by the hope of procuring speedy help for her friend.

The haste with which she went compelled her after some time to stand still to recover breath. The quick motion which set her blood in rapid circulation, the freshness of the air, the beautiful and magnificent repose of the wood, diffused through her, almost in opposition to her own will and heart, an irresistible feeling of satisfaction and pleasure, which however quickly left her as she heard a something crackling in the wood. What could it be? perhaps an animal! Petrea held her panting breath. It crackled; it whistled; there were people in the wood! However bold, or more properly speaking rash, Petrea might be at certain moments, her heart now drew itself together, when she thought on her solitary, defenceless situation, and on the scenes of horror for which this wood was so fearfully renowned. Beyond this, she was now no longer in those years when one stands in life on a flying foot, careless and presumptuous.

she had planted herself firmly in life; had her own quiet room; her peaceful sphere of activity, which she now loved more than the most brilliant adventures in the world; it was not therefore to be wondered at, that she recoiled tremblingly from the unlovely and hateful which is at home by the road sides.

Petrea listened with a strongly beating heart; the rustling came nearer and nearer; for one moment she thought of concealing herself on the opposite side of the way, but in the next she boldly demanded "Who is there?"

All was still. Petrea strained her eyes to discover some one in the direction of the sound, but in vain: the wood was thick, and it had become quite dark. Once again, exclaimed Petrea, "If any one be there, let him come to the help of unfortunate travellers!"

Even the heart of robbers, thought she, would be mollified by confidence; and prayers for help might remove thoughts of murder. The rustling in the wood began afresh, and now were heard the voices of children. An indescribable sensation of joy went through Petrea's heart. A whole army, with Napoleon at their head, could not at this moment have given that feeling of security and protection which came from those children's voices; and soon came issuing from the wood two little barefooted human-creatures, a boy and a girl, who stared on Petrea with astonishment. She quickly made herself acquainted with them, and they promised to conduct her to the cottage, which lay at a little distance. On their way they gave Petrea bilberries out of their full birch-wood measure, and related to her that the reason of their being out so late was, that they had been looking for the cow which was lost in the wood; that they should have driven her home, but had not been able to find her; which greatly troubled the little ten-years-old girl, because, she said, the sick lady could not have any milk that evening.

While Petrea, led by her little guardian-angels, wandered through the wood—we will make a little flight, and relate what had occurred there a few days before.

A few days before, a travelling-car drove along this road, in which sat a lady and little girl. As they came in sight of a small cottage, which with its blossoming potatoe-field, looked friendly in the wood, the lady said to the peasant boy who drove, "I cannot go further! Stop! I must rest!" She dismounted, and crawled with his help to the cottage, and besought the old woman whom she found there for a glass of water, and permission to rest upon the bed for a moment. The voice which prayed for this was almost inaudible, and the countenance deathly pale. The little girl sobbed and cried bitterly. Scarcely had the poor invalid laid herself upon the humble and hardly clean bed, when she fell into a deep stupor from which she did not revive for three hours.

On her return to consciousness she found that the peasant had taken her things into the cottage; taken his horse out of the car and left her. The invalid made several ineffectual attempts during three days to leave the bed, but scarcely had she taken a few steps when she sunk back upon it; her lips trembled, and bitter tears flowed over her pale cheeks. The fourth day she lay quite still; but in the afternoon besought the old woman to procure her an honest and safe person, who, for a suitable sum would conduct the little girl to a

place which would be made known to him by a letter that would be given with her. The old woman proposed her brother's son as a good man, and one to be relied on for this purpose, and promised in compliance with the prayer of the sick woman to seek him out that same day and speak with him; but as he lived at a considerable distance, she feared that she should only be able to return late in the evening. After she was gone, the invalid took paper and a lead pencil, and with a weak and trembling hand wrote as follows:

"I cannot arrive—I feel it! I sink before I reach the haven. Oh, foster-parents, good sisters, have mercy on my little one, my child, who knocks at your door, and will deliver to you, my humble, my last prayer! Give to her a warm home, when I am resting in my cold one! See, how good she looks! Look at her young countenance, and see that she is acquainted with want—she is not like her mother! I fancy her mild features resemble hers whose name she bears, and whose angelic image never has left my soul.

Foster-mother, foster-father! good sisters! I had much to say, but can say only little! Forgive me! Forgive me the grief which I have occasioned you! Greatly have I erred, but greatly also have I suffered. A wanderer have I been on the earth, and have had nowhere a home since I left your blessed roof! My way has been through the desert; a burning simoom has scorched, has consumed my cheek—

"About to leave the world in which I have erred so greatly and suffered so much, I call now for your blessing. Oh, let me tell you that that Sara which you once called daughter and sister is yet not wholly unworthy! She is sunk deep, but she has endeavoured to raise herself; and your forms, like good angels, have floated around the path of her improvement.

"It will do your noble hearts good to know that she dies now repentant, but hopeful—she has fixed her humble hope upon the Father of Mercy.

"The hand of mercy cherished on earth the days of my childhood—later, it has lifted my dying head, and has poured into my heart a new and a better life; it has conducted me to hope in the mercy of heaven. Foster-father, thou who wast His image to me on earth—gentle foster-mother, whose voice perhaps could yet call forth life in this cold breast—have mercy on my child—call it your child!

"It never was my intention to come, as a burden, into your house. No; I wished only to conduct my child to your door—to see it open to her, and then to go forth—go forth quietly and die. But I shall not reach so far! God guide the fatherless and the motherless to you?

"And now farewell! I can write no more—it becomes dark before my eyes. I write these last words upon my knees. Parents, sisters, take my child to you! May it make you some time forget the errors of its mother! Pardon all my faults! I complain of no one.

"God reward you and be merciful to me!

"SARA."

Sara folded her letter hastily, sealed it and directed it, and then, enfeebled by the excitement, sank down beside her sleeping child, kissed her softly, and whispered, "for the last time!" Her feet and hands were like ice; she felt this icy coldness run through all her veins, and diffuse itself over her whole body; her limbs stiffened;

and it seemed to her as if a cold wind blew into her face.

"It is death!" thought Sara; "my death-bed is lonesome and miserable; yet—I have deserved no better. Her consciousness became ever darker; but in the depths of her soul combated still the last, perhaps the noblest powers of life—suffering and prayer. At length they too also became benumbed, but not for long, for new impressions waked suddenly the slumbering life.

It appeared to Sara as if angel voices had spoken and repeated her name, tender hands had rubbed her stiffened limbs with electrical fire; her feet were pressed to a bosom that beat strongly; hot drops fell upon them and thawed the icy coldness. She felt a heart throbbing against hers, and the wind of death upon her face vanished before warm summer breath, kisses, tears. Oh! was it a dream? But the dream became ever more living and clear. Life, loving, affectionate, warm life, contended with death, and was the victor! "Sara, Sara!" cried a voice full of love and anxiety, and Sara opened her eyes, and said, "Oh! Petrea, is it you?"

Yes, indeed, it was our poor Petrea, whose distress at Sara's condition, and whose joy over her now returning life, can neither of them be described. Sara took Petrea's hand, and conveyed it to her lips, and the humility of this action, so unlike the former Sara, penetrated Petrea's heart.

"Give me something to drink," prayed Sara with feeble voice. Petrea looked around for some refreshing liquid, but there was nothing to be found in the cottage excepting a jug containing a little muddy water; not a drop of milk, and the cow was lost in the wood! Petrea would have given her heart's blood for a few drops of wine, for she saw that Sara was ready to die from feebleness. And now, with feelings which are not to be told, must she give Sara to drink from the muddy water, in which, however, to make it more refreshing, she bruised some bilberries. Sarah thanked her for it as if it had been nectar.

"Is there any where in this neighbourhood a place where one can meet with people, and obtain the means of life?" asked Petrea from her little guide.

The little guide knew of none excepting in the village, and in the public-house there they could obtain every thing, "whatever they wished," said the child; to be sure it was a good way there, but she knew a footpath through the wood by which they might soon reach it.

Petrea did not stop thinking for a moment; and after she had encouraged Sara to courage and hope, she set out most speedily with the little nimble maiden on the way to the village.

The girl went first: her white head-kerchief guided Petrea through the duskiness of the wood. But the footway which the girl trode so lightly and securely, was an actual way of trial for Petrea. Now and then fragments of her clothes were left hanging on the thick bushes; now a branch which shot outwards seized her bonnet and struck it flat; now she went stumbling over tree-roots and stones, which, on account of the darkness and the speed of her flight, she could not avoid, and now bats flew into her face. In vain did the wood now elevate itself more majestically than ever around her; in vain did the stars kindle their lights, and send their beams into the deep gullies of the wood; in vain sang the water-falls in the quiet evening as they fell from the rocks. Petrea had now no thought for the beauty

of nature; and the lights which sparkled from the village, were to her a more welcome sight than all the suns and stars in the firmament.

And more lights than common streamed in pale beams through the misty windows of the public-house as Petrea came up to it. All was fermentation within it as in a beehive; violins were playing; the *polka* was being danced; women's gowns swung round; the walls hung with steam round about; iron-heeled shoes beat upon the floor, and the dust flew up to the ceiling. After Petrea had sought in vain for somebody outside the dancing-room, she was compelled to go in, and then she saw instantly that there was a wedding. The gilded crown on the head of the bride waved and trembled amid the attacks and the defence of the contending parties, for it was precisely the hot moment of the Swedish peasant wedding, in which, as it is said, the crown is danced off the head of the bride. The married women were endeavouring to vanquish and take captive the bride, while the girls were, on their part, doing their utmost to defend and hold her back. In the other half of the great room, however, all went on more noisily and more violently still, for there the married men strove to dance the bridegroom from the unmarried ones, and they pulled and tore and pushed unmercifully, amid shouts and laughter, while the *polka* went on its whirling measure.

It would be almost at the peril of her life that a delicate lady should enter into such a tumult; but Petrea feared in this moment no other danger than that of not being able to make herself heard in this wild uproar. She called and demanded to speak with the host; but her voice was perfectly swallowed up in the universal din. She then quickly turned herself, amid the contending and round-about-swinging groups, to the two musicians, who were scraping upon their fiddles with a sort of frenzy, and beating time with their feet. Petrea caught hold of one of them by the arm, and prayed him in God's name to leave off for a moment, for that her business was of life and death. But they paid not the slightest attention to her; they heard not what she said; they played, and the others danced with fury.

"That is very mad!" thought Petrea, "but I will be madder still!" and so thinking, she threw down upon the musicians a table which stood near them covered with bottles and glasses. With this crash, the music was suddenly still. The pause in the music astonished the dancers; they looked around them. Petrea took advantage of this moment, went into the crowd, and called for the host. The host, who was celebrating his daughter's wedding, came forward; he was a fat, somewhat puffy man, who evidently had taken a glass too much.

Petrea related summarily what had happened; prayed for people to assist at the carriage, and for some wine and fine bread for an individual. She spoke with warmth and determination; but nevertheless the host demurred, and the crowd, half intoxicated with drink and dancing, regarded her with a distrustful look. "The mad lady!" "It is the mad lady!" "No, no, it is not!" "Yes it is!"

And we must confess that Petrea's excited appearance, and the condition of her toilette after the fatigues of her wandering, gave some occasion for her being taken for a little crazy; this, and the circumstance of her being mistaken for another person, may explain the disinclination

to afford her assistance, which otherwise does not belong to the character of the Swedish peasantry.

Again Petrea exhorted host and peasant to contribute their help, and promised befitting reward.

The host set himself now in a commanding attitude, cleared his throat, and spoke with a self-satisfied air.

"Yes, yes," said he, "that's all right-good and handsome, but I should like to see something of this befitting reward before I put myself out of the way about overturned carriages. In the end, may be, one shall find neither one nor the other. One cannot believe everything that people say!"

Petrea recollected with uneasiness that she had no money with her; she however let nothing of that be seen, but replied calmly and collectedly, "You shall receive money when you come to the carriage. But for heaven's sake, follow me immediately, every moment's delay may cost a life!"

The men looked undecidedly one on another; but no one stirred from the place; a dull murmur ran through the crowd. Almost in despair, Petrea clasped her hands together and exclaimed, whilst tears streamed from her eyes, "Are you Christians, and yet can hear that fellow-creatures are in danger without hastening to help them?"

She mentioned the name and office of her father, and then went from prayers to threats.

Whilst all this was going on in the house, something was going on at the door, of which, in all speed, we will give a glimpse.

There drew up at the inn-door, a travelling-calash, accompanied by a small Holstein carriage in which sat four boys, the eldest of whom, probably ten years of age, and who, evidently greatly to his satisfaction, had managed with his own hands a pair of thin travelling horses. From the coach-box of the calash sprang nimbly a somewhat stout, jovial-looking gentleman, and out of the carriage came, one after another, other four little boys, with so many packets and bundles as was perfectly wonderful: among all these moved a rather thin lady of a good and gay appearance, who took with her own hands all the things out of the carriage and gave them into the care of a maid and the eldest of the eight boys; the youngest sat in the arms of his father.

"Can you yet hold something, Jacob?" asked the lady from one of the boys, who stood there loaded up to the very chin. "Yes, with my nose," replied he merrily; "nay, nay, dear mother, not the whole provision-basket—that's quite impossible!"

The mother laughed, and instead of the provision-basket, two or three books were put under the protection of the little nose.

"Take care of the bottles, young ones!" exhorted the mother, "and count them exactly; there should be ten of them. Adam, don't stand there with your mouth open, but hold fast and think about what you have in your hand, and what you are doing! Take good care of the bottle of mother's elixir! What a noise is there within! Does nobody come out? Come here my young ones! Adam, wait for David, wait! Jonathan, here! Jacob, Solomon, where are you? Shem and Seth, keep quiet!"

This was the moment when, by the opening of the door of the dancing-room, they became aware of the arrival of the travellers, and when the host

hastened out to receive them. Many followed him, and among the rest Petrea, who quickly interrupted her address to the peasants, in order, through the interposition of the travellers, as she hoped, to obtain speedier help.

"Oh! pardon me," cried she, in a voice which showed her agitation of mind; "I know not, it is true, who you are" (and the darkness prevented her from seeing it), "but I hope you are Christians, and I beseech of you, for heaven's sake—

"Whose voice is that?" interrupted a cheerful, well-toned, manly voice.

"Who speaks?" exclaimed Petrea in astonishment.

A few words were exchanged, and suddenly the names "Petrea! Jacobi! Louise!" flew exultingly from the lips of the three, and they locked one another in a heartfelt and affectionate embrace.

"Aunt Petrea! Aunt Petrea!" cried the eight boys in jubilation, and hopped around her.

Petrea wept for joy that she had not alone met with good Christians, but had hit upon her most Christian brother-in-law and Court-preacher, and upon "our eldest," who, with her hopeful offspring "the Berserkers," were upon their journey to the paternal house and the new parsonage.

A few minutes afterwards the carriage containing Petrea, Louise, and Jacobi, accompanied by peasants on horseback, drove away at full gallop into the wood, into whose gullies, as well as into Petrea's imploring eyes, the half-moon, which now ascended, poured its comfortable light.

We leave Petrea now with her relatives, who, on their homeward journey, fell in with her at the right moment to save her from a situation in the highest degree painful. We are perfectly sure that the Assessor received speedy assistance; that Sara was regaled with wine as well as with Louise's elixir; that Petrea's heart was comforted, and her toilette brought into order; and in confirmation of this our assurance we will quote the following lines from a letter of Louise, which on the next day was sent off home.

"I am quite convinced that Sara, with careful attention, befitting diet, and above all, by being surrounded with kindness, may be called back to life and health. But for the present she is so weak that it is impossible to think of her travelling under several days. And in any case, I doubt if she will come with us, unless my father come to fetch her. She says that she will not be a burden to our family. Ah! now it is a pleasure to open house and heart to her. She is so changed! And her child is—a little angel! For the Assessor it might be necessary on account of his leg that he go the city; but he will not leave Sara, who requires his help so greatly (his servant is out of all danger). Petrea, spite of all fatigues and adventures, is quite superb. She and Jacobi enliven us all. As things now stand we cannot fix decidedly the day of our arrival; but if Sara continue to improve, as appearances promise, Jacobi sets out to-morrow with the children to you. It is so dear with them all here in the public-house. God grant that we may all soon meet again in our beloved home!"

An hour after the receipt of this letter the Judge set off with such haste as if his life were concerned. He journeyed from home to the forest-village; we, on the contrary, reverse the journey, and betake ourselves from the public-house to home.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOME.

LILIES were blossoming in the house on the beautiful morning of the twentieth of September. They seemed to shoot up of themselves under Gabriele's feet. The mother, white herself as a lily, went about softly in her fine morning-dress with a cloth in her hand wiping away from mirror or table the smallest particle of dust. A higher expression of joy than common animated her countenance; a fine crimson tinged her otherwise pale cheeks, and the lips moved themselves involuntarily as if they would speak loving and joyful words.

Bergstrom adorned ante-room and steps with foliage and splendid flowers, so that they represented a continuation of garlands along the white walls; and not a little delighted was he with his own taste, which Gabriele did not, at all, omit to praise. But although an unusually great deal of occupation pervaded the house this morning, still it was nevertheless unusually quiet; people only spoke in low voices, and when the least noise was made the mother said, "Hush! hush!"

The cause of this was, that the lost but again-found child slept in the house of her parents.

Sara had arrived there the evening before, and we have passed over this scene, for the great change in her, and her shaken condition had made it sorrowful; yet we wish indeed that the feeling reader had seen the manly tears which flowed down the cheeks of the Judge, as he laid the found-again daughter on the bosom of her mother! We should like to have shown him the unfortunate one, as she rested with her hands crossed over her breast, on the snow-white couch, over which the mother herself had laid the fine coverlet; have shown him how she looked upon the child whose bed stood near her own; upon the beloved ones, who full of affection surrounded her—and then up to heaven, without being able to utter one word! And how glad should we have been could we have seen the Jacobian pair this evening in the paternal home, and how there sate eating, round them, Adam and Jacob, the twin brothers of Jonathan and David, ditto Shem and Seth, with Solomon and little Alfred. They were well-trained children, and looked particularly well, all dressed alike, in a blouse of dark stuff, over which fell back the white shirt collar, leaving free the throat with its lively tint of health, whilst the slender waist was girded with a narrow belt of white leather. Such was the light troop of "the Berserkers."

But we return to our bright morning hour. Eva and Leonore were in the garden, and gathered with their own hands some select apples and pears, which were to ornament the dinner table. They were still glittering with dew, and for the last time the sun bathed them with purple by the song of the bullfinch. The sisters had spoken of Sara; of the little Elise, whom they would educate; of Jacob—and their conversation was cheerful; then they went to other subjects.

"And to-day," said Leonore, "your last answer goes to Colonel R.—your last, no! And you feel quite satisfied that it should be so?"

"Yes, quite!" returned Eva, "how the heart changes! I cannot now conceive how I once loved him!"

"It is extraordinary how he should still solicit your hand, and this after so long a separation.

He must have loved you much more than any of the others to whom he made court."

"I do not think so, but—ah, Leonore! do you see the beautiful apple there? It is quite bright. Can you reach it? No! Yes, if you climb on this bough."

"Must I give myself so much trouble?" asked Leonore; "that is indeed shocking! Well, but I must try, only catch me if I should fall!"

The sisters were here interrupted by Petrea, whose appearance showed that she had something interesting to communicate.

"See, Eva," said she, giving to her a written piece of paper, "here you have something for morning-reading. Now you must convince yourself of something of which till now you would not believe. And I shall call you a stock, a stone, an automaton without heart and soul, if you do not—yes, smile! You will not laugh when you have read it. Leonore! come dear Leonore, you must read it also, you will give me credit for being right. Read, sisters, read!"

The sisters read the following remarks in the handwriting of the Assessor.

"Happy is the lonely and the lowly! He may ripen and refresh himself in peace!"* Beautiful words, and what is better, true.

"The founding has proved their truth. He was sick at heart, and sinned; but he belonged to the lowly and to the unnoticed, and so he could be alone; alone in the fresh, quiet wood, alone with the Great Physician, who only can heal the wounds of the heart—and it is become better with him.

"Now I begin to understand the Great Physician, and the regimen which he has prescribed for me. I feared the gangrene selfishness, and would drink of the nectar of love; but he said, 'Not this draught, but that of self-denial—it is more purifying.

"I have drunk it. I have loved her for twenty years without pretension and without hope.

"To-day I have passed my three-and-sixtieth year; the increasing pain in my side commands me to leave the steps of the patients, and tells me that I have not many more paces to count till I reach my grave. May it be permitted to me to live the remainder of my days more exclusively for her!

"At the 'Old Man's Rose' will I live for her—for it stands in my will that it belongs to her, to her, Eva Frank.

"I will beautify this country-seat for her. I will plant there beautiful trees and flowers for her; vines and roses will I bring there. Old age will some time seize on her, wither her, and consume her. But then, 'the rose of age' will bloom for her, and the odour of my love bless her, when the ugly old man wanders on the earth no more. She will take her sisters to her there, there hear the songs of the birds, and see the glory of the sun upon the lovely objects of nature.

"I will repose on these thoughts during the solitary months or years that I must pass there. Truly, many a day will be heavy to me; the long evening solitary; truly, it were good to have there a beloved and gentle companion, to whom one might say each day 'Good morning, the sun is beautiful;' or in whose eyes—if it

* From the Book of the Rose (Turnroosen's Bok), this is the general title of a collection of romances, novels, and dramas, by Almqvist, an intellectual, and at the same time one of the most fertile of the living Swedish writers.

were not so—one could see a better sun;—a companion with whom one could enjoy books, nature—all that God has given us of good; whose hand, in the last heavy hour one could press, and to whom one could say, 'Good night! we meet again—to-morrow—with love itself—with God!'

"But—but—the foundling shall find no home upon earth!

"Now, he will soon find another home, and will say to the master there, 'Father, have mercy on my rose! and to the habitation of men will he say, 'Wearisome wast thou to me, O world, but yet receive my thanks for the good which thou hast given me!'"

When the sisters had ceased to read, several bright tears lay upon the paper, and shone in the light of the sun. Leonore dried her eyes, and turning herself to Petrea, inquired, "But Petrea, how came this paper into your hands?"

"Did I not think you would ask?" said Petrea. "You should not ask such difficult questions, Leonore. Nay, now Eva's eyes are inquiring too—and so grave. Do you think that Mr. Munter has put it into my hands? Nay, he must be freed from that suspicion even at my expense. You want to know how I came by this paper? Well then—I stole it—stole it on our journey—on the very morning after it was written."

"But Petrea! but Petrea!"

"Yes, you good ones! it is too late now to cry, 'but, Petrea!' now you know the Assessor's secret; and you—may your consciences command you, mine is hardened—you may start before my act, and be horrified; I don't ask about it. The whole world may excommunicate me—I don't trouble myself!—Eva! Leonore! Sisters!"

"Dearest Petrea," returned Eva, "this is after all no surprise to me: I have long been aware of these sentiments; I have reflected deeply and seriously on what will be best to do—and this shall be the end of all plots and surprises we will all of us join in making his future home happy; he shall never feel the weight of solitude, nor the greater weight of believing himself unbeloved."

Petrea laid an arm round the neck of each sister, kissed them, smiling with a tear in her eye, and vanished.

Somewhat later in the morning we find Eva and Gabriele on a visit at the beautiful parsonage-house immediately in the vicinity of the city, where Mrs. Louise is in full commotion with all her goods and chattles, whilst the little Jacobis rioted with father and grand-father over fields and meadows. The little four-years-old Alfred, an uncommonly lively and amiable child, is alone with the mother at home; he pays especial court to Gabriele, and believing that he must entertain her, he brings out his Noah's Ark to introduce to her, in his low, clear, young voice, Ham and Hamina, Shem and Shemina, Japhet and Japhetina.

After all how-do-ye-does! between the sisters had been answered, Gabriele loosened the paper from a basket which Ulla had brought in, and asked Louise to be pleased to accept some roast veal and patties. "We thought," said she, "that you would need something fresh, after the journey, before you get your store-room in order. Just taste a patty! they are filled with mince-

meat, and I assure you are baked since the Flood."

"Really!" replied Louise laughing, "they are delicate too! See, there's one for you, my little manikin; but another time don't come and set yourself forward and look so hungry! Thanks! thanks, dear sister! Ah, how charming that we are come again into your neighbourhood! How fresh and happy you all look! And Petrea! how advantageously she has altered; she is come to have something quiet and sensible about her; she has outgrown her nose, and dresses herself neatly; she is just like other people now. And see—here I have a warm, wadded morning-dress for her, that will keep her warm up in her garret; is it not superb? And it cost only ten thalers courant."

"O, extraordinary—out of the common way! Quite unheard of!" said they, "is it not so?—why it is a piece of clothing for a whole life!"

"What a beautiful collar Eva has on! I really believe she is grown handsomer," said Louise. "You were, and are still the rose of the family, Eva; you look quite young, and are grown stout. I, for my part, cannot boast of that; but how can anybody grow stout when they have eight children to work for! Do you know sisters, that in the last week before I left Stockholm, I cut out a hundred and six shirts! I hope I can meet with a good seamstress here at home; look at my finger, it is quite hard and horny with sewing. God bless the children! one has one's trouble with them. But tell me how is it with our mother? They have always been writing to me that she was better—and yet I find her terribly gone off; it really grieves me to see her. What does Mr. Munter say?"

"Oh," replied Gabriele warmly, "he says that she will recover. There is really no danger; she improves every day."

Eva did not look so hopeful as Gabriele, and her eyes were filled with tears as she said, "When autumn and winter are only over, I hope that the spring—"

"And do you know," interrupted Louise with animation, "what I have been thinking of? In the spring she shall come to us and try the milk cure; she shall occupy this room, with the view towards the beautiful birch grove, and shall enjoy the country air, and all the good things which the country affords, and which I can obtain for her—certainly this will do her good. Don't you think that she will then recover? Don't you think that it is a bright idea of mine?"

The sisters thought that really it was bright, and Louise continued:

"Now I must show you what I have brought for her. Do you see these two damask breakfast cloths, and these six breakfast napkins?—all spun in the house. I have had merely to pay for the weaving. Now, how do they please you?"

"O excellently! excellently!" said one sister.

"How very handsome! How welcome they will be!" said the other.

"And you must see what I have bought for my father—ah, Jacobi has it in his carpet-bag—one thing lies here and another there—but you will see it, you will see it."

"What an inundation of things!" said Gabriele, laughing. "One can see, however, that there is no shortness of money."

* About ten shillings English. But then ten shillings of English money have a very different amount of value in Sweden and England.—M. H.

"Thank God!" said Louise, "all is comfortable in that respect, though you may very well believe that it was difficult enough at first; but we began by regulating the mouths according to the dishes. Ever since I married I have had the management of the money. I am my husband's treasurer; he gives over to me whatever comes in, and he receives from me what he wants, and in this way all has gone right. Thank God, when people love one another all does go right! I am happier than I deserve to be, with such a good, excellent husband, and such well-disposed children. If our little girl, our little Louise, had but lived! Ah, it was a happiness when she was born, after the eight boys; and then for two years she was our greatest delight. Jacobi almost worshipped her; he would sit for whole hours beside her cradle, and was perfectly happy if he only had her on his knee. But she was inexpressibly amiable—so good, so clever, so quiet, an actual little angel! Ah! it was hard to lose her. Jacobi grieved as I have never seen a man grieve; but his happy temperament and his piety came to his help. She has now been dead above a year. Ah! never shall I forget my little girl!"

Louise's tears flowed abundantly; the sisters could not help weeping with her. But Louise soon collected herself again, and said, while she wiped her eyes, "Now we have also anxiety with little David's ankles: but there is no perfect happiness in this world, and we have no right to expect it. Pardon me that I have troubled you; and now let us speak of something else, while I get my things a little in order. Tell me something about our acquaintance—*aunt Evelina* is well?"

"Yes, and sits as grandmother of five nephews at Axelholm, beloved and honoured by all. It is a very sweet family that she sees about her, and she has the happiest old age."

"That is pleasant to hear. But she really deserved to be loved and honoured. Is her *Karie* also married?"

"Ah, no! *Karie* is dead! and this has been her greatest sorrow; they were so happy together."

"Ah, thou Heaven! Is she dead? Ah, yes, now I remember you wrote to me that she was dead—Look at this dress, sisters—a present from my dear husband; is it not handsome? and then quite modern. Yes, yes, dear *Gabriele*, you need not make such an ambiguous face: it is very handsome, and quite in the fashion, that I can assure you. But, *à propos*, how is the Court-Preacher? Exists still in a new form, does it? Now that is good! I'll put it on this afternoon on purpose to horrify *Jacobi*, and tell him that for the future I intend to wear it in honour of his nomination to the office of court-preacher."

All laughed.

"But tell me," continued Louise, "how will our 'great astonishment' go on? how have you arranged it?"

"In this manner," returned one of the sisters. "We shall all meet for a great coffee-drinking in the garden, and during this we shall lead the conversation in a natural sort of way to the piece of ground on the other side of the fence, and then peep through the cracks in it, and then express that usual wish that this fence might come down. And then, at this signal, your eight boys, Louise, are to fall on the fence and—"

"How can you think," said Louise—"to be sure my boys are nimble and strong, but it would require the power of Berserkers to—"

"Don't be alarmed," answered the sisters laughing, "the fence is sawn underneath, and stands only so firm that a few pushes will produce the effect—the thing is not difficult. Besides, we'll all run to the attack, if it be needful."

"O heaven help us! if it be only so, my young ones will soon manage the business—and *à propos*! I have a few bottles of select white sugar-beer* with me, which would certainly please my father, and which will be exactly the right thing if we—as is customary on such occasions, have to drink healths."

During this conversation little Alfred had gone round ineffectually offering two kisses, and was just on the point of growing angry because his wares found no demand, when all at once, summoning resolution, he threw his arms round *Gabriele's* neck, and exclaimed, "Now I see really and thoroughly, that *aunt Gabriele* has need of a kiss!" And it was not *aunt Gabriele's* fault if the dear child was not convinced how wholly indispensable his gift was.

But Louise still turned over her things.—"Here," said she, "I have a waistcoat for *Bergström*, and here a neck-kerchief for *Ulla*, as well as this little brush with which to dust mirrors and tables. Is it not superb? And see, a little pair of bellows, and these trifles for *Brigitta*."

"Now the old woman," said the sisters, "will be happy! She is now and then out of humour, but a feast of coffee, and some little present, reconcile her with all the world; and to-day she will get both."

"And see," continued Louise, "how capital-ly these bellows blow: they can make the very worst wood burn—see how the dust flies!"

"Uh! one can be blown away oneself," said *Gabriele* laughing.

While the sisters were still occupied with cleaning and dusting, and Louise was admiring her own discoveries, the Judge came in, happy and warm.

"What a deal of business is going forward!" exclaimed he laughing. "I must congratulate you," said he, "Louise, your boys please me entirely. They are animated boys, with intellects all alive—but at the same time, obedient and polite. Little David is a regular hair-brain, and a magnificent lad—what a pity it is that he will be lame."

Louise crimsoned from heart-felt joy over the praise of her boys, and answered quickly to the lamentation over the little David, "You should hear father, what a talent he has for the violoncello; he will be a second *Gehrman*."

"Nay, that is good," returned the Judge, "such a talent as that is worth his two feet. But I have hardly had time to notice you properly yet, Louise. Heavens! its glorious that you are come again into our neighbourhood; now I think I shall be able to see you every day! and you can also enjoy here the fresh air of the country. You have got thin, but I really think you have grown!"

Louise said laughingly, that the time for that was over with her.

The sisters also, among themselves, made their observations on Louise. They were rejoiced to see her, among all her things, so exactly herself again.

Handsome she certainly had not become—

*A sort of effervescing beer, resembling our pop or ginger beer; sweet and bitter at the same time.—M. H.

but people cannot grow handsomer to all eternity. She looked well and she looked good, had no more of the cathedral about her; she was an excellent Provost's lady.

— We place ourselves now in Sara's chamber. When a beloved and guiltless child returns, after sufferings overcome, to the bosom of parents into a beloved home, who can describe the sweet delight of its situation? The pure enjoyment of all the charms of home; the tenderness of the family; the resigning themselves to the heavenly feeling of being again at home? But the guilty—

We have seen a picture of the prodigal son which we shall never forget! It is the moment of reconciliation; the father opens his arms to the son; the son falls into them and hides his face. Deep compunction of the heart bows down his head, and over his pale cheek—the only part of his countenance which is visible, runs a tear—a tear of penitence and pain, which says everything. The golden ring may be placed upon his hand: the fatted calf may be killed and served up before him—he cannot feel gay or happy—embittering tears gush forth from the fountains of memory.

Thus was it with Sara, and exactly to that degree in which her heart was really purified and ennobled. As she woke out of a refreshing sleep in her new home, and saw near her, her child sleeping on the soft snow-white bed; as she saw all, by the streaming-in light of the morning sun so festally pure and fresh; as she saw how the faithful memory of affection had treasured up all her youthful predilections; as she saw her favourite flowers, the asters, standing upon the stove, in an alabaster vase; and as she thought how all this had been—and how it now was—she wept bitterly.

Petrea, who was reading in the window of Sara's room waiting for her awaking, stood now with cordial and consoling words near her bed.

"Oh, Petrea!" said Sara, taking her hand and pressing it to her breast, "let me speak with you. My heart is full. I feel as if I could tell you all, and you would understand me. I did not come here of my own will—your father brought me. He did not ask me—he took me like a child, and I obeyed like a child. I was weak; I thought soon to die; but this night under this roof has given me strength. I feel now that I shall live. Listen to me, Petrea, and stand by me, for as soon as my feet will carry me I must go away from here. I will not be a burden to this house. Stained and despised by the world, as I am, I will not pollute this sanctuary! Already have I read aversion towards me in Gabriele's look. Oh, my abode here would be a pain to myself! Might my innocent little one only remain in this blessed house. I must away from here! These charms of life; this abundance, they are not for me—they would wake anguish in my soul! Poverty and labour beseech me! I will away hence. I must!—but I will trouble nobody: I will not appear ungrateful. Help me, Petrea—think for me; what I should do and where I should go!"

"I have already thought," replied Petrea.

"Have you?" said Sara, joyfully surprised, and fixed upon her searchingly her large eyes.

"Come and divide my solitude," continued Petrea, in a cordial voice. "You know that I, although in the house of my parents, yet live for myself alone, and have the most perfect

freedom. Next to my room is another, a very simple but quiet room, which might be exactly according to your wishes. Come and dwell there. There you can live perfectly as you please; be alone, or see only me, till the quiet influence of calm days draw you into the innocent life of the family circle."

"Ah, Petrea," returned Sara, "you are good, but you cannot approach a person of ill-report, and you do not know—"

"Hush, hush," interrupted Petrea; "I know very well, because I see and hear you again. Oh, Sara, who am I that I should turn away from you? God sees into the heart, and he knows how weak and erring mine is, even if my outward life remain pure, and if circumstances and that which surrounds me have protected me, and have caused my conduct to be blameless. But I know myself, and I have no more earnest prayer to God than that: 'Forgive me my trespasses.' May I not pray by your side? Cannot we tread together the path which lies before us? Both of us have seen into many depths of life; both of us now look up humbly to the cheerful heaven. Give me your hand; you were always dear to me, and now, even as in the years of childhood do I feel drawn to you. Let us go, let us try together the path of life. My heart longs after you; and does not yours say to you that we are fit for one another, and that we can be happy together?"

"Should I be a burden to you?" said Sara: "were I but stronger, I would wait upon you; could I only win my bread by my hands, as in the latter years I have done; but now—"

"Now give yourself up to me blindly," said Petrea. "I have enough for us both. In a while, when we are stronger, we will help one another."

"Will not my wasted life—my bitter remembrances make my temper gloomy and me a burden?" asked Sara, "and do not dark spirits master those who have been so long in their power?"

"Penitence," said Petrea, "is a goddess—she protects the erring. And if a heathen can say this, how much more a Christian!—O, Sara! annihilating repentance itself—I know it—can become a strength for him, by which he can erect himself. It can raise up to new life; it can arouse a will which can conquer all things—it has raised me erect—it will do the same for you! You stand now in middle life—a long future is before you—you have an amiable child; have friends; have to live for eternal life! Live for these! and you will see how, by degrees, the night vanishes; the day ascends, and all arranges itself and becomes clear. Come, and let us two unitedly work at the most important business of life—improvement!"

Sara, at these words raised herself in the bed, and new beams were kindled in her eyes. "I will," said she; "Petrea, an angel speaks through you; your words strengthen and calm me wonderfully—I will begin anew—"

Petrea pressed Sara to her breast, and spoke warm and heartfelt "thanks," and then added softly, "and now be a good child, Sara!—all weak and sick people are children. Now, submit, calmly and resignedly, to be treated and guided like such a one; gladden by so doing, those who are around you, and who all wish

you well! We cannot think of any change before you are considerably better—it would trouble every one."

At this moment the door was opened, and the mother looked in inquiringly; she smiled so affectionately as she locked Sara in her arms. Leonore followed her; but as she saw Sara's excited state of mind, she went quickly back and returned with a plate covered with all kind of good things; and now cheerful and merry words emulated one another to divert the again-found-one; old modes of speech were again reverted to, and old acquaintances renewed.

"Do you know Madame Folette again! She has been lately repaired. Can she have the honour of giving you a cup of coffee! There is your old cup with the stars; it was saved with Madame Folette from the fire, and the little one here with the rose-buds is allotted to your little Elise. You must really taste these rusks—they never were in the Ark—they came with the blushing morning out of the oven. Our 'little lady' has herself selected and filled the basket with the very best for you; you shall see whether these home-baked would not please even the Assessor;"—and so on.

In the mean time the little Elise had awoke, and looked with bright blue eyes up to great Elise, who bent down to her. They were really like each other, as often daughter's daughters and grandmothers are, and appeared to feel related already. When Sara saw her child in Elise's arms, tears of pure joy filled her eyes for the first time.

I do not know whether my lady-readers have nerves to stand by, while "the Berserkers" overthrow the garden-fence. I fancy not; and therefore, with my reader's permission, I make a little leap over the great event of the day—the thrown-down wooden fence, which fell so hastily that the Berserkers themselves tumbled all together over it,—and go into the new piece of land, where we shall find the family-party assembled, setting on a flower-decorated moss-seat, under a tall birch tree, which waved over them its crown, tinged already with autumnal yellow. The Septembr sun, which was approaching its setting, illuminated the group, and gleamed through the alders on the brook, which softly murmuring among blue creeks, flowed round the new piece of land, and at once beautified and bounded it.

Tears shone in the eyes of the family-father; but he spoke not. To see himself the object of so much love; the thoughts on the future; on his favourite plan; fatherly joy and pride; gratitude towards his children—towards Heaven, all united themselves to fill his heart with the most pleasurable sensations which can bless a human bosom.

The mother, immediately after the great surprise, and the explosion of joy which followed it, had gone into the house with Eva and Leonore. Among those who remained behind, we see the friend of the family Jeremias Munter, who wore on the occasion the grimmest countenance in the world; the Baron L. who was no more the wild extravagant youth, but a man, and beyond this, a landed-proprietor, whose grave demeanour was beautified by a certain agreeable sobriety, particularly visible when he

spoke with Gabriele, at whose feet he was seated.

Louise handed about white-sugar beer, which nobody praised more highly than herself. She found that it had something unearthly in it, something positively exalting; but when Gabriele, immediately after she had drank a half glass, gave a spring upwards, "our eldest" became terrified, for such a strong working of her effervescing white-beer she had by no means expected. Nevertheless she was soon surrounded by the eight, who cried altogether, "Mother, may I have some beer!" "And I too!" "And I!" "And I too!" "And I!" "And I!" "Send a deal of foam for me, mamma dear!"

"Nay, nay, nay, dear boys! people must not come clamouring and storming thus—you don't see that I or the father do so. Solomon must wait to the very last now. Patience is a good herb. There, you have it; now drink, but don't wet yourselves!"

After the little Jacobis had all enjoyed the foaming, elevating liquor, they became possessed by such a buoyant spirit of life, that Louise was obliged to command them to exhibit their mighty deeds at a distance. Hereupon they swarmed forth on journeys of discovery, and began to tumble head over heels round the place. David hobbled along with his little crutch over stock and stone, whilst Jonathan gathered for him all sorts of flowers, and plucked the bilberry plants, to which he pointed with his finger—little nosegays were then made out of them, with which they overwhelmed their aunts, especially Gabriele, their chosen friend and patron. The serious Adam, the eldest of the eight, a boy of exceedingly staid demeanour, sat quietly by the side of his grandfather, and appeared to consider himself one of the elderly people; the little Alfred hopped about his mother.

The Judge looked around him with an animated countenance; he planted alleys and hedges; set down benches and saw them filled with happy people, and communicated his plans to Jacobi.

Jeremias observed the scene with a bitter, melancholy, and to him, peculiar smile. As little David came limping up to him with the fragrant wood-flowers, he exclaimed suddenly, "Why not rather make here a botanic garden than a common park! Flowers are indeed the only pleasant thing here in the world, and because people go all about snaffing with the nose, it might be as well to provide them with something to smell at. A water-establishment also could be united with it, and thus something miserable might get washed away from the pitiable wretches here in this world."

The Judge seized on the idea with joy. "So we will," said he, "we will unite pleasure with profit. This undertaking will cost more than a simple public pleasure ground, but that need not prevent it. In this beautiful time of peace, and with the prospect of its long continuance, people may take works in hand, and hope to complete them, even if they should require a long time."

"And such works," said Jacobi, "operate ennoblingly on life in times of peace. Peace requires even as great a mass of power as war, but against another kind of foe. Every enno-

bling of this earthly existence, everything which exalts the mind to a more intellectual life, is a battery directed against the commoner nature in man, and is a service done to humanity and one's native land."

"Bah," cried Jeremias, with vexation, "humanity and native land! You have always large words in the mouth—if a fence is thrown down a bush planted, it is immediately called a benefit for one's native land. Plant your fields and throw down your fences, but let the native land rest in peace! for it troubles itself just as little about you, as you about it. For one's country and humanity!—that should sound very affecting—all mere talk!"

"No, now you are in fact too severe," said the Judge, smiling at the outbreak of his friend; "and I, as far as regards myself," continued he, gravely, but cheerfully, "wish that a clearer idea of one's country accompanied every step of human activity. If there be a love which is natural and reasonable, it is the love of one's country. Have I not to thank my country for everything that I have! Are they not its laws; its institutions, its spiritual life, which have developed by whole being, as man and as a citizen! And are they not the deeds of my fathers which have fashioned these; which have given them their power and their individual life! In fact, love and gratitude towards one's parents, is no greater duty than love and gratitude towards one's native land; and there is no one, be he man or woman, high or low, but who, according to his own relationships, can and must pay this holy debt. And this is exactly the significance of a christianly constituted state, that every one shall occupy with his pound so as to benefit, at the same time, both the individual and the community at large."

"Thus," added Petrea, "do the raindrops swell the brook, which pours its water into the river, and may, even though it be nameless, communicate benefit in its course."

"So it is, my dear child," said her father, and extended to her his hand.

"It is a gladdening thought," said Louise, with tearful eyes. "Pay attention, Adam, to what grandfather and aunt say, and keep it in your mind;—but don't open your mouth so wide; a whole frigate could sail into it."

At these words little Alfred began to laugh so shrilly and so heartily that all the elderly folks irresistibly bore him company. Adam laughed too; and at the sound of this peal of laughter came bounding forward from all ends and corners Shem and Seth, Jacob and Solomon, Jonathan and David, just as a flock of sparrows comes flying down over a handful of scattered corn. They came laughing because they heard laughter, and wished to be present at the entertainment.

In the mean time the sun had set, and the cool kobolds of evening began to wander over the place, as the family, amid the most cheerful talk, arose in order to return to the house. As they went into the city the ball on St. Mary's church glimmered like fire in the last beams of the sun, and the moon ascended like a pale but gentle countenance over the roof of their house. There was a something in this appearance which made a sorrowful impression on Gabriele. The star of the church tower

glittered over the grave of her brother, and the look of the moon made her involuntarily think on the pale, mild countenance of her mother. For the rest, the evening was so lovely, the blackbird sang among the alders by the brook, and the heaven lay clear and brightly blue over the earth, whilst the wind and every disturbing sound became more and more hushed.

Gabriele walked on, full of thought, and did not observe that Baron L. had approached her; they were almost walking together as he said, "I am very glad; it was very pleasant to me to see you all again so happy!"

"Ah, yes," answered Gabriele, "now we can all be together again. It is a great happiness that Louise and her family are come here."

"Perhaps," continued the Baron, "perhaps it might be audacity to disturb such a happily united life, and to wish to separate a daughter and sister from such a family—but if the truest—"

"Ah!" hastily interrupted Gabriele, "don't speak of disturbing anything, of changing anything—every thing is so good as it now is!"

He was silent, with an expression of sorrow.

"Let us all be happy together," said Gabriele, bashfully and cordially; "you will stop some time with us. It is so charming to have friends and sisters—this united life is so agreeable with them."

The Baron's countenance brightened. He seized Gabriele's hand, and would have said something, but she hastened from him to her father, whose arm she took.

Jacobi conducted Petrea; they were cheerful and confidential together, as happy brother and sister. She spoke of him, of her present happiness, and of the hope which made up her future. He took the liveliest interest in it, and spoke with her of his plans; of his domestic happiness; and with especial rapture of his boys; of their obedience to the slightest word of their parents; of their mutual affection to each other—and see—all this was Louise's work! And Louise's praise was sung forth in a harmonious duet—ever a sweet scent for "our eldest," who appeared however to listen to no one but her father.

They soon reached home. The mother stood with the silver ladle in her hand, and the most friendly smile on her lips, in the library, before a large steaming bowl of punch, and with look and voice bade the entering party welcome.

"My dear Elise," said the Judge embracing her, "you are become twenty years younger."

"Happiness makes one young," answered she, looking on him affectionately.

People seated themselves.

"Don't make so much noise children!" said Louise to her eight, seating herself with the little Elise on her knees; "can't you seat yourselves without so much noise and bustle?"

Jeremias Munter had placed himself in a corner, and was quiet, and seemed depressed.

Stillness pervaded the assembly; the glasses were filled, and the skál began.

No. 1, which the Judge proposed, was "for the old friend, Jeremias Munter, on this last evening which he spends with us as our townsman—and may blessings follow him to his new home!" which was drunk with the warmest evidences of affection, and with tearful eyes.

No. 2, which Jacobi spoke eloquently, was, "for the Parents; for their happiness and well-being," said he with emotion, "through which I, and so many others as well as I, will be blessed!"

No. 3, was drank to the prosperity of the new Pastor's family.

No. 4, for the new purchased land.

No. 5, for the old—ever-new Home.

No. 6, was "the health of all good children!" The eight seemed as if they could not return thanks enough.

Before long, the voice of Mother Louise was heard saying, "Nay, nay, children, you must not drink a drop more! What do you say, my little David! A thee-and-thou toast with Mr. Munter! No thank you greatly, my dear fellow, you can propose that another time! You have drunk to-day toasts enough—more perhaps than your little heads can carry."

"I beg for the boys," said the Assessor in his most friendly voice, "I will propose a skal, and they must drink it with me. Fill, yet once more, the glasses!—I propose a skal for peace! peace in our country, and peace in our homes! A skal for love and knowledge, which alone can make peace a blessing! A skal, in one word, for—Peace upon Earth!"

"Amen! amen!" cried Jacobi, drank off his glass and threw it behind him. Louise looked at her mother somewhat astonished, but the mother followed Jacobi's example; she too was carried away.

"All glasses to the ground after this skal!" cried the Judge, and sent his, cover and all, smashing on the floor. With an indescribable pleasure the little Jacobis threw their glasses up, and endeavoured to make the skal for Peace as noisy and tumultuous as possible.

We leave now the joyful circle, from which we have seen the mother softly steal away. We see her go into the boudoir, where, reposing in

comfortable quiet she writes the following lines to her friend and sister.

"I have left them now for a few minutes, in order to rest, and to say a few words to you, my Cecilia. Here it is good and quiet, and joyful voices—truly festival voices, echo to me here. The heart of my Ernst enjoys the highest pleasure, for he sees all his children happy around him. And the children—Cecilia, he has reason to be joyful over them and proud; they stand all around him, good, and excellent human beings; they thank him that existence has been given to them, and that they have learned its worth; they are satisfied with their lot. The lost, and again-found-one has come home, in order to begin a new life, and her charming child is quite established on the knees of the grandfather.

"I hear Gabriele's guitar accompanied by a song. I fancy now they dance. Louise's eight boys make the floor shake. Jacobi's voice is heard above all. The good, ever-young man! I also should be joyful, for all in my house is peaceful and well-arranged. And I am so; my heart is full of thankfulness, but my body is weary—very weary.

"The fir trees on the grave wave and beckon me. I see their tops saluting me in the clear moonlight, and pointing upwards. Dost thou beckon me, my son! Dost thou call me to come home to thee! My first-born, my summer-child! Let me whisper to thee that this is my secret wish. The earth was friendly towards me; friendly was my home; when thou wast gone, my favourite! I began to follow. Perhaps the day of my departure is at hand. I feel in myself as if I were able to go to rest. And might a really bright and beautiful moment be enjoyed by me before my last sleep, I would yet once more press my husband's hand to my lips, look around me on earth with a blessing, and upwards towards heaven with gratitude, and say as now, out of the depths of my heart, 'Thank God for the home here, and for the home there!'"

THE END

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THE
H_____ FAMILY.

BY

FREDERIKA BREMER,

AUTHOR OF "THE NEIGHBOURS."

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH.

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THE H. FAMILY.

ARRIVAL. TEA. PORTRAITS.

ABOUT the end of February, in the year 1829, I found myself at the barrier one evening, awaiting the compulsory visit of the Custom House Officer, who was to admit me into the Swedish capital. It was amid a violent drifting of snow, and in a small open sleigh, that I sat there, frozen, tired and sleepy; no very enviable situation, as my fair and gentle readers will allow.

My poor steed, who had a cold, coughed and sneezed. The servant who drove my sleigh, beat his arms across his body to warm himself; the storm howled, and the snow drifted about us. I closed my eyes and waited, as I have often done in snow storms within as well as out of the house; and this I have always found the best way if one cannot escape such evils. At last I heard the sound of slow steps on the crackling snow. The officer approached with his lantern. He had a red nose, and appeared unhappy. I held a gold piece in my hand, and was desirous of transferring it, unperceived, into his, that I might secure for myself a quiet, and an undisturbed ride. He drew his hand back; "It is not necessary," said he, dryly, but politely; "I will not give you much inconvenience," continued he, while he began to examine my carpet bag, and look over my packages. I found myself compelled, not without vexation, to alight. Out of humor, and with some malicious pleasure, I put my money back into my reticule, and thought, "Well, well, he is too proud to take any thing for his trouble."

My talkative driver, however, entered into some conversation with him.

"It is rough, frightful weather, this evening, dear sir."

"Yes."

"I think it would be much more agreeable, if you were sitting in your own room, sipping something warm, instead of freezing your fingers and keeping us here, for which nobody thanks you."

No answer.

"I would give something to be sitting, now, by our old folks' warm fire, and eating my Sunday's porridge—that would relish, sir!"

"Yes, yes."

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"Have you children?"

"Yes."

"Ah; how many?"

"Four,"—and a deep sigh followed this answer.

"Four!—well, then you have mouths enough to feed. Ha, ha! now you think you have found something contraband.—Cheese, my dear sir, cheese, you see. Yes, indeed, it makes your mouth water. I will lay a wager that you would prefer to taste it, rather than to bite into the moon. Now, do not you see that is only a butter-keg," etc. etc.

After the inspector had convinced himself that a goodly variety of cheeses, loaves of bread, and ginger-cakes, made up the principal part of the lading of the sleigh, he replaced every thing in the neatest order, gave me his hand to assist me into it, and carefully tucked the furs about me. My ill-humor had vanished long ago. Is it, thought I, the fault of the poor inspector, that he is the plague and torment of travellers? this one, certainly, has performed his duty in the most civil manner. And while he went on to restore every thing to its place, carefully and conscientiously, various considerations rose in my mind, which disposed me to still more kindness. The red, frozen nose, the depressed expression of countenance, the stiff fingers, the poor children, the snow storm, the dark, dismal evening, all these passed before me like the shadows in a Camera Obscura, and my heart was quite softened by them. I felt again after the piece of money. I thought of some gingerbread and a cheese for the four children's supper; but while I was feeling, and while I was thinking, the man opened the bar, took off his hat politely, and I passed quickly through the gateway. I would have cried out "halt,"—but I did not! With an oppressed heart and uncomfortable feelings, as if I had lost something valuable on the way, I proceeded through the city, and saw in the white snow flakes before me, as in a transparency, the frozen, red nose and sad face, on which I might so easily, at least for a moment, have called up a cheerful look.

How many occasions, of doing good in

greater or less measure, are passed by from irresolution. While we are saying to ourselves, "shall I, or shall I not?" the moment flies away, and the blossom of joy which we might have given to it is withered, and often cannot be revived by any tears of repentance.

Thus I sadly reflected, while my sleigh moved slowly over the deep, sandy snow, often sunk through to the stones, and was with difficulty drawn out again. The storm had extinguished the lamps in the lanterns, and the streets were hardly lighted at all, except by the rays from the shops. Here I saw a gentleman who was about losing his cloak; and as he was drawing it more closely around him, the wind took off his hat. There was a lady, who, while with one hand she held the brim of her bonnet and with the other secured her cloak, ran blindly, but violently, against a fruit stall; the sharp nosed mistress of which, besought her, in a rude tone, to keep a better look-out.

Here yelled a dog; there swore a fellow who had run his cart against that of another; while a little boy ran whistling gaily through the snow-flakes and other hindrances which did not at all disturb his quiet boyish spirit. Often a covered sleigh, with its lighted lamps, like comets, drove by and pushed aside men and beasts. This was all I saw or heard of this great and splendid capital that evening. To enliven myself, I began to think of the amiable family in whose bosom I should soon find myself; on the pleasant occasion which led me there, and on still other gay, bright and soul warming ideas, which pressed upon my memory. At last my sleigh stopped. My driver cried, "Now we are here," and I said to myself with delight, "Now I am here, too." I soon heard around me many voices crying, "good day! good day, good evening, welcome, welcome." I, my bread, cheese, ginger-bread, we were all heartily welcome, and were conducted into a pleasant, warm room. Half an hour later I was sitting in a handsome, well-lighted parlor, where Colonel H. and his family were assembled. The tea hour had arrived, and from the hissing kettle arose the cloudy steam hovering over the well filled baskets of cakes, biscuits and cracknels which covered the capacious tea table. Telemachus, when he issued from Tartarus into the Elysian fields, could not have felt greater pleasure than I, who from my snow-storm journey had run into the friendly haven of this tea table.

The pleasant, graceful persons who were moving about me, the agreeable room, the lights which, at times, add not a little to the brightness of the spirit, the warming draught which I was enjoying, every thing was animating, exhilarating. Every thing

was—ah will you believe it, reader, that the frozen nose there at the gate placed itself in the midst of my pleasure, on the edge of my tea cup, and embittered the nectar it contained. It did indeed: and I believe I should have felt less shocked if I had seen my own "double." To restore my quiet I said to myself that the next morning I would repair my inadvertence, and, content with this resolution for the morrow, I sat now, according to my custom, silently in the corner of the room, while I knit upon my stocking; now and then sipped from my cup, which stood near me on a little table; and unobserved, but attentively watched the family picture before me. Col. H. sat in the corner of a sofa and played Patience. The Blockade of Copenhagen I believe. He was a tall, strongly-built, but thin man, and had the appearance of ill health. The expression of his face was noble, and from his deeply sunken eyes there beamed a penetrating but quiet glance, which had an almost divine expression, particularly when it was turned upon his children. He spoke seldom, he never made speeches, but his words, uttered slowly, and with a gentle energy, had usually the effect of oracles. Earnestness and mildness reigned in his whole character. He held himself almost singularly upright, and I always thought that this proceeded less from his early military habits, than from the unbending honesty, the strength and integrity which formed the principal features in his character, and which were mirrored in his exterior.

He did not join in the conversation, which this evening was carried on with much animation among his children; but sometimes he dropped a dry witty observation, which was accompanied by a look that was so mischievously comical, and yet so filled with kindness towards those to whom it referred, that they received perplexity and pleasure from it at the same time.

His wife, "the gracious lady," (as I still from old custom must call her) sat in another corner of the sofa, making bobbin, but without bestowing much attention on her work. She seemed not to have been handsome, even in her youthful days, but she had about her, particularly when she spoke, something good, interesting and animated, which one looked at with pleasure. Something tender and restless appeared in her face, particularly in her eyes. One read there that she bore ever at her heart the long, eternal forethought of ideas and cares, which for a wife and mother, and housewife begins with her husband and children, runs through all the affairs to the smallest branch of the household, and has no end, like the atoms of dust which are blown away but are ever falling again.

The tender and restless glance of the

gracious lady was this evening very often turned upon Emily, the eldest daughter, with an expression at the same time, of joy and grief. An affectionate smile floated over her lips, and tears glistened on her eye-lids; but from the smiles as well as the tears beamed the tender and warm love of the mother.

Emily did not seem to observe the expression of her mother's countenance. She was serving tea, very quietly, with her fair white hands; while with an assumed gravity of face she tried to put an end to the nonsense of her brother Charles, who was attempting to throw that confusion, which he protested prevailed in the heart of his dear sister, into the affairs of the tea table. She was of middle size, but well grown. Blond, fair, but without regular beauty in her features, her pleasing face was particularly attractive from the expression of purity, goodness and frankness which rested on it. She appeared to have inherited her father's quiet character, joined with greater cheerfulness, for in spite of her assumed dignity she often laughed; and that so heartily that all the rest kept her company.

Laughing is becoming to very few people, and we see many persons who, during this expression of pleasure, put their handkerchiefs up to their faces to hide the ugliness which is produced by the contractions about the eyes, and the stretching of the mouth. Emily, even if she had been apprised of this measure, would have scorned to make use of it. Her character, even in the most unimportant things was too simple and frank, to allow her to make use of a single attractive manœuvre. She had, however, in this case no reason to do so, for her laugh was particularly charming; both because it was so simple and hearty, and because it displayed the most beautiful white teeth which ever ornamented a small and lovely mouth. She, however, thought nothing about the matter.

If I had been a man, I should have thought the first moment I saw Emily, "There is my wife. (N. B. if she is willing.)"

Yet Emily was not in every thing what she appeared; or rather she possessed a good many of those inconsistencies which mingle with and are joined to the most noble specimens of human nature, as there will always be some knots in the very finest and most carefully labored textures.

Moreover Emily was no longer in the earliest years of youth, and you, my fair reader of sixteen, will perhaps find her very—very old. "How old was she then?" you ask. She had passed her six-and-twentieth year. "Ah! that was very horrible, she is really an old person." Not so horrible, not so old my Rosebud. She was only a rose in her full bloom. This was

also the opinion of Mr. ——— But of this hereafter.

I pity the painter who should receive the difficult order to paint a portrait of Julia; for she is a *perpetuum mobile* in more than one respect. Sometimes she plays her brother, who never leaves a debt of this kind unpaid, some roguish trick, sometimes she employs herself in one of a different kind upon her sisters. Sometimes she snuffs the candles and puts them out, that she may have the pleasure of lighting them again; she puts the ribbon of her mother's cap into order or disorder, and now and then she glides behind the Colonel, throws her arms about his neck and kisses his forehead. His cry of "Let me alone girl," frightens her off, perhaps to return again soon.

A charming little head, about which rich locks of blond hair formed a crown—blue lively eyes, dark lashes and eyelids—a well formed nose and a little, delicate ear—a somewhat larger but handsome mouth—a small, neat figure—little hands, and feet that would rather dance than walk—see, there you have Julia in her eighteenth year.

Brother Charles—ah your pardon—Cornet Charles was three ells long, well grown, and light in his motions, thanks to nature, the gymnasium and Julia. He had several ideas of his own which were fixed as the hills, among them these three were his favorites: first, the Swedish was altogether the first and most excellent nation in Europe. This no one in the family contradicted. Second, he should never fall in love, because he was twenty years old, and had never felt his heart beat, while so many of his more fortunate companions, had gone mad with love. "That will come in time!" said the Colonel. Julia said he would be over head and ears in love yet. Emily sighed, and prayed God he might be saved from it. Thirdly, the Cornet thought he was so ugly that he frightened the horses. Julia said this quality might be useful to him in an attack on the enemy's cavalry; but she, as well as her sisters and many others, considered the open, honest, manly expression of the face of their brother, as a full compensation for a want of beauty of features. They often repeated to him with a little secret pleasure, how uncommonly ugly and intolerable Mr. P. was with his beautiful Apollo head without life or expression. Cornet Charles loved his sisters tenderly, and did them every service in his power, particularly in the way of exercising their patience.

Near their father sat the youngest daughter, the seventeen-year-old Helen. The first look disposed one to pity her, the next gave rise to a wish for her happiness. She was plain and deformed; but understand-

ing and cheerfulness beamed from her eyes which were more than commonly brilliant. She appeared to possess that strength and repose of character, that clearness, constancy, and gaiety of spirit which give a more certain guarantee for the quiet and happiness of life, than all those dazzling external charms which the world so loves and extols. She was diligently working upon a white lace veil, and only looked up now and then from her labor to give to Emily an affectionate and significant glance, or to turn toward her father a look of respectful and almost supplicating tenderness.

One could almost imagine that of all his children the Colonel loved this one best, who in person seemed so hardly dealt with by nature. For often when Helen leaned her head on her father's shoulder, and raised her loving eyes to him, he bent down and kissed her forehead with an expression which cannot be described.

On the other side of the Colonel sat a lady, still young—his brother's daughter. She might have been taken for an antique statue, so fair, and of such marble whiteness was her complexion, and so immovable did she appear. Finer dark eyes than her's were never seen. But ah, she certainly deserved to be pitied. Those beautiful eyes would never again see the light of day. For several years they had been covered with a cataract. What prevailed in her bosom, whether storm or quiet, it was difficult to see; the mirror of her spirit was darkened, and something stiff, cold, almost half dead lay without and repelled every questioning glance. It seemed to me a feeling of proud despair came upon her, the moment that the voice of fate announced, "You shall never more see the light," and she had responded, "No one shall ever see my sorrow."

Yet one little group more must come into my picture. The group, namely, at the back of the apartment consisting of Master Nup, distinguished by his good nature, his learning, his taciturnity, his short-sightedness, his turned up nose, and his absence of mind, by the side of his pupils, little Axel and the little Claes, the youngest sons of the Colonel, who on account of their especially good health and their plumpness generally received, in the family, the name of the "little Thickeys."

The master bent, undismayed by his wig having three times taken fire, with his nose over his book, in the nearest possible proximity to the light. The "little Thickeys" ate cracknels, played "Cat's-cradle" and awaited the fourth illumination on the Master's head, the near approach of which they now and then announced to each other by friendly signs and exclamations, such as, "see now," "wait now," "now it's a coming."

I feel now particularly desirous to know whether any of my amiable young readers either from kind feeling or curiosity would like to have a nearer description of the person who is seated in the corner of the drawing room, silently knitting her stocking, now and then sipping from her cup of tea, and making her observations upon the company.

Not to leave any such wish of my readers unfulfilled, I will also try a sketch of her. She belongs to that class of persons of whose existence one of the sisterhood says—"sometimes it seems as if they were everywhere—sometimes it seems as if they were nowhere." This singular existence appertains in common to those persons who, without belonging to the family are received in it as assistants for counsel and action either in joy or sorrow. I will, in a few words draw a picture of such persons, and not to leave the class without a name, I will give her the title of Family Counsellor. Her circle of action is defined, and of the following character. She must have her thoughts, her hands, her nose in every thing, but it must not be observed. If the master of the house is out of humor, she is pushed forward to act, either as a lightning rod, or a bellows whose duty it is to dispel the storm. If the lady has the vapors, her presence is as necessary as the bottle of cologne water. Are the daughters in trouble, she must take part in it. Have they wishes, plans, projects, she is the speaking trumpet by which they must approach deaf ears. Are the children crying they are sent to her that she may quiet them; if they refuse to go to sleep, she must tell them stories. If any one is sick, she is the watcher. She is entrusted with commissions for the whole family, and she must have her hands full of advice for every one, on all occasions. Does some distinguished visiter arrive, is the house put upon parade footing, then she vanishes; no one knows where she is, any more than it is known where the smoke goes which rises from the chimney. But the workings of her invisible presence do not cease to be felt. The pan in which the cream is prepared is not placed on the nicely decorated dinner table, but must remain on the kitchen hearth, and the same is the lot of the Family Counsellor; to do the useful and agreeable, but to give up the honor. If she can do this with stoical perseverance and resignation, her existence is often as interesting to herself as it is important to the family. It is true, she must be humble and silent; must pass quietly through the doors, make less noise than a fly, and above all, never, like the flies, settle on the noses of people. She must yawn as seldom as her human nature will bear, but on the contrary must use her eyes and ears with free-

dom, though with caution; and she has abundant occasion to make use of them. Unlike what happens in the physical world, there is no place for observation in the moral world so good as the most humble, where all looks are most unobserved. And consequently the Family Counsellor is in the most favorable position for turning her penetrating telescope about the hemisphere of the household. Every motion, every spot on the planets of the heart will become visible to her; the most unpretending comet she follows in its course; she sees the eclipse come and disappear, and while she considers the phenomena—the changing feelings and thoughts in the human soul, which are as countless as the stars of heaven,—she learns one day after another, to designate and lay down more and more of these great and wonderful hieroglyphics of creation. It is plain therefore that she must gain successively a good deal of the costly, always applicable coin which is called knowledge of men, and the hope smiles upon her, that in some future time, when her nose is ornamented with spectacles, and silver hair covers her aged head, she may speak like an oracle to listening youth of her knowledge of things, of which they can form no idea.

So much for the description of the Family Counsellor as a class; a word now upon the individual who in some measure filled this part in the family of Col. H. In some measure I say, for she was, God be praised, treated more as a friend, did not hold the office of puffer, did not always stand behind the curtain, but often stepped forward upon the stage and said her say as freely and unreservedly as other acting people.

The first word which her childish lips stammered after a year's abode in this lower world was "Moon;" eight years after she wrote her first poem on the moon; and the morning of a life which has since then passed so dryly and prosaically, was a lovely poetical dream of moonshine. Many sonnets, many odes her pen dedicated to the most charming objects of nature, during the rich days of youth, when the heart beats so high, when the feelings swell like spring torrents, and when the fruitful sources of tears stream from such precious sorrows.—But in every thing she sung, wrote or dreamed, there was always something about moonshine.

The old people shook their wise heads. "Girl, if you write verses, you will never learn to make a soup, you will leave the sauce to burn; you must think betimes, that you have to support yourself, to spin your clothes and bake your bread; moonshine will not satisfy any one." But the girl wrote her poems, and made her soup, and did not let her sauce burn. She made her spinning wheel hum, baked her bread, but did not forget the friend of her child-

hood, the gentle moon. Afterwards when its kind beams shone over the grave of her parents, she wrote no poem to their honor, but looked up with a supplicating glance to the gentle, heavenly face, as to a comforter whose light would cheer the fatherless and motherless on her solitary path. But ah, the fatherless and motherless would have starved in her dear moonshine, if another light and other beams had not brought her salvation. These came from the hearth of a Count's kitchen. She succeeded in the preparation of a wine jelly and this made her fortune.

She was discovered to possess the talent of preparing wine jelly. By degrees it became apparent that she possessed other talents equally valuable. A lady with chapped lips was greatly benefitted by her lip salve. An old gentleman found great comfort in a never weary listener to the stories of his forty-nine disasters. A tender mother of four little wonderfully sensible children, learned, with deep emotion, from their rosy lips, of her uncommon skill in making mother and brother, joy and boy, deep and weep, birth day and skip and play, rhyme so properly. A sleepy "gracious lady," was once waked up entirely by this talented person, prophecying with cards that she would soon receive a present.—Nine persons within a very short time praised her admirable advice in curing toothache, pains in the chest, and influenza; and her wonderful talent became especially apparent at sundry weddings and funerals, in arranging every thing from the head dress of the lady to the key of the larder; from the myrtle crown on the locks of the bride, to the bread and butter on the sideboard; as much by the arrangement of the touching celebration of marriage as in decorating the last bed of rest of the slumbering bride, and providing for the entertainment of those who on melancholy occasions never forget that people must eat and drink.

By the diligent use of these talents and the improvement of some others of the same kind, she mounted step by step to the rank of the honor and dignity of a Family Counsellor. She had almost forgotten to write poems, but now and then on birth days and fête days she brought forth some meagre lines.

She seldom looked up to the moon, except to see the new moon and the full moon, and yet its rays will perhaps remain the only friends to visit her solitary grave.—But this is not the place to write elegies.—Does any one wish to know more of the prosaic friend of moonshine? Her age?—somewhere between twenty and forty years; her appearance,—like that of people in general, though perhaps most people would be much displeased to have it thought that

they had any likeness to her. Her name? Oh, your most obedient servant :

CHARLOTTE BEATA EVERY-DAY.

LETTER FROM JULIA. HELEN. THE BLIND GIRL. EMILY. THE BRIDEGROOMS.

I HAVE already mentioned that the occasion which was at the bottom of my journey to the capital, was a happy one; and I shall explain it best, by laying before the reader a letter which I received, in my solitude in the country, from Julia H.

"MY BEST BEATA:

"Lay down your eternal knitting, when you see these lines, snuff your long-wicked candle, (does the post reach R. in the evening?) lock your doors, so that without fear of being disturbed, you may seat yourself upon your sofa in peace and comfort, and read the interesting news which I have to announce to you. I see from here, how fearfully curious you are—you open wide your eyes—and now I will—tell you a story.

"There was once a man, who was neither king nor prince, but who deserved to be one. He had a daughter, and although destiny had not allowed her to be born a princess, yet there assembled around her cradle thirty gracious fairies out of pure esteem and affection for her father. They gave her beauty, intelligence, grace, talents, a noble heart, good humor, patience,—in a word, everything which can make a woman charming, and to fill up the measure of happy gifts, the fairy Prudence came forward, and in a slow manner said, 'For the sake of your temporal and eternal happiness, you shall be extremely circumspect, considerate, yes, even fastidious in the choice of a husband!' 'Well said! wisely said!' cried all the fairies, and they sighed deeply.

"The richly endowed girl grew up, was as amiable as could reasonably have been expected, and late and early suitors knocked at the door of her heart with sighs and prayers. But ah! it remained immovably closed for most of them; and if she for a moment opened it a little, the next minute it was closely shut and fastened with double bars. Happily the age of Princess Turandot was long since past, and in Sweden where the beautiful Elimia dwelt, the air must have been more cooling than in the land where Prince Kalaf sighed: for it was never rumored that the dismissed lovers put an end to their days; they were hardly seen to lose their appetite, nay, some even were known (can it be believed) to have chosen other loved ones, as easily as one changes his stockings.

"The first who announced himself as an

aspirant for the heart of the beautiful Elimia, was found too sentimental for her; because he was seized with horror at killing a fly, and sighed over the unhappy fate of the innocent chickens, who, well roasted, figured upon the dinner table, and of the other articles which formed the daily dinner of his beloved. She feared, if she were united with him, that she should be in danger of starving upon simple blancmange and vegetables. The second was not afraid of killing flies, loved fishing and hunting, and was considered cruel and hard-hearted—rather, much rather would she have a hare, than a hunter for a husband! A hare came, shy and trembling, and stammering out his sighs, his wishes and his despair. 'Poor little thing!' was the answer, 'go and hide yourself, you will be easy booty to the first good beast of prey that finds you in his way.' The hare hopped away. The lion came with a proud suitor's words. Now the beautiful girl was much afraid of being swallowed up, and she hid herself till the mighty one had passed by. This was the fourth. The fifth, gay and cheerful, was considered too thoughtless; of the sixth it was feared that he had gambling inclinations; of the seventh, on account of a redness of the nose, that he took pleasure in too deep draughts. The eighth looked as if he were ill-humored; the ninth seemed egotistical; the tenth said, in every sentence, 'May I be hanged!' The eleventh looked too much at his hands and feet, and was therefore a fool. The twelfth came. He was good, noble, manly, and handsome, he appeared to love sincerely, he talked well;—all were very desirous to know what fault could be found in him. He seemed also to love truly—but it merely appeared so, or if he actually loved, it was perhaps more the small perishable body than the immortal soul; God preserve us, what a great sin! if it should be so,—then—but the lover swore, that what he adored was the soul—the soul itself; and in a happy hour, he stormed so powerfully at the already yielding heart of the beautiful girl, that her trembling lips at last moved in a way, which seemed to him, to show the gates through which the 'yes' of capitulation would come. He took this as settled, considered the word as said, fell upon his knees, kissed her hand and mouth, and the beautiful Elimia, almost sinking with surprise and consternation, found herself—she knew not how—betrothed.

"An early day for the wedding was appointed by her father and the bridegroom. Elimia did not say 'yes,' but she did not say 'no,' and the bridegroom thought, 'silence gives consent.' As time passed on, Elimia counted, 'Now there are only fourteen days,' 'now only twelve,' 'gracious heaven! now only ten,' and 'merciful God!

now only eight,' days left. Now greater anguish and fear overpowered her soul. Phantoms and ghostly forms, numerous as the locusts which overwhelmed Egypt, took possession of her mind, formerly so calm and tranquil, and caused obscurity and darkness. Now she wished to delay, if not break off entirely, her marriage with the noble Almansor, who certainly must have more faults than was supposed; and some very great ones which he knew well how to conceal from her. Perfection is not the lot of human nature, and he who appears to be most free from faults, may indeed be least so. Besides, she thought that their characters did not entirely harmonize; he was too young, and she too old, etc.; and the sum and substance of all this was, that she should be unhappy all her life.

"A very good friend of Elimia took the greatest pleasure in the world, in breaking the fairy Prudentia's neck, whose unhappy gift caused Elimia to throw away from herself, the happiness which awaited her in her marriage with this man who seemed to be wholly and entirely created for her alone, and was devoted to her in the tenderest manner.

"Now I see how impatient you are, Beata, and I hear you ask, 'What is the meaning and end of all this, and of what use is it?' All this, my dear, is, both to be of the same use as a little cordial which serves to excite an appetite for the dinner itself, and to show what wonderful, magic power belongs to the little Julia; for with a few strokes of my pen, I change all the persons I have mentioned, turn 'once' into 'now,' and a story to truth.

"Almansor becomes then the amiable young Algernon S., and his betrothed Elimia, becomes my sister Emily H., who repents so bitterly the 'yes' which she has given. The fairy Prudentia must undergo a greater change, and is nothing more than the caprice and irresolution which has so great power in Emily's heart, that it even influences her determination of entering the holy state of marriage. If it were not pushed forward from every side, it would, like a crab, go backwards. At this very time, this Emily whom I love so dearly, and who yet so often makes me impatient, is sitting on the sofa opposite me, is pale, with her eyes red, is thinking of her wedding day, and—has the blues! Shall we laugh or cry at it? I do both, and induce Emily to do the same.

"The only thing which we can do to prevent ourselves from dreaming and thinking too much about poor Emily, and thus becoming unnecessarily anxious and disquieted, is to do every thing with zeal and haste till the wedding day, and make as much of a whirl as possible. I know father would never allow any one of us to

break a promise—this Emily knows also, and this helps to discourage her. And still she loves Algernon, yes, admires him at times, but would still, if she dared, give him a refusal. Tell me, how can this be explained and accounted for? Could her fate once be determined, I know that all would be well, and the pleasant part of the affair is, that Emily herself thinks so. Meanwhile, every thing must be in order for next week. Sunday, ten days from now, is the fearful wedding day. Emily will be married at home, and only a few relations will be invited. Emily desires it, and we follow her inclinations in every thing which is reasonable. She says, it is always so with poor victims. Comical idea! You see, dearest Beata, how necessary your presence is for us all now. Indeed, we need your counsel and aid in all this. Pack up your things immediately, and travel here as quickly as you can.

On Monday, Algernon comes to Stockholm, and with him my lover. I am not so difficult to please, nor so anxious as Emily, and yet I have chosen no worse. My Arwid is an Adonis, and has a heart which is worth its weight in gold. My father thinks much of him, and that is the most important to me. My good, honored, beloved father! I had so firmly resolved never to leave him and my mother,—I do not understand how I could determine to be married, but my Arwid was inexorable. My father still has Helen with him, who will never marry; and Helen is worth three such Julias as I am. At first, my father was opposed to my marriage, and had many objections, so that it was nearly given up. But I threw myself upon my knees and wept, and Arwid's father (a friend of my father's youth) talked so eloquently, and Arwid himself seemed so cast down, that my father at last was moved and said, 'Well, they may have one another;' and Arwid and I rejoiced like two young larks. You will come to see him; he has a dark beard and moustaches, great blue eyes, the most beautiful—but you will see him—you will see him. He has the most beautiful *son de voix* in the world, and Emily may say what she pleases, it sounds delightfully, really charmingly, when he says, 'The thousand take me!' It sounds strangely, you may think; but you will see, you will hear! Come, come! and at the latest, embrace us the evening after to-morrow.

Your Friend,

JULIA H."

"P. S. I pray you to bring some of that beautiful bread, which my father and mother, as you know, like so well, some of that cheese for Charles and Helen, and some gingerbread for me. You always have these things on hand. Emily, poor Emily,

will, I think, have enough to do, to drive away the blues. You cannot imagine, how it troubles me to see her grow so pale and ugly from mere disquiet and anxiety, at the arrival of Algernon. Emily, I believe, wishes to put to the proof his love for her immortal soul. I believe truly, she would expect the same love from him if she should be changed to a mole. I am truly anxious. Emily is so changeable in her appearance, and is such a different being when she is sad and restless, from when she is quiet and calm. Once more farewell.

"P. S. Do you know who is to marry Emily? Professor L. . . , who is so horribly serious, has a twisted foot, a red eye, and two warts on his nose. He entered the ministry a short time since. My father esteems and loves him much. It seems to me I should not like to be married by a cross-eyed minister. But I shall be married in a couple of years, or perhaps in the Autumn; it is not worth while to think of this yet.

"I had nearly forgotten to give you the remembrance of the whole family."

I accepted Julia's invitation, and came as has been seen, one evening in the end of February, to the house of Colonel H.

There are some words to be said of the events of this evening, and I will join them here to the thread of my narrative. The blind girl, who had sat for a long time silent and quiet, suddenly said, with a sort of eagerness, "I will sing." Helen got up, led her to the piano, and sat down to accompany her. The blind girl remained standing. Helen asked, what she would sing. "Ariadne at Naxos," was the short, definite answer. They began. At first there was nothing pleasant to me in the voice of the singer; it was strong, deep, almost terrible. But as I listened attentively, and observed the feeling which spoke through the whole, and which manifested itself with enchanting truth, I was entirely carried away. I involuntarily shuddered, and my heart beat in sympathy with Ariadne as, penetrated with increasing anguish, she sought for her lover, and resolved to ascend the cliff to watch his departure. The accompaniment here expresses her ascent in a masterly manner. It seems as if one could see her as she climbs up, breathless and full of foreboding. At last she reaches the top, her look stretches over the sea, and beholds the white sail continually disappearing. The blind girl followed Ariadne with her whole soul, and one could hardly believe from her excited expression, that she saw nothing but ——— darkness. Tears started involuntarily into her eyes, as, with a heart-rending expression of love and sorrow in her voice and countenance,

she called out with Ariadne, "Theseus! Theseus!" Just as her inspiration and our rapture had reached the highest point, the Colonel suddenly arose, went to the piano, took the singer by the hand, and, without saying a word, led her away and seated her again on the sofa where he placed himself by her side. I observed that she took her hand hastily from his. She was deadly pale and excited. No one but myself appeared to be astonished at this scene. An indifferent conversation was begun, in which all took part but the blind girl. After a while the Colonel said to her, "you need rest," and rising at the same moment he led her out of the room, after she had silently, but with solemnity of manner, bowed her head to those who remained behind. Just as they were going out, the Colonel called, "Helen!" and Helen followed them.

Soon after, I went to my own room to repose. But the image of the blind girl, which hovered before me incessantly, disturbed me for a long time. I heard her thrilling voice, saw her expressive face, and tried to guess the nature of the feeling which agitated her soul.

I was still awake, when Emily and Julia crept gently to their room, which was next to mine. The doors were open and I heard the half-whispered conversation of the two sisters. Julia said, with some vexation, "You gape, you sigh, and yet Algernon is coming to-morrow morning. Emily, you have no more feeling than a bandbox!"

EMILY. How do you know that it may not be from sympathy with Algernon, who is now perhaps doing the same?

JULIA. He is not doing that, I am convinced; on the contrary, I believe that he scarcely knows upon which foot he is standing, from impatient joy that he will so soon see you.

EMILY. Is that what you think from his last letters?

JULIA. Those were written in great haste. One is not always in a mood for writing; perhaps he had a severe headache—or a heavy cold in his head—or he had caught cold—

EMILY. Anything you please; but nothing can excuse the cold inexpressive termination of his letter.

JULIA. I assure you, Emily, it ran thus, "with the tenderest devotion—"

EMILY. And I am certain it runs thus, dry and cold "with esteem and devotion, remain," etc. Just as one would write to an indifferent person; "I am, with esteem," etc., for the poor esteem must always remain if a warmer feeling is wanting. Where is my night cap? Ah, here it is! Heigh, ho! You Julia see every thing so *couleur de rose*.

JULIA. I see that a lover must take care

how he speaks of esteem. But I am convinced that Algernon did not write the frightful word, but has used a warmer and more hearty one. Dear Emily bring the letter here! You will see that you are wrong.

EMILY. For your sake, I *will* get the letter. We shall see that I am right!

JULIA. And we shall see that I am right.

Emily brought the letter. The two sisters approached the light. Julia wished to snuff the candle, and, either by accident or design, it went out. Everything was as still as darkness until Emily's laugh was heard. Julia joined in, and I could not prevent making a trio with them.

Groping and stumbling among tables and chairs, the sisters found their beds, and called out, laughing, to me, Good night, Good night!

The day after my arrival was what we call clearing up day, a day such as is met with in all well-ordered houses, and which can be compared with a stormy day in nature, after the wind and rains of which, everything appears in new purity, order and freshness.

They scrubbed, aired, dusted and scoured in every corner. The lady of the house, who wished to overlook everything herself, went incessantly out and in through all the doors, and always left all open, through which came a horrible draught of air. To secure myself from earache and toothache, I flew from room to room, and found at last a flight of stairs higher, a safe harbor, in Helen's room. This little room appeared to me the most agreeable and quiet one in the whole house. There were windows upon the sunny side. The walls were ornamented with pictures; most of which were beautiful landscapes. Among these were two by Fahlcranz, in which the pencil of this great artist had conjured up the delightful repose which a beautiful summer evening spreads over nature, and which is so powerfully shared by the heart of man. The eye, which was attentively fixed upon these pictures, soon expressed something lovely, sad and enthusiastic, and this was the strongest evidence of their real beauty.

The furniture in the room was handsome and convenient. A piano, a well-filled book-case, and desk, showed that in this little narrow circle nothing was wanting which could take the place of the pleasures of the external world, and which could help to fill up the day in the most agreeable manner. Large splendid geraniums stood at the windows and awakened pleasant thoughts of spring by their fresh green, while they kept out the intruding rays of the sun, which shone there in all its brilliancy, as it usually did through the day in

winter. A handsome carpet covered the floor, which seemed to be sprinkled with flowers.

Helen was seated on the sofa, sewing. The New Testament lay before her on the work-table.

She received me with a smile, which expressed the quiet and contentment of her spirit. I sat down by her, and joined her in her work. I felt unusually cheerful and happy. We were sewing on Emily's bridal dress.

"You are examining my room!" said Helen, smiling, while her eyes followed the direction of mine.

"Yes," answered I, your sisters' rooms are neat and properly arranged, but it must be confessed they cannot compare with yours."

"It has been my father's will," said she, "that Helen should be the only spoiled child in his house." With tears in her eyes, she continued, "my good father wished that I should not miss the pleasures and enjoyments which my beautiful and healthy sisters are able to enjoy, and from which I am excluded by my bodily infirmities and frequent illness. On that account he has taught me the far richer enjoyments, which knowledge, and the exercise of the fine arts, bestow on them who embrace them with warm and open hearts. For this reason he formed and strengthened my understanding by regular, and anything but superficial studies, which he directed himself. For that reason he has collected, in this little retired nook, where I pass the greater part of my life, so much that is beautiful and charming to the eye, the feelings and the thoughts. Yet, what is more than all, is the deep paternal love with which he surrounds and embraces me, and which secures me from ever feeling with bitterness the want of those pleasures arising from love, the enjoyment of which nature has deprived me of. He has succeeded perfectly, and I have no other wish than to live for him, for my mother, my sisters, and my God."

We were silent for a moment, and I breathed in my heart, a fervent prayer to that Father who cares so kindly for those to whom he has given life. Helen continued:

"When my mother and my sisters are at balls or in company, he passes most of his time with me. I read to him or play to him, and he gives me the indescribable pleasure of believing that I really help to make his life happy by so doing. It is a sweet, an enviable lot to be able to do something for those who are a blessing to every one about them."

"Oh!" said I to myself, addressing the many earthly fathers of families, "Why are so few of you like this father? Princes of home. . . . How much happiness

could you spread about you! how adored might you be!"

We then spoke of Emily.

"It is singular," said Helen, "that a person who is generally so quiet, so clear in her judgment, so resolute,—in a word, so reasonable—should, on this point only, be unlike herself;—resolved to marry, because a happy marriage seems to be the most blessed of all situations, Emily has had great trouble in seriously bringing her mind to conclude upon it. The union of two of her youthful friends, which has proved unfortunate, has communicated to her a sort of panic fear, and she is so fearful that her marriage will prove unhappy, that she would never have had courage to be happy, if others had not acted for her. She is now almost half sick with anxiety, at the near approach of her union with Algernon S., with a man for whom she has a real attachment, and with whom, as we are all convinced, she will be perfectly happy. She has intervals of tranquillity, and in such a one, you saw her yesterday evening. I feared then that this would soon be over, and expected that her anxiety and uncertainty would greatly increase as the decisive hour approached. That I am sure, will put an end to them entirely; for when a thing is irrevocably settled, Emily submits quietly to it, and looks for the best in every thing. Until the wedding day, we must seek to amuse her as much as possible, and to keep her from occupying herself with gloomy imaginations. Each of us has taken a particular part in the little comedy which we have to play with our good sister. My father means to be diligent in making her walk, my mother is to go over with her every thing which it is necessary to put in order before her marriage, and give her advice about these matters. Julia takes care, in one way or another, never to leave her at rest. Brother Charles, as is his custom, takes every occasion to draw her into a dispute about Napoleon whom he puts below Charles XII, which she cannot endure; and this is the only subject upon which I ever hear my good silent sister dispute with warmth. I, on the contrary, employ her a great deal about her toilette. My little brothers, taught by nature, know their parts well, which consist in incessantly clamoring to get now this and now that. Till now, we have all shared the care of making her contented. This must now rest upon you alone. You, good Beata, must take the part of bringing before her, on passing occasions, and in a skilful manner, the praises of Algernon, which you will not find it difficult to do. Emily considers us all on his side; you will not be suspected, and your praise will, therefore have the more effect."

I was well content with my commission,

it is always pleasant to praise people, particularly when it can be done with a good conscience.

After we had talked for sometime about Emily and her lover, of her preparations for house-keeping, etc., I turned the subject upon the blind girl, and tried to find out something more about her.

Helen waived this subject, and only said "Elizabeth has been with us for a year—we love her and hope in time to gain her confidence, and then to be able to add to her happiness."

Helen proposed to me then to visit Elizabeth. "I generally go to her," said she, "every morning, and have not been to her to-day. I would willingly devote more of my time to her, if she did not prefer to be alone."

We went together to the blind girl's chamber. She was sitting, dressed, upon the bed, and singing softly to herself.

"Oh how much she must have suffered! she is a living picture of sorrow," thought I, while I saw more nearly and by daylight that pale beautiful face, in which were revealed distinct traces of hard battles not yet fought through, and a sorrow, that was too deep, too bitter to have poured itself out in tears.

A young girl, whose rosy cheeks and gay expression formed a strong contrast to the poor sufferer, sat sewing in the corner of the chamber. She was there to take care of the blind girl. With a soothing heartiness in word and tone, Helen spoke to Elizabeth. She answered coldly and in monosyllables. It seemed as if she made an effort, on our entrance, to assume the cold and inanimate expression I had seen about her on the preceding evening. The conversation was carried on between Helen and myself, during which Elizabeth employed herself in turning and twisting a black silk cord. All at once she cried, "hist! hist!" and a faint blush rose upon her cheeks, while her bosom heaved. We were silent and listened, and after a few seconds we perceived the distant sound of footsteps, slowly approaching. "It is he," said the blind girl, as if to herself. I looked enquiringly at Helen. Helen looked down. The Colonel entered. The blind girl arose and remained standing, like a statue, yet I thought I perceived a slight trembling.—The Colonel spoke to her with his usual quiet manner, yet as it seemed, with not his usual kindness. He said that he came to invite her to take a drive in the carriage with Emily and himself. "The air," continued he, "is fresh and clear; it will do you good."

"Me good!" said she, with a bitter smile; but without heeding it, the Colonel desired Helen to assist her in preparing to go out. The blind girl made no opposition, silently

allowed herself to be dressed, thanked no one, and went out, accompanied by the Colonel.

"Poor Elizabeth!" said Helen, with a compassionate sigh, when they were gone. I had, to be sure, no key to the secrets of this mysterious being, but I had seen enough to make me heartily sigh, likewise, "Poor Elizabeth."

We went back to our work, which, enlivened by pleasant conversation continued till it was time to prepare for dinner.

I then went to Emily, who had returned from her drive, and found her engaged in a contest with Julia, who was trying, by actual force to pull off a dress which Emily wished to put on. Emily laughed heartily, Julia on the contrary appeared as if she were about to cry.

"Help, Beata, help," cried she. "Did you ever hear or see such a thing? Listen Beata: just because Emily expects Algernon to-day, she insists upon putting on an ugly dress, a dress that sets so ill, that she does not look like herself in it! And not content with that, she *will* put on an apron that is as thick as a blanket, and she will stick a comb in her hair, which certainly must have come down as a bequest from Medusa, it is so ugly—and here have I been battling and working over this unlucky toilet for a quarter of an hour—but all in vain!"

"If in Algernon's eyes," said Emily, with a dignified look and manner, "a comb or a dress can make me pleasing or otherwise, then"—

"See, there you have it," said Julia sadly, "now we have come to the trial, and there is no telling how ugly and frightful she may make herself just to try whether Algernon will exceed in devoted fidelity, all the most celebrated heroes of romance. I only beg of you, in the name of heaven, not to cut off your ears or your nose." Emily laughed—"And you, who can so easily make yourself beautiful and amiable," continued Julia in a supplicating tone, while she tried to get possession of the unlucky dress and comb.

"I have made up my mind to be dressed in this way to-day," answered Emily, firmly. I have my reasons for it, and if I awaken your horror and that of Algernon, I must submit to my fate."

"Emily will be pretty any how," said I to Julia, for her consolation, "now go and dress yourself for dinner. Remember that you have also a bridegroom to please."

"Oh," said Julia—"that is not difficult with him, if I were to dress myself in a bag and set a pitcher on my head, he would find it all right."

"You think, then," began Emily, "that Algernon has not the same eyes for me, that Arwid has for you."

Julia seemed somewhat overpowered.

"Go, now, go," interrupted I, "we shall never be ready; go Julia, I will help Emily, and I will wager that in spite of herself she will look pretty." Julia went to Helen who every day combed and arranged her beautiful hair in curls.

While I was alone with Emily, and assisting her to put on the fatal grayish brown dress, I said to her a few pretty sensible words, as I thought, upon the pertinacity of her behavior. She answered me, "I own that I am not as I ought to be. . . . I wish it were otherwise, but I feel so restless, and so far from happy, that I sometimes have no command over myself. I am now about to conclude a union, which perhaps should never have been made; and if during the time which remains before its completion, I should come to the conviction that my fears are well founded, nothing in the world shall hinder me from breaking off the engagement, and thereby avoid being made unhappy for my whole life-time. For if it is true that heaven is found in a happy marriage, it is just as certain that hell comes from an unhappy one."

"If you do not love Mr. S." said I, "I am greatly surprised that you have allowed the thing to go so far."

"Not love him!" said Emily, in astonishment, "I certainly love him, and there lies the misfortune; my love makes me blind to his failings."

"No one would suspect that," replied I, laughingly; "after what you have just said."

"Oh yes, oh yes," said Emily, "it is exactly so. Yet some are so palpable that one cannot be blind to them, for instance,—he is too young."

"How very wrong," said I laughing; "that is truly terrible in him."

"Yes, you may laugh, but for me it is not so very pleasant. I will not say that it is, in itself, a failing, but with regard to me, it is a failing. I am six-and-twenty years old, and consequently my youth is almost over; he is only two years older, and that for a man, makes him still very young. I shall be a respectable matron, when he is still a young man. Possibly he may be disposed to flirtation, and will be glad to leave his old, tedious wife, to——"

"Oh oh," interrupted I; "that is carrying your prophetic foresight too far. Have you any reason to suppose that he is of a trifling character?"

"Certainly, no decided reasons—but in this age of trifling, truth and constancy are such rare virtues. I know that I am not Algernon's first love; who will assure me that I shall be his last—I could bear any thing but the inconstancy of my husband—that I think I could never survive. I

have told Algernon so — he has assured me — but what will not a lover assure one. Besides, how can I know, that he loves me with the real, true love, which is alone strong and enduring. He may have only a transient inclination for me, and this is a weak thread easily broken! I have also thought, and this has often given me great anxiety — that perhaps my fortune, or what I may at some time have, has had an influence."

"No, now you are going too far," said I. "You see ghosts in broad daylight. How can you have such suspicions, you have known him —"

"Only two years," said Emily, interrupting me, "and almost from the first moment of our acquaintance, he made court to me, and naturally showed me only his most amiable side. And who can read the heart of man? See, Beata, I cannot say I know the man with whom I am going to unite my fate. And how could I have become acquainted with him, when we only met each other in the regular way of society, in which there is scarce any opportunity for the character to unfold itself, and we learn only its exterior and superficial part. A person may have faults, be avaricious, inclined to ill temper or sullenness; even worse than all, a man may be entirely without religion, and yet we may meet him in the social circle year after year, without having the least suspicion of any such defects. They would be even most likely to escape the knowledge of the object whom a person is seeking to please."

I hardly knew what to say — this description seemed to me to be true, and Emily's fears not unfounded. She went on:

"Yes, if for the length of ten years we had known and seen each other, or if we had travelled together, (for in travelling a man is not so much on his guard, and shows his natural character and disposition more,) then one might know tolerably well where one was:"

"That way," said I, "might be somewhat long and burdensome, excellent as it may formerly have been found, and it might have been well suited for lovers in the time of the Crusades. In our day, people walk up Queen Street,* and rarely go higher than the North Gate. Nothing more can be desired. During these perignations, they see the world and are seen by them; they bow and receive bows in return; they talk and joke and laugh, and find each other so pleasant that at the end of the little journey, they no longer hesitate to undertake the great journey of life to-

* Queen Street, (Drottning gate) one of the finest streets in Stockholm and a favorite rendezvous for the beau monde, especially in winter.

gether. But now to speak seriously, have you never talked openly with Algernon upon the subject, on which you feel it to be so important that you should know his opinions?"

"Yes, several times," replied Emily, "particularly since we have been betrothed; and I have always found, or thought that I found, he had the same ideas and feelings which I have; but alas, it is easy for me to be dazzled, because I have wished so much to be. Possibly even Algernon in his zeal to please me, may have deceived himself. I have resolved to use all my observation during the short time which remains of my freedom, to discover the reality and truth, and I will not, if I can help it, make him and myself unhappy by wilful blindness. Even if he were entirely excellent, he might not suit me, nor I him; our dispositions and characters might fundamentally disagree."

Amid all these gloomy speculations Emily had finally got dressed, and it must be confessed, that her costume did not become her. She concluded by saying, "I wish sometimes, I were married; then the thought that I am going to be married would trouble me no longer."

"Inconsistency of the human heart," thought I.

At table, Emily's dress was universally blamed, particularly by the Cornet. Julia was silent, but her eyes were eloquent. The Colonel said nothing, but looked at Emily with a somewhat sarcastic mien, which made her blush.

After dinner Julia said to Emily, "Dear Emily, I did not mean that Algernon would not find you charming, even in sackcloth and ashes. I only meant to say that it was wrong if a bride did not seek to please her bridegroom in every thing. I meant, that it was right — that it was wrong — that —"

Here Julia lost the thread of her demonstration, and was almost as much confused as a burgomaster, meeting with the same accident in his speech. Emily pressed her hand kindly and said, "You have followed out your own principles most successfully, for I have scarcely ever seen you more becomingly dressed, or looking better than to-day, and certainly Arwid will agree with me."

Julia blushed, she was more pleased at these words of her sister than she would have been at any compliment from her lover.

Toward evening all the dust in the house was laid, every thing had returned into its regular order, and the lady of the house herself was at rest.

At tea time Algernon and Lieutenant Arwid arrived. Emily and Julia blushed like June roses; the one looked down, the other, up.

Algernon showed so much pleasure at seeing Emily again, was so occupied with her, took so little notice of the toilet on which he did not deign to bestow a glance, was so delighted, so happy and so amiable, that the pleasure which beamed from his eyes kindled a sympathetic glance in those of Emily, and spite of robe, apron or comb, she was so charming and agreeable that Julia forgave her dress.

Lieutenant Arwid was not less pleased with his amiable little bride, though he did not, like Algernon, give so many external demonstrations of his pleasure. Eloquence is not bestowed on all, and every one has his own manner. He drank three cups of tea, ate a dozen cracknels, kissed the hand of his lady very often, and looked perfectly happy. I heard him once say, "the thousand take me," and found that a handsome mouth and a pleasant voice could somewhat soften the sound of improper words. Lieutenant Arwid was, in fact an Adonis; (N. B., an Adonis with a moustache.)

His face expressed goodness and honesty, but (I beg ten thousand pardons of him,) also some simplicity and self-love—his handsome head of twenty year's standing did not appear to harbor many ideas.

Algernon had a remarkably noble person, in which manliness, goodness, and intelligence were the principal characteristics. He was tall, had regular, fine features, and the most graceful and easy manner.

"How," thought I, "can Emily turn her glance upon this noble countenance, and not find all her care and anxiety vanish."

For this evening it did vanish, or retired into the darkest recesses of her soul. The whole family appeared to be happy and all was joy and life.

The blind girl did not appear in the family circle this evening.

FIVE DAYS BEFORE THE WEDDING DAY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the cheerfulness and quiet with which Monday ended, Emily awoke on Tuesday morning with the remark "still one day less before the frightful day."

Beautiful presents arrived in the morning from Algernon. Emily was not pleased with this custom of a lover giving presents to his betrothed.

"It is a barbarous custom," said she, "it makes the woman a piece of merchandize which the bridegroom buys. The fact that this is the custom with all rude and barbarous nations, should be enough to cause civilized nations to lay it aside."

Besides, in some of the presents she found too little attention paid to the useful, and too much to the luxurious and glittering.

"I hope he is not a spendthrift," said she

sighing. "How little he knows me, if he thinks that I love jewels better than the flowers which he gives me. Pomp and idle magnificence displease me, as much as grace and elegance please me. And then, it does not suit our circumstances."

Emily's good humor was over. She scarcely looked at the presents, about which Julia could not help calling out, "Enchanting! charming!" She would not take the curl-papers from her hair the whole morning, and went round, wrapped in a great shawl which hung uneven. The Cornet compared her to a Hottentot, and begged her, although she had taken up rough and barbarous customs, not to imagine that she could become a savage. As we went down to dinner, I told her, in order to play my part and praise truly and skilfully, how uncommonly handsome and interesting I found Algernon. "Yes," answered Emily, "he is very handsome, much more handsome as a man than I am as a woman, and this I consider as a real misfortune."

"See there," thought I, "I am wrecked upon a sand-bank again." Emily continued:

"It is seldom that so remarkable beauty does not make the possessor vain, and the most unbearable thing which I know, is a man in love with his own person. Generally, he considers it the first duty of his less beautiful wife to honor and adore his beauty and loveliness. Vanity belittles a woman, but debases a man. In my opinion the appearance of a man is to his wife of little or no consequence. I am convinced that I could adore a noble Æsop, and prefer him a thousand times to an Adonis. A Narcissus who adores his own image, I consider the most insipid thing in the world."

As Emily spoke these last words she opened the parlor-door: Algernon was alone in the room, and was standing—before the mirror!—and seemed to be looking at himself attentively. You should have seen how Emily blushed, and with what an expression she regarded her lover. He, perhaps astonished at her confusion and her vexed expression, and somewhat embarrassed that he should have been caught in his tête-à-tête with the mirror, lost countenance entirely. It was now my business immediately to begin a conversation upon the weather, the travelling, &c.

Fortunately the rest of the family came in, which made a favorable diversion.

Emily remained sad, and whilst he looked ather, by degrees Algernon's face grew dark. I thought I observed that he had a "sty" in his left eye. I thought it possible that this was the cause of his tête-à-tête with the mirror; but Emily would not see it. Various little things contributed to lessen the harmony between the lovers. Algernon was particularly pleased with many things which were not agreeable to Emily, and left

untouched at table Emily's favorite dishes. Emily felt sure that they did not sympathize in the least. Algernon made a true observation, but not bitter and without any special allusion, about whims, and how disagreeable they were, which, nevertheless, should have been unsaid at this time. Emily took it to herself and put on a more dignified expression. Julia became anxious. "It would be better if they would regularly quarrel, than to sit there, vexing themselves without speaking."

Cornet Charles went to Emily and said, "my gentle sister, I pray you do not sit there like a Chinese wall, impenetrable by all the arrows which Algernon's loving eyes dart upon you. Be, if you can, a little less icy. Look at Algernon. Go to him, and give him a kiss." Yes, it looked like it; one would sooner expect the Chinese wall itself to move. Emily did not once look at Algernon, who seemed to be longing for a reconciliation. He proposed that they should sing together an Italian duet, which had just come out; perhaps in hope that the spirit of the harmony would drive away all the unfriendly and unkind feelings which had destroyed peace between him and his beloved, and that the *cor mio, mio ben*, of the duet would soon thrill through her heart. Vain hope! Emily excused herself by a head-ache. She really had one, and a severe one, as I could see by her eyes. She always had it slightly when she was sad or disquieted. Algernon believed the head-ache was feigned, and without troubling himself about his bride, who was sitting on the sofa, supporting her aching head upon her hand, he announced his intention of going to hear Mozart's Figaro in the opera, bowed hastily to all, and went away.

The evening dragged heavily on. No one was gay, or in good spirits. All saw that Emily was suffering, and therefore no one expressed displeasure at her behavior. The Colonel, of all of us, took no notice of anything, but went quietly on with his game.

As we separated for the evening, the Cornet whispered to me, "There he goes off in a passion! To-morrow we must bring all our guns to bear."

Wednesday came. Algernon arrived early in the morning. His expression was so full of love, his voice so full of feeling, when he talked with Emily, that she was melted, and tears fell from her eyes. All was right between the lovers. No one knew how or wherefore, not even themselves.

This day passed quietly, with the exception of two fears which Emily had, but which she lived through. The first happened in the morning when, during a conversation which Algernon had with her mother, Emily heard some expressions from

him, which convinced her for the space of a minute, that he was nothing less than the greatest miser in the world. Fortunately, she soon found that he was only quoting the words of a harpy of his acquaintance, about whom he laughed heartily himself. Emily took breath and joined him. The second fear came upon her in the evening. In the midst of a conversation which some of us were carrying on, whilst we sat at the window, in the clear moonlight, I said, "there are some good and noble men, who are unfortunate enough to believe in no other life, in no higher destiny of our being—these are to be pitied—not to be blamed." With an indescribable expression of anguish in her beautiful eyes, Emily looked at me, as if questioning me. Her thoughts were, "is it Algernon whom you wish to excuse?" I answered her by directing her attention to Algernon, who, at my words, had directed his gaze to the starry heavens, and this gaze was the expression of a beautiful and firm hope. Emily raised her eyes with gratitude, and when their eyes met, they beamed with tenderness and joy.

This day bade fair to end happily. Ah! why must Algernon during supper receive a note? why must he, whilst reading it, become confused, and afterwards lose his composure? why go away so hastily, without any explanation?

Yes, why? That no one knew; but many of us would have given anything to have known it.

"You cannot take it into your head to think badly of Algernon on account of that note?" said Julia to Emily, as they were going to bed.

"Good night, Julia," answered Emily, sighing.

Emily had no good night.

Thursday. Clouds and mists around Emily. Unsuccessful attempts on our part to dissipate them. At breakfast, the Cornet took the field, with Napoleon and Charles the Twelfth. Emily could not dispute. Julia and Helen endeavoured in vain to enliven her. I did not venture to say a single word on my part. The note, the note—lay in the way of everything.

At twelve Algernon came. He looked heated, and his eyes sparkled. Emily had promised, the day before, to drive out with him in an open sleigh; he came to carry her. A beautiful sleigh, covered with reindeer skins, stood at the door. Emily refused coldly and definitely to go with him. "Why not?" asked Algernon. "On account of the note," Emily should have said in truth, but she said:

"I wish to stay at home."

"Are you ill?"

"No."

"Why will you not give me the pleasure of driving you out, as you promised?"

"The note, the note," thought Emily; but she merely blushed and said again, "I wish to stay at home."

Algernon became angry. He grew red, and his eyes flashed fire. He went out, and shut the door roughly behind him.

The servant, who had been with the sleigh at the door, had left it in the meantime. The horse, frightened at a fall of snow, and left to himself, started back, overthrew an old woman, and would probably have run over her, if Algernon, who had just come into the square, had not rushed forward, and seized the reins with a powerful grasp. After he had quieted the horse, he called up a boy to hold him, and hastened himself to pick up the old woman, who had not dared to move, in fright, but who fortunately did not appear to be in the least injured. He spoke a few moments with her, and gave her some money.

To his servant, who came at last, he gave a box on the ear, threw himself into the sleigh, and drove off like lightning.

Emily, pale and frightened, had observed this scene from the window, but at his departure she cried out,

"He is impetuous, excitable, furious!" and she burst into tears.

"He has," said I, "human weaknesses, and that is all. He came here in an excited and disquiet frame of mind. Your refusal to fulfil the promise you had given, and without giving any reason for it, must naturally irritate him; the negligence of his servant, which came so near causing a bad accident, increased his warmth, which vented itself merely in a box on the ear, richly deserved by him who received it. It is too much to expect from a young man, that he should continue entirely cold and quiet, when vexations press upon him, one after another. It is enough, if while he is excited, he remains so humane and kind as we saw Algernon was to the old woman. I believe, Emily, that if, instead of exciting Algernon's temper and caprice, (pardon me these two beautiful words,) you had exercised rightly the great power which, as we all see, you have over him, you would not have seen him excited and angry, as you call it."

I was much pleased with my little speech, when I had finished, and thought it would have a wonderfully powerful influence;—but Emily was silent, and looked unhappy.

Algernon did not come at dinner time.

Cornet Charles related after dinner, that he had heard from one of his fellow-soldiers, that there had been a duel fought in the morning of this day. One of the duellists was Algernon's best friend, and had requested him to be his second. He had done this in a note, (this the Cornet said in an expressive tone,) which was delivered to

Algernon while he was here yesterday evening, at a quarter before ten. Algernon had done all he could to prevent the duel;—but in vain. It took place, and Algernon's friend wounded his rival dangerously. The Cornet knew nothing more of the circumstances.

Now everything was explained, and Algernon's image stood pure before Emily.

Algernon came towards evening, he was very calm, but serious, and did not go as he usually did to seat himself by his Emily. She herself was not gay, did not appear to be willing to take the first step in a reconciliation and yet showed, by many little attentions to Algernon, how much she wished to be reconciled with him. She herself offered him tea, asked him if it were sweet enough, if she should send him another cup, etc. Algernon remained cold to her, and appeared often to fall into reverie, and to forget where he was. Emily at last drew herself back, appeared much depressed, seated herself at a distance to sew, and did not look up from her work for a long while.

Cornet Charles said to Helen and to me; "things are not going rightly, but what can be done to make them better? I cannot come forward with Napoleon and Charles the twelfth. I brought that upon the carpet this morning, besides it did not succeed very well. It must be confessed that Emily is not an amiable ladye-love. If she is not different as a wife, then—ought she not now to go to Algernon and try to comfort and enliven him? See, now she is a going—no, she only went for a skein of thread. Poor Algernon! I begin to believe that it is very fortunate for me that I am so devoid of feeling. Poor lovers have to suffer more torments than those who go through the degrees.* If I were a lover—what do you want little Claes? say what is the matter—a biscuit? Go to Emily, I have not any biscuits! Yes it will do her Highness good to stir her up a little."

The Cornet did not see how humbled her Highness was in the bottom of her heart, and that the coldness between them was more Algernon's fault than hers.

Algernon and Emily did not approach each other this evening, and parted coldly—at least to all appearance.

Friday morning Emily resolved to break off her engagement. Algernon was noble, excellent; but he was too harsh, and did not love her; that she had plainly seen the evening before; she would have only one private conversation with him more. Algernon came. He was more cheerful than the day before, and seemed to wish that every

* Go through the degrees (*passera graderna*), is an expression used by young military men who are obliged to go through various degrees of service and examinations to prepare themselves for the situations of officers.

thing unpleasant might be forgotten. Emily was at first quite solemn at the thoughts of her important intention; but Julia, Helen, her mother, Cornet Charles and I, succeeded so well in drawing her into our whirl and excitement, that we kept her from particular conversations and self meditations. We at last heard her hearty laugh, and her peniveness did not relapse into melancholy.

In the afternoon the marriage contract was signed.

Even Sir Charles Grandison's bride, the beautiful Harriet Byron, let the pen fall (so they say) which she had taken up to sign her contract of marriage, and had not the strength and presence of mind to sign her fate. Millions of young brides have trembled at this hour, and done the same. What wonder was it then that the shy and trembling Emily was beside herself with anxiety. Not only the pen fell from her hand, but she made a great blot of ink upon the important paper, which seemed to her at this moment an unhappy omen, and I doubt whether she would have signed it, if the Colonel (as Sir Charles did) had not taken the pen, put it between her fingers, and seized and guided her trembling hand.

As we were alone in our room in the evening, Emily said, with a deep sigh,

"It must be done! It cannot be helped—and the day after to-morrow he will carry me away from every thing, which I love so deeply."

"It would be supposed," said Julia, laughing, but with tears in her eyes, "that you were to travel to the end of the world, and yet only a few streets are to separate us, and we shall see each other every day."

"Yes, every day," said Emily, weeping, "but not every hour."

On Saturday evening Emily was kind and amiable to all, but, depressed and quiet, she seemed to be trying to fly from thoughts which yet would follow her.

Algernon became every moment more serious, and looked at his mistress with troubled and scrutinizing looks. He appeared as if he feared she was not giving him her whole heart with her hand, yet he seemed to shun all explanation, and avoided being left alone with Emily.

I had learned through a cousin of the sister-in-law of the step-sister of the cook in the house, that Algernon had distributed food and money in many poor families, with the request that they should make a good meal on this Sunday, and should be happy. I related this to Emily, who had caused the same to be done on her own part. This sympathy in their thoughts rejoiced her, and gave her fresh courage.

In the mean time all had served and labored diligently, so that every thing was in order and readiness on the day before the marriage.

There was something solemn in the separation at night. All embraced Emily, and tears were in every eye. Emily restrained her emotion, but could not speak. All thought of the next day.

THE WEDDING DAY.

The great, the expected, the dreadful day came at last. Emily, almost as soon as she arose, looked up to the sky with an anxious glance. It was covered with grey clouds. The air was cold and damp, every thing visible from the window bore the melancholy look which a dark, cold, winter day gives to animate and inanimate objects. The smoke which arose from the chimneys, fell down again and wreathed slowly over the roofs, blackening the white snow with which they were covered. Women, with red noses and blue cheeks were driving their milk carts to market, and their lean steeds, who drew them slowly by, drooped their shaggy heads nearer than ever to the ground. Even the little sparrows did not seem to enjoy quite their usual good humor. They sat still, cowering together on the spouts, without twittering or pecking for food. Now and then one would stretch out his wings, and open his bill a little, but it was evidently only in disgust. Emily sighed deeply. A clear sky, a little sunshine, would have raised and enlivened her depressed spirits. Who does not wish that a clear sun may shine on his wedding day? It seems as if Hymen's torch could not burn quite clearly, if it be not kindled by the bright rays of heaven. A secret faith that heaven is not indifferent to our earthly lot, is always fixed at the bottom of our hearts, and though we are dust, we are also atoms, and we perceive when the everlasting firmament of heaven becomes darkened, or when it beams in brightness. In these changes there is perhaps a sympathy or a presentiment which affects us, and often, very often, our hopes and our fears are the children of the winds and the clouds.

Emily, who had passed a sleepless night, and who was still oppressed by the scenes of the preceding day, was entirely overcome by the dark morning. She complained of headache, and after breakfast, having embraced her parents and sisters, she begged their permission to pass the morning alone in her room. It was granted. The Colonel looked more serious than usual. The lady had such an anxious countenance that it cut one to the heart to look at her. Anxiety and uneasiness on Emily's account, with the various cares of the wedding feast, alternately asserted their claims over her soul, and every thing she said began with "Ah." The Cornet was

not gay, and Helen's expressive face wore a slight tinge of sorrow. Julia was inexpressibly astonished that a wedding day should begin so sadly; her expression changed incessantly, and she was one moment in tears, and the next in smiles. Only the tutor and the little Thickeys were in their usual spirits. He bit his nails, was silent, and stared upon vacancy; they ate their breakfasts diligently.

I assisted Madame H. through the whole morning, and what we had to arrange and direct, partly by employing others, and partly by setting our own hands to the work, was not a little. We stirred the lemon-creams, seasoned the gravy of the roast, salted the soup, lamented together over the unfortunate pastry, rejoiced over the splendid decorations, and burnt our tongues with twenty different sauces. Ah, those are not poetic flames which Hymen's torch lights upon the kitchen hearth!

The Colonel himself prepared the bowls of Bishop and Punch, and gave us not a little trouble and disturbance in so doing. He took up so many things, so many people, and so much room in his operations, and seemed to think there was nothing else of any importance to be done, that his lady wife was not a little vexed. She gave her husband at last, a little lecture on the subject, and he—yielded.

While I was instructing the cook in the most elegant manner of preparing an *entrée*, Julia came running into the kitchen with tears in her eyes. "Give me, give me," said she, with unusual animation, "give me something good for Emily! She ate nothing at breakfast, she will certainly be ill, and will faint from mere weakness. What have you got here, boiled eggs? I will take two,—jelly in glasses, I will take too. I want something else;—ah, now some caprice sauce! that is reviving; and now, a piece of fish or meat with it,—a couple of French rolls, and then too, a little pastry, and I shall be content. Emily is so fond of sweets. Do you know what she is doing, Beata?" continued she, whispering to me. "She is praying to God; I peeped through the key-hole and she was on her knees praying, God bless her; and pure pearls ran over Julia's cheeks, while she ran off with three plates full, which she carried, I do not know where.

At last our arrangements were finished. Every thing was now left to the servants, with the necessary instructions, and the Colonel, his lady, and I, went to dress for dinner.

I afterwards went to Emily. She was standing before the glass in her bridal dress, and gave a glance at herself, which neither expressed the pleasure nor the self-complacency which a beautiful and well-dressed woman generally feels at sight of her amia-

ble "me." Helen was fastening her bracelets, and Julia was on her knees putting some part of the lace trimming in order. "See" cried Julia, as I entered the room, "is she not lovely, is she not beautiful, and yet," added she softly, "I would willingly give half of what I am worth to buy another expression for her. She is sad and dark as the weather."

Emily, who had heard the last words, said "one cannot look gay who is not happy. Every thing is so heavy, so insupportable to me. This is a dreadful day, I almost wish I might die."

"Oh heaven," said Julia to me, wringing her hands, now she is beginning to cry; then her eyes and her nose will be red, and she will not look pretty; what shall we do?"

"Dear Emily," said Helen, gently, while she lifted her sister's hand to her lips, "are you not a little unreasonable? This marriage is your own wish, as well as that of us all. As far as human reason can judge, you must be happy; has not Algernon the most noble qualities?—does he not love you most tenderly? Where could you find a husband who would be a more amiable son to your parents, or a better brother to your sisters?"

"All this is true, Helen, or rather all this seems to be true. But ah, when I think that I am now about to change my whole existence, that I shall leave my parents, leave you, my good, dear sisters, and this house, where I have been so happy—and this for a man whose heart I do not know, as I know yours, who may change his conduct toward me, who can make me unhappy in various ways; and that this man will in future be my all, my fate will be irrevocably bound to him;—oh, my sisters, when I think of all this, every thing becomes so dark before my eyes, I feel my knees tremble—and when I think, that to-day—to-day! my fate will be decided, and that I still have liberty to draw back,—then I feel the terrors of irresolution, of uncertainty, of which no one can conceive. Beata, sisters, never marry!"

"But, dearest Emily," resumed Helen, "You, who find it so easy to yield to necessity, only imagine that your fate is decided, that it is now too late to resign your happiness."

"To late!" cried Emily, without noticing the last words, "It is not too late, as long as the Priest has not united us. Yes, even at the foot of the altar, I have still the right—and may—"

"And could you have the heart for it?" cried Julia, in a highly tragical tone; "You might drive Algernon to despair, you might actually—" She paused, for the Colonel stood in the door-way, with his arms folded, while he looked at Julia with his ironi-

cal expression, which placed her in a position not unlike that in which the renowned Mademoiselle George was applauded in "Semiramis" and "Mary Stuart,"—Julia blushed, but Emily, still more deeply.

The Cornet, who followed his father, gave his sister, from Algernon, some fresh, choice flowers, and a note, which contained a few lines, but these few were anything but cold and heartless. Emily's face cleared up, she pressed her brother's hand. He threw himself, in a rapture of chivalrous enthusiasm, on his knees, and begged the favor of being allowed to kiss the tip of her shoe. She held out her little foot to him, and while he bent over, as it seemed not with the intention of kissing the point of her shoe, but to salute her, she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him heartily. The Colonel took her hand, walked with her to the middle of the room, and we formed a circle about them. When she saw his look of fatherly affection, and ours of wonder and love, turned upon her, she was filled with tender pleasure, blushed, and became as fair as even Julia could wish. Her dress was simple, but in the highest degree tasteful and elegant. For those of my young readers who would know more of her toilet, here it is. She wore a white silk dress, trimmed with lace; the green myrtle wreath was placed on her very nicely arranged hair, over which a veil, (Helen's most splendid work,) was thrown in a very picturesque manner; and this gave to her gentle and innocent face a perfect resemblance to the Madonna of Paul Veronese. To make her more charming, nothing was wanting but the expression of happiness, hope, and love, which is the most beautiful ornament of a bride.

Meantime her heart appeared to have become somewhat lighter, and as if in unison with her feelings, the sun broke through the clouds and threw some pale rays into the room.

The external as well as the inward brightness lasted but for a few moments.

It grew dark again, as we were about going down to dinner. Julia pointed out to me with a complaining look, the food she had carried up to Emily—it was untouched, a single jelly glass only, was empty.

At table, Emily looked round on all those whom she was now soon to leave, and her heart swelled, and tears rushed incessantly to her eyes. The dinner passed without the usual cheerfulness, and no one appeared to have any appetite, excepting always the tutor and the little Thickys. Emily, who seemed to be more oppressed under her myrtle crown, than a king under his diadem, ate nothing and did not laugh once during dinner, notwithstanding there was great occasion for it in three remarkable mistakes of the master, at which even the

Colonel could not restrain his smile. The first was that he exchanged his snuff-box for the salt-cellar, both of which stood near him on the table, strewed a considerable portion of the snuff into his soup, and took a good pinch from the salt-cellar, which caused him many grimaces and tears. The second was his seizing, to dry his eyes, instead of his pocket handkerchief, the corner of Madam H's shawl, that was immediately pulled away from him. The third, that he complimented with the girl in attendance, who offered him the roast meat, and begged her to help herself first. Julia looked anxiously at her sister, and then said to me in a whisper, "she neither eats nor laughs; it is too bad."

But things grew still worse when, after dinner, while the few guests who were invited were assembling, Algernon, who was expected early, did not show himself. Madam H. looked incessantly from the company to the door, and came three or four times to me, and said, "I cannot conceive why Algernon does not come." The guests asked after him. Emily did not ask, did not look at the door, but it was very apparent that she grew every moment more and more serious and pale. Julia seated herself by me, told me the names of the strangers who came in, and made some remarks on them. "This pretty woman here, who came in so gracefully, is the Baroness S. Who would imagine, that every time she enters a drawing room, she is so confused she cannot help trembling? See her animated eyes; but do not trust to them. She can talk of nothing but the weather, and at home, she is yawning all day long. Who is coming now, holding his hat so like a beggar before him? Ha! ha, uncle P. . . . He is a good old man, but he is in a lethargy. God grant that he may not begin to snore during the ceremony. See my Arwid, there, Beata, there by the fire-place. Is he not an Apollo? But he seems to be warming himself with too much ease; he seems to forget that there is any body else in the room. The lady who is now coming in, is my cousin, Madam M. She is an angel—that little delicate body encloses a great soul."

"See how Emily receives them all—exactly as if she would say, 'you are very good, gentlemen and ladies, to come to my funeral!' I cannot conceive what is the matter with Algernon, that he comes so late! Mercy on us! how unhappy Emily looks!"

"See, there is the minister! Notwithstanding his warts and his red eyes, he has a pleasant expression, and I feel some respect for him."

"See how Charles is trying to cheer and amuse Emily—well done brother, but it is of no use now."

"Now, heaven be praised, here is Algernon at last! but how serious and pale he is!—and yet he is quite handsome. He is going up to her. See how proud she looks, he is excusing himself, I suspect—what? he has had a horrible tooth-ache, he was obliged to have a tooth taken out! Poor Algernon, tooth-ache on his wedding day, what a pity! See, they are all sitting down now in a circle. A circle of people sitting down always makes me ill—what are they talking of? I really believe they are discussing the weather—a very interesting subject, to be sure, but it is not very exhilarating. Do hear how the snow and rain are pattering against the window. It is dreadfully warm here—and Emily helps to make the air heavy—I must go and talk to her."

Some one now came in, and said the stairs and entry were full of people who wished to see the bride.

A new trial for the timid Emily. She stood up, but quickly sat down again, and grew pale. "Cologne water, Cologne water," cried Julia to me, "she looks pale, she is fainting!"—"water," cried the Colonel in a thundering tone. The tutor seized up the tea-kettle, and rushed forward. I do not know whether it was this sight, or the reaction of her spirits, but it had the effect of restoring Emily from her weakness; she arose quickly, and accompanied by her sisters went out, while she threw a glance of uneasiness and discontent towards Algernon, who stood immovable at some distance, and looked at her with an unusual, almost severe earnestness.

"Are you mad?" cried uncle P., in a half whisper, as he pulled the arm of the master, who was still standing there, his eyes wandering, and the tea-kettle in his hand. The master in alarm turned hastily round, and knocked over the little Thick-eyes like two pins thrown down by the ball. The kettle slipped in his hand, burnt his fingers, and he let it fall, with a cry of pain, upon the unfortunate boys, over whose immovable bodies a cloud of steam arose. If the moon had fallen, greater confusion could not have been enacted, than was at the first moment produced by this catastrophe of the kettle. Axel and Claes made no noise, and their mother began to fear it was all over with them. But after Algernon and the Colonel had raised them up and shaken them, it was apparent that they were all alive. They had been so surprised and frightened, that in the first moment they could neither move nor speak. Fortunately, the hot water which was spilled upon them, mostly came upon their clothes, and it was beside pretty well cooled, as tea had been over for half an hour. Only one spot on Axel's forehead, and one on the left hand of Claes required treat-

ment. The master was in despair, the children cried, they were carried to bed, and I promised as soon as I had time, to come and see them. The amiable disposition of Madam H., which would never allow her quietly to see a troubled face, led her to console the master. She succeeded in so doing by making him observe, with what real Spartan spirit the boys had received the first shock, and by declaring that she considered it a decided proof of the excellent education he was giving them. The master was very happy, and grew quite excited, and said, while he drew himself up, that he hoped to make real Spartans out of the lady's promising boys. The lady hoped this newly invented shower bath of hot water might not be tried again, but she kept her hopes to herself.

Meantime the exhibition of the bride had ended, and Emily, exhausted, had left the room, where according to the old and singular Swedish custom, it had been necessary for her to show herself to a multitude of curious and indifferent people.

"They thought she had never looked so pretty," said Julia to me, in a dolorous tone, "and it was no wonder, to be sure, she was as dark and cold as an autumn sky."

We had taken Emily into a distant apartment, to allow her to rest awhile. She sunk down on a chair, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and was silent.

Everything in the drawing-room was ready for the ceremony—they only waited for Emily.

"Try this Cologne, Emily; drink a glass of water," said Julia, who now began to tremble.

"They are waiting for you, my dearest Emily," said Cornet Charles, who now came into the room, and offered to conduct his sister.

"I cannot, indeed I cannot," said Emily, with a voice expressive of the most extreme anguish.

"You cannot!" cried the Cornet in the greatest surprise, "and why not?" He looked inquiringly round upon us. Julia stood in a tragical attitude, her hands folded over her head; Helen sat with an expression of displeasure in her placid face; and I—I cannot possibly remember what I did, but in my heart I sympathized with Emily. None of us made any answer to Charles.

"No, I cannot come," continued Emily, with an unusual energy; "I cannot take this eternally binding oath. I feel sure we shall be unhappy if we are united; we are not suited to each other. It may be my fault, but it is certainly so at this moment. I am sure he is displeased with me, he takes me for a capricious creature, he feels a reluctance to bind himself to such a fate; his

severe look told me all this. He may be right, perfectly right; and on this account it is best for him, as for me, that we should separate.

"But Emily," cried her brother, "it is too late; do you consider what you say?—the Priest is here—the wedding guests—Algernon."

"Go to him, dearest Charles," cried Emily, with increasing emotion, "beg him to come here. I will speak to him; will tell everything. It cannot be too late to save the repose and quiet of our whole lives.—Go, I pray you go."

"Oh heaven, what will become of us?" said Julia, looking as if she would call heaven and earth to our assistance. "Emily, think of our father."

"I will throw myself at his feet, he will not desire the eternal misery of his child."

"If she could be in any way diverted from this—if she could for a moment be occupied with something else," whispered Helen to her brother.

Cornet Charles opened a door, as if to go out, at the same moment we heard the sound of a hard knock; the Cornet cried out, "Oh, my eye!" A universal panic arose; for this little deceit was so naturally managed, that at the first moment not one of us suspected any trick. Emily, always the first to hasten to the assistance of others, was so now, in spite of all her trouble. With a handkerchief wet in cold water, she hurried to her brother, drew his hand from his eye, and began to take it tenderly and carefully, while she asked anxiously, "Does it hurt you very much? do you think you have injured the eye? fortunately it does not bleed."

"It is perhaps only the more dangerous for that reason," said the Cornet, with an altered tone; but an unlucky traitorous laugh spoiled, at that very moment, the whole stratagem. Emily examined more closely, and was convinced that the blow was just what it was. "Oh," said she, "I see how it is: one of your tricks, but it shall not mislead me. I pray you, I adjure you, Charles, if you have the least love for me, go to Algernon, tell him that I beg him to give me a few minutes conversation with him."

"Why did not some of you have presence of mind enough to blow out the light?" cried the Cornet, in vexation, looking particularly at me. Helen whispered something in his ear, and he went out of the room, accompanied by Julia.

Helen and I were silent, while Emily, in visible anguish of mind, walked up and down the room, and seemed to be talking to herself. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" said she once half audibly. Now steps were heard approaching the room.—

"He is coming," said Emily, and trembled

from head to foot. The door was opened, and Alger—no, *the Colonel*, entered, with an expression of imposing majesty. Emily struggled for breath, sat down, got up again, was pale, and then red. "See, you have made us wait too long," said he, quietly, but with some energy, "I have now come to fetch you." Emily folded her hands, looked beseechingly up to her father, opened her lips, closed them again, overpowered by the firm, earnest expression of his face, and as he took her hand, all power of resistance seemed to leave her, and with a sort of desperate resignation, she arose and allowed herself to be led forward by him. Helen and I followed.

The drawing-room was brilliantly lighted, and all the people assembled there had their eyes turned towards the door by which Emily entered, accompanied by her father.

She told me afterwards, that as she came in, she could not distinguish an object, and every thing was black before her eyes. "Then it was not to be wondered at," said her brother, "that you looked as if you were going to sleep."

Algernon looked at Emily with a seriousness which was not calculated to increase her courage.

No one spoke. The ceremony began. The two young people stood before the minister. Emily was deadly pale, and trembled. Julia lost her courage entirely. "It is fearful," said she, and was almost as pale as her sister.

And now arose the voice which was to announce to the young couple their holy duties. This voice was deep and musical, and seemed to be animated by a divine spirit. It spoke of the sanctity of the marriage state, of the mutual duties of the husband and wife, to love each other, to lighten the troubles of life to each other, to soften its cares, and to set each other the example of a true fear of God; he spoke of their prayers for each other, which unite each to the other so intimately, and brings them near to their Eternal Father; he told how the highest happiness on earth springs from such an union, when it is began and finished in conformity to the will of God. These tender, beautiful, peaceful words awoke in the soul of every one a holy and silent emotion. Every thing was so still in the apartment, that it almost seemed as if not a breath was drawn. I perceived plainly that Emily became more tranquil every moment. The few words she was called upon to say, she spoke distinctly and with a firm voice. While she knelt, she appeared to pray with hope and devotion. I threw, however, a glance around me. The Colonel was paler than usual, but regarded the young couple with an expression of tenderness and repose. Julia was greatly excited, though she moved neither

hand or foot. Helen looked up to heaven with a supplicating glance. Cornet Charles moved about, that it might seem to be something beside tears which made his eyes so red. The blind girl smiled silently. The other spectators showed more or less emotion. The master was more than usually alive, and toward the end of the ceremony gave a loud sneeze. He fortunately found his handkerchief this time in due season.

The blessing was spoken over the bridal pair, in a voice as soft and majestic as if it came from heaven. The marriage was over. Emily and Algernon were forever united. Emily turned round to embrace her parents, and she appeared to me to be an entirely different being. A mild beamy glance rested on her brow, and smiled from her eyes; clear and warm purple burned on her cheeks. She was at once changed into the ideal of a young and happy bride. "God be praised, God be praised," whispered Julia, with tearful eyes and folded hands, "now all is well."

"Yes, now it cannot be helped," said the Colonel, while he endeavored to overcome his emotion, and assumed his comical expression, "Now you are safe, you cannot now say 'no.'"

"I should not wish to do it now," answered Emily, smiling sweetly, and looked up to Algernon in a manner which called to his face an expression of animated and pure joy. A feeling of satisfaction and gaiety spread through the company. Every body looked as if they wished to sing and dance. Uncle P. was wide awake and active, he arranged the quadrille, and stamped away gaily by the side of the elegant Baroness S., who floated round like a zephyr. Arwid and Julia distinguished themselves greatly in the dance; it was impossible to keep one's eyes from them. I danced with the Master, who had asked me, I hope not from absence of mind. We distinguished ourselves, though in a peculiar manner. It seemed to me we resembled a couple of billiard balls, which always lie ready for others to push about. Certain it is that we were sometimes pushed about, and sometimes we pushed others, which I ascribed principally to the changes of my cavalier from right to left, and to the mistakes he made in all the figures of the quadrille. Meantime we laughed as heartily and as loud at our mistakes as the rest, and the master said he had never had such a fine *waltz*.

Helen played on the Piano for the dancing. Emily did not wish to dance. She sat in a little cabinet, the doors of which were open, and which joined the dancing room. Algernon was by her side. She spoke low, with animation and tenderness in her manner. I thought that in this mo-

ment the Gordian knot of all misunderstandings, all uneasiness and doubt which had hitherto separated them from each other, was forever loosened. The mild rays of a single lamp, shining through the alabaster shade, threw a magical light over the young couple, who seemed to be now as happy as they were beautiful. They apparently had forgotten all the world around them, but not one of the company had forgotten them. Every one threw stolen glances into the cabinet, and smiled. Julia came up to me several times, pointed to the group of the lovers with a beaming glance, and said, "See, see."

Later in the evening a part of the company assembled in the cabinet, and the conversation became general.

Some recently published books, which were lying on a table, gave occasion to various remarks upon their value, as well as upon reading in general.

"I do not understand" said Uncle P., with his peculiar accent, "what has come over me lately. I am generally lively and wide awake as a fish, but if I just throw my eyes into the curs—books, they drop directly down upon my nose, and I cannot see the least thing!"

"Are you fond of reading, aunt?" said Emily to the Baroness S.

"Ah! indeed," replied she, and raised her lovely eyes to the ceiling, "I have no time for it; I am so busy," and she carefully drew her beautiful shawl around her.

"If I should ever marry," said a gentleman of about sixty, "I would make it a condition with my wife, that she should never read a book; at the most nothing beside the Psalter and Cookery book."

"My dear departed wife never read any other books—but indeed—what a noble housewife she was," cried Uncle P., while he dried his eyes and took a pinch of snuff.

"Yes, I do not understand, the thousand take me, why the women of the present day busy themselves so much with reading, the thousand take me if I can understand it," said Lieutenant Arwid, while he reached his hand to a plate of confectionary and helped himself.

Julia cast a severe look upon her betrothed, and I thought "the thousand take me" was not this time very pleasant to her. "I" said she, blushing with vexation, "should rather go without eating and drinking than be deprived of reading. Is there any thing that more ennobs the soul, than the reading of good books—any thing which more exalts the soul—I would say the thoughts—the thoughts, the feelings—any?"

My poor little Julia was never happy when she attempted the sublime. Her thoughts, her ideas, were something in the nature of rockets, which suddenly mount

upwards like glowing sparks of fire, but in almost the same moment burst and are lost in ashes.

Cornet Charles hastened to spill a glass of water or wine on Lieutenant Arwid, and assumed an air as if his outcry on the occasion had interrupted the speech of his sister.

I might have known that it would upset, I was trying to balance the glass upon the tip of my thumb. Your pardon, brother-in-law, but I believe you struck me somehow, my arm was not free."

"I shall certainly take care not to interfere with you another time," said Lieutenant Arwid, half gaily and half vexed, while he arose, and drying his coat with his handkerchief, took the precaution in resuming his seat, to choose the other side of the room.

Meantime Julia was not so soon relieved from her little embarrassment. The old gentlemen who was such an enemy to books, turned gravely to her, and said, "I imagine that cousin Julia reads for the most part only moral books and sermons."

"No—not exactly sermons," replied Julia, somewhat embarrassed, and as, at the same moment she perceived the penetrating look of Professor L. fixed upon her, she blushed deeply.

"Probably then, my little cousin reads history, that is certainly a very useful study."

"Not exactly history," said Julia, who had now recovered her self-possession and gaiety, "but on the contrary I am very fond of histories, the short and long of it is, if you must know, Uncle, the books for which I would give up eating, drinking, and sleeping, are romances."

The old gentleman raised his eyes and hands with an expression of horror. From his looks it might be supposed that Rousseau's declaration,

Jamais fille sage n'a lu de romans,

had had the effect of making him altogether abhor such dangerous reading.

Some dissatisfaction was betrayed in almost every face, at Julia's frank declaration. The Baroness appeared entirely shocked at her niece. The Professor only smiled kindly, and the Cornet said with much animation:

"It is certainly no wonder that people read such Romances as are now written. Madame de Stael's *Corinne* cost me a sleepless night, and Walter Scott's *Rebecca* took away my appetite for three days!"

Julia looked at her brother with great surprise. Emily's soft blue eyes were raised inquiringly toward him, but he thought proper to take no notice of their glances. "My *Euphemia* shall never read a Romance," said the Baroness S. on pro-

nouncing which she drew herself farther back into the corner of the sofa, and cast a glance upon her elegant shawl.

"Ah dear aunt" said Madam M. smiling and shaking her head, "what shall she read then?"

"She shall not read anything."

"A very excellent idea," said the old gentleman.

"I really think," said Algernon, "that it is better to read nothing, than to read nothing but romances. Romance reading is to the soul what opium is to the body, the constant use of it weakens and injures it. Pardon me Julia; but I think that a young lady might do something better with her time than devote it to this kind of reading."

Julia looked as if she was not quite willing to excuse this remark.

Emily said, "I agree with Algernon that especially for young ladies this kind of reading, is more injurious than useful."

The tears came into Julia's eyes, and she looked toward Emily as if she would have said, "do you too stand up against me?"

"I grant" said Madam M. "that it may be very hurtful when"—

"Hurtful" interrupted the old gentleman, "say rather, ruinous, poisonous, destructive at the very source."

Julia laughed. "Good Professor" cried she, pray come to my assistance. "I begin to think I am a lost and ruined creature. I pray you say something in favor of reading romances, and I will then give you something good," and laughing merrily she held up a piece of confectionary.

"It certainly has its good sides" replied the Professor, "if it is used with discretion and moderation. I, for my part consider the reading of good romances as both useful and agreeable to the young."

"Hear, hear," cried Julia, clapping her hands.

"But you must give your reason, my good sir," cried uncle P.

"Yes, yes give your reasons," cried the old gentleman.

"Good romances," continued the Professor—"by which, I mean those that like good paintings represent nature with truth and beauty, possess advantages which are united in no other books in the same degree. They represent the history of the human heart, from which the young, if they are the subjects of the romance, may learn to know themselves and their fellow-men, and is not this in the highest degree valuable and interesting? The world is described in them in its various changing forms, and the young see here before them the map of the country in which they are about to begin their travels. The beautiful and amiable in every youth is pictured in romances in a poetical and attractive light; the young, lively imagination is here

charmed with the right and good, which under more severe and earnest forms might have perhaps appeared revolting."

"In the same manner crimes and weaknesses are also represented in all their deformity, and the young learn to despise them even when they are surrounded by the grandeurs and pomp of the world—when one feels an enthusiasm for virtue, he becomes able to contend successfully with all the sufferings of earth."

"The true pictures of the rewards of the good, and the punishment of the wicked among men, little as their actual lot bears the traces of them, are brought into romances with all the clearness, life and power, which one could desire to give to moral truth, that it may be made universally binding and fruitful."

"It is natural therefore, that the young of good and noble feelings should love romances as their best friends, as they find in them all those lively, grand and beautiful feelings, which arise in their own hearts and first suggest divine anticipations of happiness and immortality."

Julia now rose hastily, her charming face expressing the warmest delight; she went to the Professor, and gave him, not the piece of confectionary, but an embrace of childlike emotion, while she said, "a thousand thanks! a thousand thanks! I am content, entirely content!"

The old gentleman looked up to heaven and sighed.

Lieutenant Arwid did not look "entirely content," but quietly ate his sugar-plums.

Uncle P. dozed and nodded, the Cornet maintained it was not in sign of content.

The Professor on the contrary, looked well pleased, and kissed with a paternal expression the lively girl, first her hand and then her forehead.

Lieutenant Arwid pushed a chair aside with some violence; at the same moment the doors of the supper room were opened, supper was announced.

A feast has always a peculiar interest for those who have been active in the ordering and arrangement of it.

Each dish, the child of our labors, has its share in our sympathy and satisfaction, as it stands invitingly and properly on the table, whence it is about to vanish forever. Yet on such occasions, one has a heart of stone; and I am convinced that Madam H. was as well pleased as I was, to see how all our first, second, and third courses vanished to the great pleasure and comfort of all.—The lady of the house now that she was relieved from her anxiety with regard to Emily, and saw how well every thing was served, did the honors with a grace and good humor, which was only now and then disturbed by a thought of the little boys.

The bride was mild and radiant. Alger-

non seemed to be the happiest of mortals. "Only look at Emily," said Cornet Charles, who was my neighbor at table, to me every ten minutes,—“would any one imagine she was the same person who has plagued us so for half the day?”

Julia assumed every time her lover spoke to her, a dignified and proud look. He also at last did the same, pouted but always with a full mouth. Uncle P. went to sleep but with a piece of blancmange on his nose, and in the midst of the talking and laughter of the company; now and then a snore was heard, like the sound of a bass-viol speaking out among the squeaking of the little fiddles.

Towards the end of the meal, healths were drunk, not ceremonious and tedious, but gay and lively. The master, fired by the occasion, and wine-glass in hand, made the following impromptu in honor of the bridal pair:

Hurrah, hurrah! fill the glasses!

Drain the goblet of its wealth!

Let the foam fly to the ceiling!

To the happy couple health!

Fill, fill! and may our voices

Sound again the joyous lay,

When after fifty years we greet them

On their Golden wedding day.

Amid unusual laughter, and touching of glasses, the health was drunk. Afterwards the health of the Master; who now considered himself, I am sure, a little Bellmann.*

After supper, a most agreeable surprise was prepared for Emily. Upon a great table in the hall, were arranged the portraits of her parents, and brothers and sisters, painted in oil, and most striking likenesses. "In this manner, we shall accompany you to your home," said the Colonel, whilst he embraced her; "yes! yes! you will not get rid of us!" Gentle tears trickled down Emily's cheeks; she pressed her father, mother, brothers and sisters, to her arms, and for a long time could not speak her thanks. Thereupon every picture underwent a new examination by all the company, and there were remarks of every kind. One person found fault with a nose; another with eyes which were too small; another with a mouth which was too large; then the artist had not attempted to flatter, rather the opposite, etc.

Poor artist! This is the criticism which censoriousness, the most common of all maladies, makes upon your works! Happy for you, that you are often deaf, and glad to put the money in your pocket, while you feel in your own soul the consciousness of your talents!

Emily alone, saw no fault. There was

* Charles Michael Bellmann, a celebrated Swedish poet, died 1795.

exactly her father's expression, her mother's smile, her sister Julia's roguish look, brother Charles' hasty demeanor, Helen's expression of kindness and repose; and the little Thickeys, who were surprisingly like. It would be delightful to offer them sweetmeats."

The poor little Thickeys! Burned and frightened, they had been obliged to leave the feast, which they had looked forward to for three weeks. During the whole evening, one after another of us crept up to them with apples, cake, etc. At first, the master himself was most diligent upon the stairs, but after he had fallen down three times upon this unknown passage, he remained quietly in the parlor.

Their mother had, at least six times during the evening, said to me with an expression of the greatest anxiety,—“My poor little children! I must certainly watch with them to-night;” and I each time answered; “That you shall not do, I will watch with them.” “But you will certainly fall asleep.” “I certainly will not fall asleep, my dear Madam!” “*Parole d' honneur?*” “*Parole d' honneur*, dear Madam!” and actually driven to it by the anxiety of the poor lady, I went up to them, before the company departed, well provided with plasters, drops and sweetmeats.

The little boys were pleased with the last; and particularly delighted that, on their account, the light would be kept burning all night. Their adventure occupied them entirely, and they could not leave off telling me, how the master had knocked them, how they had fallen down, and what they felt and thought, when the master let the tea-kettle fall. Axel had thought of the deluge, and Claes of the day of judgment. In the midst of the story, they fell asleep.

At half past eleven, I heard the sound of sleighs, horses and carriages before the house. At twelve, every thing was quiet, as well in as out of the house.

“Soon every body will be sleeping sweetly,” thought I, and began to feel myself growing indescribably sleepy.

Nothing is more painful, than to be alone, to feel sleepy, and yet to be obliged to keep awake; while those you are watching are snoring beyond all bounds. And if I had not given my *parole d' honneur*, not to shut my eyes, I should certainly have done so. I knitted away, but was obliged to give it up, because every two minutes, I was in danger of putting out my eyes. I read, and did not understand a word of what I read. I went to the window, looked at the moon, and thought of——nothing. The wick of my candle was too high—I undertook to snuff it, and unfortunately put it out.

By this means, my part of watcher was

still more difficult to play. I now attempted to keep myself awake by fright, and tried to see a ghost or a white lady in the uncertain glimmers of the white stove. I thought of a cold hand which suddenly seized mine, of a voice which whispered frightful things in my ear, of a bloody form which rose up out of the ground—when suddenly the crowing of a cock was heard, which, together with the dawn of day, drove away all imaginary ghosts.

The melancholy song of two little chimney-sweepers, who, from the top of their smoky castles in the air greeted the morning, was the overture to awakening life.

In the region of the kitchen, friendly fires soon blazed up. The coffee infused its Arabian fragrance into the atmosphere of the house. Men began to move about in the streets, and through the clear winter air was heard the sound of church bells, calling to morning prayer. Purple clouds of smoke rolled up into the blue sky; and with joy, I saw at last the rays of the sun, which first greeted the cocks and vases on the church towers, and afterwards spread its mantle of light over the roofs of human dwellings.

The world opened its eyes around me, I concluded to shut mine, and when happy voices called out to me, “good morning,” I answered half asleep, “good night!”

DINNER. A RAGOUT OF MANY THINGS.

EVEN a wedding day has a morrow! A tedious day for those in the house of the wedding! Nothing remains of all the festivity of the day before, but what is left after a light has been put out—the smoke. And when, besides the festive splendor and pomp, a familiar face (a star in its own heaven) is missing from the happy domestic circle, it is not surprising that the horizon should become dark. Yes, my dear little Julia, I thought it very natural that you should rise in the morning, like a rain-cloud, and overhang the whole day; and that your brother, like a thunder-cloud, should wander from one room to another and hum to himself the songs of the stars which it was frightful to hear.

It had been agreed that the newly-married pair should pass this day with Algernon's old grandmother, who lived, retired from the world, with her maid, her cat, her deep eyes, and her love of the human race which made her unwilling that any one should ever marry,—and she had even expressed this pious wish to her grandson and to Emily, but in vain. In the mean time, in spite of her displeasure, she had expressed a desire to see the young couple at her own house, and had herself, as report says, put the

apples into the apple-pie which was to crown her magnificent dinner. On the following day we were to receive the newly-married ones, and on the day following, they were to receive us at their own house.

In the mean while, we passed the day after the marriage in a sort of stupid silence. The lady of the house, during the whole day, eat nothing but a thin barley soup. After this dull day had come to an end and each one had retired to his chamber, Julia, feeling a desire to enliven herself a little, sent for some walnuts, came in to me, and sat down to crack them and to praise her lover.

"What unexampled neatness he has! so orderly, intelligent; in such constant spirits, so quiet, so agreeable, . . . (a fine nut), so attentive, so circumspect and orderly in his business—but not too avaricious, so good—but not too good—as—as good as he should be!"

I nodded assent to all this, wished Julia much happiness, and—gaped long. There are some things so perfect that they put us to sleep.

The next day we had rather a fresh wind. The newly-married came at noon.

Her cap was very becoming to Emily. She was mild, gentle, amiable; whilst, on the other hand, Algernon was more than usually gay, happy and talkative. This astonished and vexed Julia; she looked at them by turns, and knew not why they were so. All the servants took much pains to call Emily "my lady." This new name appeared to give her no satisfaction, and when an old trusty servant said for the seventh time "My dear miss—ah pardon—my lady," Emily said, somewhat impatiently, "Let it be, it is not so much out of the way." The servants offered her at table no dish without adding, "your commands, my lady." "Yes, yes, the fellow knows the world," said the colonel. Emily looked, as if she did not find *this* world very pleasant.

Most anxiously, in the afternoon, Julia withdrew with Emily to another room, fell upon her knees before her, and throwing her arms around her, cried out, weeping, "Emily, what is the matter? Dear Emily! My God, you are not gay, you seem cast down! Are you not contented, are you not happy?" Emily embraced her sister with warmth, and said, in a consoling manner but with tears in her mild eyes, "I should be so, dear Julia, Algernon is so good, so noble—I must be happy with him."

But Julia, like all persons of lively temperament, was not pleased with this "I should be;" she wished to have "I am," and considered it very desperate—an unnatural and unheard of thing—that a young wife should not be entirely and indescribably happy. *She had read romances.* The remainder of the day, she behaved very coldly to Algernon, who did not appear to pay much attention to it.

After Emily, with tearful eyes had again departed, Julia gave free vent to her dissatisfaction, and was much excited about Algernon, who could be so indifferent and gay, whilst Emily was so cast down; he was "a piece of ice, a barbarian, a heathen, a—" N. B. The Colonel and the "gracious lady" were not present at this philippic. The Cornet had taken another view of the case—was displeased with Emily, who, in his opinion, expected entirely too much from her husband. Did not he, poor fellow, run to find her work-basket? Did not he put on her fur shoes, her shawl, and scarf? And if she had only thanked him for it? Julia took the part of her sister, the Cornet that of Algernon, the spirit of contradiction infused one after another, bitter seeds into the dispute, and this good brother and sister would have become entirely at variance, if it had not happened, that while they both stooped to pick up Helen's needle, their heads knocked together, which shock ended the dispute by a burst of laughter; and the question of the rights of man and woman,—that sea, upon whose waves the two disputants found themselves unexpectedly launched—was quickly set at rest.

The following day was full of consolation for Julia. Emily was gayer; and, happy to be able to receive her parents and brothers and sisters in her own house, she busied herself with unrestrained care, and with heartiness to entertain them well. The Colonel had all his favorite dishes at dinner, and joy sparkled from Emily's eyes, when her father a second time asked for some turtle soup, and added, "It is very excellent!" Her mother was not a little satisfied with the arrangement of the meal, and with the preparations; she stared a little anxiously at a pudding which had somewhat of a ruin on one side, but Julia quickly and unobserved turned the dish round, and the good lady who was somewhat short-sighted, thought the fault was in her own eyes, and was quiet.

Emily had the bearing of a hostess, and that is a great deal. The Cornet was delighted with his sister, and with all the arrangements in the new house. Every thing seemed Swedish; the sofas, the chairs, the curtains, the china, etc. There was nothing foreign, and in his opinion this was the reason he felt so much at ease, and at home.

Julia was well pleased with Algernon, for although he did not devote himself to his young wife, he followed her always with loving eyes, and it was plain that his soul was bound up in hers, and by dear and loving looks flew to meet it.

How good coffee tastes, when snow blows without, and summer air within. So we ladies found it, when after dinner, drawn up

round a fire, in the enjoyment of our coffee, we entered into a long conversation, while Emily told us of domestic plans and arrangements, which she proposed to undertake, for the order and convenience of her household; a part which she had already spoken of, and a part of which she should talk over with—with her husband (this simple word Emily yet uttered with difficulty). Every thing was indeed very prudent, very good, and very well adapted to the proposed end. We considered all these things exactly and maturely, in front of the fire, with our coffee-cups. We added and subtracted, but could think of nothing which would have been better than what Emily had proposed.

A family resembles at the same time a poem and a machine. Of the poetry of it, or the song of the feelings which streams through all the parts and unites them together, which wreathes flowers around life's crown of thorns, and clothes "the bare hills of reality" with the greenness of hope,—of this every human heart knows. But the machinery (without whose well-accompanied movements *l'opera della vita* is entirely unsupported) many consider as unimportant, and neglect it. And still this part of the plan of domestic life is not the least essential for its harmonious operation. It is with this machinery, as with that of a clock. If the wheels, springs, etc. are in good order, the pendulum needs but a touch, and everything begins its proper motion. Everything goes on in order and quiet, as if of itself, and the golden hands of peace and prosperity point out all the hours upon its clear face.

This Emily felt, and she intended so to arrange her household from the beginning, that in spite of the little accidental shocks and blows of fate, it might remain in order and convenience until the end—until the weight had run down.

One very important thing for attaining this end, is the prudent and careful arrangement of the money affairs of the household. In Emily's house this was placed upon a good and sensible footing. Out of the great common treasury, were arrayed many little treasuries, which, like brooks from one and the same source, streaming rapidly to different places, make fruitful the domestic plantation.

Emily was to receive yearly, upon her own peculiar account, a certain sum of money, to expend for her clothes, and to defray other little expenses, not included in the household account; and as her dress would remain as simple and tasteful as it had until now been, she would be able to expend the greater part of this money, to please herself, to spend for what, judge and say my fair readers, for you must know.

A woman must have her own peculiar

treasury, be it great or small. Ten, fifty, a hundred, or a thousand dollars—a proper proportion; but her own, for which she need only account to herself. Would you know the "wherefore," you men, who oblige your wives to keep an account even of their pins to a penny? Well! it is for your own rest and convenience. You do not think so? Look then:—a maid breaks a cup, or a servant breaks a glass; or suddenly at once, teapots, cups, and glasses fall to pieces, which *no one* has broken, etc. The mistress of the house, who has no pocket-money, and who must keep in order cups and glasses, goes to her husband, tells him the misfortune, and desires some money to make up the loss. He scolds at the servants, at his wife, who ought to see after the servants; "Yes, money—a little money—money does not grow up out of the ground, nor does it rain down from heaven—many little brooks make a great stream," and more of the same; at last, he gives a little money, and gets into a very ill humor.

Now, if the wife has her own pocket-money, no such little vexations come near him. Children, servants, and misfortune remain the same, but no disorder is observed; everything exists as before—everything is in order; and the head of the house, who perhaps with the greatest ease can give away at once several thousand dollars, need not, for the sake of a twelve shilling piece, lose the balance of his temper, which is a treasure as inestimable to the whole house as to himself.

And do you account as nothing, (you nabob without feeling!) those little surprises, those little birth-day joys which your wife can prepare for you? Those thousand and little pleasures, which, unexpected as meteors, like them shine in the heaven of the house, and which will be given you by the tenderness of your wife, by means of money—which you have given to her in a large sum, to receive it back, a rich income of convenience and joy in small ones.

Is it now clear? Algernon had learned all this, and it had much influence on Emily's future happiness.

To every true woman's heart there is an indescribable joy in *giving*;—in feeling one's self live in the prosperity and joy of another. This is the sunshine of the heart, which is perhaps more necessary here in the cold north, than elsewhere. Besides, the freedom of action is indeed refreshing.

But where was I?—with Emily, at the hour of coffee! Let us go thence, and set out upon a longer journey on the wing of Time.

Whoever undertakes to write stories, must take care to deal frugally with the patience of his reader. Sometimes he can easily give them appropriate intelligence of

to-day, to-morrow, and the next day; at times he must take time and events in a lump, if he does not wish the reader to do the same with his book, and skip from five to eight chapters. As I certainly wish that such should not be the fate of my honored family, I hasten to make a leap over about three months, and to mention in a few words how my H. friends lived through them.

Julia and her lover passed it in going to walk. Every day, when the weather permitted, they went the whole length of Queen-street, exchanged greetings, and chatted with their acquaintances, examined the figures and dresses, with the agreeable consciousness how beautiful and marked were their own. At times they went into a shop, and bought some trifles, or eat tarts at Berend's. In the evening there was a supper here, or a play there, or a ball somewhere else; and this always furnished something to talk about on the following day, so that the lovers had no want of food for conversation. Besides Lieutenant Arwid, who had everywhere admission into the great world, had some little thing to tell, some anecdote of the day, some word from this or that person, about this or that thing; and see, this was all very amusing—Julia thought.

The Cornet had taken up some droll habits. He had applied himself to study. He studied the art of war, mathematics, history, etc., and continually found that as his bodily eye became practised in looking in all directions over the earth and up to heaven, so was also his spiritual eye framed to look into the kingdoms of nature and knowledge, and recognise in them the light of heaven. It was peculiar, that the more he learned to see, the more afraid of darkness he became. He was very much afraid of ghosts! Yes, gentlemen, it is certainly true; and the ghosts which he feared have been known among men from time immemorial; *Ignorance*, a wonderfully large lady, clothed in glittering white texture; *Self-conceit*, her long-necked child, who always treads in the traces of her dear mamma; and *Boasting*, which must be the ghost of an old French language teacher, who in his life-time had been connected with these ladies, and often been seen in their company.

Besides he was, anxious for the companionship of older and wiser men, was often at home with his father and Helen, and often allowed the young men of his acquaintance to knock in vain at his locked door. Sometimes, indeed, he was undecided whether to open it or not, thinking, "perhaps my best friend is here to pay me back my money!" But then he thought again, "He would not knock so loudly," and re-

mained quietly at his work. The Cornet had two young friends for whom, at a given signal, his door always opened. These young men formed a noble triumvirate. Their motto, both in war and peace, was, "FORWARD! MARCH!"

Emily and Algernon took a journey in the beginning of April to Blekingen, where upon a great estate an old aunt and god-mother of Emily lived. Emily received a letter from her, soon after her marriage, begging her and her husband to visit her as soon as possible. She had, a short time before, lost her only child, a son; and she wished now, at the age of sixty years, to gladden her heart, or perhaps, desired to animate it, by giving it something new to love and to live for. She begged the young couple to pass the spring and summer with her; she spoke of neighbors and of good and pleasant things which would make their residence there agreeable. She said she wished to make her will so that her property might fall to them after her death, if they would look upon her as a mother.

"Pon honor! a beautiful letter," said uncle P. "Go there directly, nephew, with your wife—have the carriage ordered. I wish I were in your shoes, child of fortune! Wait till the beginning of April? Madness! What if the old woman should die! That would be throwing away one's happiness! I should not be drawn into that.—Dear Julia! wake me when the coffee comes." When the travelling carriage stood before the door, and the weeping Emily sat by Algernon's side, exchanging tearful glances and sad words of farewell with her parents, and brothers and sisters who were standing around the carriage, Algernon seized her hand and said, "Would you prefer to stay with these, or follow me?" "You," answered Emily gently.—"With all your heart?" "With all my heart!" "Drive on!" called Algernon to the coachman; "Emily, we will accompany each other on the journey—through life!" The carriage rolled on. O, may the carriage of every marriage be tossed on such springs!

Quietly and sadly did the blind girl pass her dark days. Her health visibly decreased. Her soul was like the fire in a charcoal heap, whose flames are not visible, but silently and surely consume their dwelling. Only in song did she, at times, express her feelings, when she thought she was alone. She composed the words and the music. Both bore the stamp of an unhappy and unquiet heart. In company she hardly spoke a word, and only by her incessant occupation of winding a ribbon or a cord round her hands or fingers did she betray her inward restlessness.

There is a certain disposition of mind in woman, which makes her do well whatever she does at all; which causes sweet peace to follow her wherever she goes, like a quiet spring day, so that wherever she dwells, grace and comfort, which is shared by every one who approaches her, dwell with her. This disposition of mind proceeds from a pure and devoted heart which fears God. Happy are those who possess this, happy beyond all others (however richly endowed in other respects);—and happy was Helen for she was thus *purely* endowed. In a letter which she wrote about this time to a friend, she herself represented her happy condition.

"You ask me what I am doing?" she wrote at the end of her letter, "I enjoy life every moment. My parents, my brothers and sisters, my work, books, flowers, the sun, the stars, heaven and earth, all give me pleasure; everything makes me feel, with indescribable joy, the happiness of existence. You ask me what I do, when dark thoughts and despair overpower my soul. My dear, I never feel despair, never have dark thoughts. I cannot have them: for I believe in God, I love him, I hope in him. I know no care nor anxious fear: for I know he will do all things well, that every thing will be, at some time, good and clear. Since I think thus and feel thus, I must indeed be happy."

"*Curro, curri, currum, currere*," repeated the little Thickeys, and "*Curro, cucurri, cursum, currere*, you scape-goats!" corrected the master, and in this way they passed nearly three months, (I never exaggerate).

"Slow and sure," said the master in a consoling and confident manner to the mother.

The lady of the house—God bless the excellent lady! but if our journey into the country could only have taken place without so many cares and so many bundles, so many "Ho! Ho's!" and so many trunks. The Colonel said a word or two, half in joke, about this. "That is easily said," answered the lady gravely.

The Cornet, who never permitted the least remark upon his mother, in whose doings and lettings-alone he did not see the least fault, was in all her cares on her side, and contradicted us, who thought them unnecessary; and when it became altogether too troublesome, he went round singing "God save the king!" (the only English which he knew,) to distract our attention from the lady.

A month before, and a month after the expedition, she labored and worked for the good of all—and on the day of the journey itself—O heavens

What packing, what trouble,
(To describe who is able?)
In the cellar, the kitchen,
There a chair, there a table;
Was ever such bustle
Seen under the sun?
How the mistress is scolding
And how the maids run!

The breakfast is over, the visits are made,
The packages close in the carriage are laid,
But how much is still to be done:
The talk turns to chickens, to friendship, to beef,
But nowhere the mistress can turn for relief.
She dresses, sighs, longs to be gone.
The carriage drives up, quick they run, loudly call,
Now forward—but stop—I've forgotten my shawl!

Notwithstanding all this trouble, we resolved to set out upon the journey.

And fly now to THORSBORG, the paternal estate of the Colonel, where we arrived in the middle of the month of May.

THORSBORG.

If I had a single drop of the fountain which sprang up from Walter Scott's inkstand, spread through all countries, and moistened with historical and antiquarian ink the pens of a hundred authors, I would now give a pompous description of the magnificent castle of Thorsborg, which was built during the thirty years' war, in the space of nine months, by a high-spirited, excellent lady, surrounded with walls as strong as the hearts of that time, and with leaded window panes as small as the rays of light which emanated from the cloisters of that day. I would relate, how the lady Barbara Goholm, the wife of the Admiral Stjernebjelke, (whose bust at Thorsborg shows her to have been a proud and dignified woman,) surprised her husband, who was fighting for the cause of freedom in Germany. During his absence she erected on a hill, where still sits enthroned in princely grandeur this noble edifice, overlooking immeasurable fields and meadows, extending for several miles; and on occasion of the return of her hero, she caused lights to be placed in all the windows of the castle, to charm or dazzle his eyes. I would also add that this did not delight him as she had expected, and that the story goes that he was equally displeased at this proceeding of the Lady Barbara. I would relate farther something of the fate of their descendants, who afterwards resided on the estate, one of whom having a poetical talent, to keep herself in remembrance, and for our edification, engraved upon a pane of glass, which remained in the parlor of the castle at the time of Colonel H.

"The lady Sigrid and her spouse
The greatest fools are in this house,"

and if I had descended the stream of time, from the volcanoes which burst out in the middle ages, to the quiet position of things

at the present day, I would, searching about among the ruins of those times, spying into the remains of the streams of lava, and into the urns of remembrance, collect the ashes of extinguished fires, and strew them over these pages; (which means, to speak in a less figurative manner,) I would tell all about the old harnesses, helmets, and lances, which were still preserved at Thorsborg, and which Cornet Charles regarded with peculiar satisfaction; of the bloody garments, swords, deadly balls, etc., and would point out the doors of the sleeping apartment of Gustavus Adolphus the Second, which were ornamented with a thousand wooden figures, transferred to them from the ancient castle. Moreover the immense hall, with the oaken floor, and the oaken rafters overhead, the bust of the Lady Barbara, sitting with the mason's trowel in her hand, her spinning wheel, etc., and not to leave the salt out of my soup, I would not forget to relate the ghost visits which have been made to the castle, and of which no one knew so much as the Master. He often heard frightful tones, like a mingling of the bray of trumpets, and the howling of wolves. He sometimes heard people in the night, tripping lightly round the billiard-room, the balls rolling, the bells ringing, etc. I might tell how the people in the house used to describe a ghost, who walked about the great oaken hall, of a clear moonlight evening, without a head; or how, often, of a dark night, lights would suddenly stream from all the windows; and there was not one of the family who had not heard tables and chairs moved about with great noise in the rooms, where there was nobody; and that even the lady of the house herself . . . Ah! but I am beginning to get frightened, and I see clearly that I am only capable of describing common things with every-day ink. It is therefore more safe and pleasant to relate how the little Thickeys, happy beyond expression at being in the country, sprung about over the ditches and stone walls, the remains of the old house, to look for treasures, and found gold beetles; how Julia, like a butterfly, ran after her winged sisters, in spite of her betrothed, who ran races with her, till she said that it did not pay for the trouble, for he did not try at all. "It was too warm."

He preferred to anything sitting on a soft sofa, with his little bride, resting comfortably on the plump cushions, in a sort of meditation—the comfortable side of life. He sometimes employed himself in hunting, alternately on the estate of Colonel H. and that of his own father. The latter was a cheerful, kind-hearted old man, who held in high honor five things on this earth; namely, his own noble name, his son, the friendship of Colonel H., his span of

white horses called the "Swans," and his pipe, for the purpose of lighting which a fire was kept constantly burning, summer and winter, on his hearth. He was delighted with his little future daughter-in-law, who, however, played him many sly tricks, at which he was very angry, but soon relented. He was fond of telling stories, exaggerated not a little, swore stoutly, and was finally what is called a man of honor.

At Thorsborg the family arrangements were quiet and orderly. Madam H., to be sure, still went about with her bunch of keys and her cares, but no one was disturbed by them, for she was so thoroughly kind, that she never troubled or interfered with any body but herself.

The evenings were particularly agreeable. We then all assembled in a little green cabinet, richly provided with pictures and flowers, and where the reading of the works of Franzen, Tegner, Stagnelius, Sjöberg, Nicander, and other Swedish authors, which we learned to prize more highly from the expressive eloquence and fine declamation of Professor L., enriched us with fresh ideas and feelings. A book was often chosen from among them, the design of which is to give clearness to the human mind on those most important subjects,—God and immortality. I soon remarked that this was done with particular reference to the blind girl, on whose marble face the eye of the Colonel always rested during the reading of passages, where the rays of the God-head broke out most clearly and warmly, though obscured by the veil of human weakness. The evening was often spent in conversation on such subjects. Professor L., the Colonel, and Helen, for the most part, shared in it. The measures which the Colonel, in common with the Professor, took for the moral improvement of his tenants, by means of schools and other arrangements, made for their advantage and pleasure, gave an easy occasion to these conversations. Man—his organization, his education, his destiny, his dignity, his weakness, God's strength—the advancement of man, by means of a rightly preached gospel; to bring this life into union with the future; these were subjects which were treated with equal animation, beauty, clearness, and power, by Professor L. His animated and energetic manner, which so well expressed the fullness of his mind, the happy skill, which he possessed in a remarkable degree, of making clear the most abstract ideas, by examples drawn from the dominions of history, morality, and nature; the quiet, beautiful wisdom, which was the result of his doctrines, the benevolent power of which went irresistibly to the hearts of all his listeners, the fine tone of his manly voice, the dignity and impressiveness of his manner,

all these were combined in such a way, that we listened to him with delight for whole hours. And when he, entering more deeply into his subject, with increasing warmth and more energetic language, expressed still higher and bolder ideas, we felt, as it were, raised from the earth, and brought nearer to heaven. It was an apotheosis of thought and feeling, and the heavenward journey of the moment always left behind it, in the soul, some sparks of the eternal fire.

It was on such evenings, that I perceived in Julia something higher and more noble than until now I had seen in her childish and flighty manner. I saw her bosom heave, her cheeks grow red, while she listened to discourses on truth and virtue; and while her expressive eyes hung upon the lips of their noble interpreter, to draw in every word he might utter, she would answer her *lover* shortly and with indifference, when he sometimes asked her opinion on certain little pasteboard labors, in executing which he had certainly considerable skill. The blind girl generally remained silent, during the conversations, and her statue-like face seldom betrayed any of the emotions which were given to her inner feelings.

We had also, some evenings, conversations of another kind—lighter, but still not unimportant. In these Madam H. and Cornet Charles distinguished themselves. One evening, when Professor L. and the Colonel were absent, Lieutenant Arwid made a long address upon the best manner of salting venison, and on the sauce which was best suited to it. Julia asked whether Arwid's speech had not given an unusual desire to eat an early supper, and go to bed soon. All agreed that it had.

One day as Julia and I were sitting at work, by an open window, a pot of roses standing on the table between us, after we had been sitting in silence for some time, Julia said hastily, "Do not you think—" and then was again suddenly silent.

I looked up at her, and asked, "What then?"

"Yes—that—Professor L. has something noble in his countenance, especially about the forehead."

"Yes," I replied, we read there his noble soul, his mild wisdom."

Julia bent her head over the rose bush, a bud of which, at this moment, seemed to strike her cheek.

"Aha," thought I. Julia resumed; "Do you not think—?" a new pause.

"That Professor—" said I, leading the way.

"Yes, that—that Professor L. has a very melodious voice, and speaks extremely well. He makes everything so clear, so rich, so beautiful, it seems as if one were made better by listening to him."

"It is true. But do you not find that Lieutenant Arwid has a very handsome moustache, and an uncommonly fine voice, particularly when he says 'The Thous—'"

"Now you are wicked, Beata," said Julia, blushing deeply, and, getting up, she ran away. As she passed by, she awoke Lieutenant Arwid, who was taking his afternoon nap, on the sofa, in the next room; whereupon he grumbled a little, while he stretched out his arms and legs with nonchalance, he demanded a kiss, by way of satisfaction. He received—nothing.

Meantime Julia grew more serious every day; her former constantly gay and kind temper became variable, and sometimes unkind; her manner was more quiet and earnest, and sometimes a light trace of grief rested on her charming face. But for a long time no one of the family observed this change. The members of it had all too many affairs of their own to look after.

Madam H., whose active nature and industrious kindness always kept her employed, found, when in the country, every hour occupied. She was the comforter, the counsellor, and the teacher of her dependants, in great as well as in small matters; and was, besides, the physician of the whole neighborhood. She did all this, with an ease and presence of mind which one would hardly have attributed to her, when the careful way in which she managed the smallest affairs of her household were borne in mind. She went herself to the people with drops and encouragement, soup and good advice, and the former gave to the latter spirit and strength. She was the favorite of the whole region. Old and young, rich and poor, they all praised her; she was "too good," "too kind."

The Colonel applied himself apparently more in the passive, but he was, in fact, more active, more busy, with the welfare of those who were subject to him. He was, for his tenants, as well as for his house servants, a good and just, but severe master. He was everywhere more feared than beloved; but all acknowledged, that during the time he had governed the estate, immorality, drunkenness, and all crimes had every year decreased; and that, on the contrary, good order, morality, social intercourse, and consequently prosperity and content, had increased, and even spread to neighboring places. The excellent establishments he had made, the schools he had founded, and which he endeavored every year to improve, gave hope of the advancing cultivation and happiness of the rising generation. Professor L. was now a most valuable fellow-worker with him.

This is the place to say a few words of farther explanation respecting Professor L. They shall be short and good.

Professor L. was the son of a rich man, and was himself in easy circumstances. He had become a clergyman, as being, in his opinion, the way in which he could be most useful to his fellow men. He was, in the most beautiful meaning of the word, the father of his flock. It was singular, that he was as attentive, and perhaps even more attentive, than I was to Julia. His eye followed her so kindly, so earnestly, so inquiringly.

Helen had the oversight of the girls' school in the parish, an important office, which she fulfilled with as much pleasure as diligence.

The Cornet had the supervision of the boys' school does any one believe it? No, Heaven forbid! And it was as well for him as for the school that he was not. He was suddenly seized with a violent passion for botany, went out early in the morning, was often absent all day, and came home at evening very tired, his pockets full of weeds—flowers, I should say. He talked a great deal of the interest, the value and the uses of botany, pointed out to Julia incessantly the difference between Pentandria and Octandria, etc. He was particularly anxious to find the *Linnæa borealis*, which he had heard grew in that neighborhood, but which he had not been able to discover. For this he was seeking early and late.

"It is strange to see Charles," said Julia, "when he comes home from his botanizing promenades: he is either so gay that he embraces every body, or he is cross enough to bite one."

"He is getting too crazy after his botany," said the Colonel.

Helen laughed and shook her head, and I did the same, and you will certainly do so too, my fair young reader. I guess, I guess, he was—but silence, silence, until—We will not betray the secret, it will come to light in due season. In the meantime, we will go in the great family carriage to make some

VISITS,

THE Colonel, Madam H., Julia, the Cornet and I. Madam H. who sometimes had ideas which seemed to have fallen from the moon, had lately taken up the opinion that I was beginning to grow melancholy, which she thought proceeded from my having brooded too much over the book of Revelations. She had sometimes found me with the Bible in my hand, open at the last part, where the coming of the New Jerusalem is described. Now nothing made Madam H. more anxious than brooding over books. She sometimes thought my reason was in danger, and to divert me, and withdraw me from "such things" she wished me to ac-

company them in the visits they were making in the neighborhood.

On a fine afternoon we started all in good health and spirits.

We drank coffee with Madam Mellander, who with her husband (the pendant to his wife,) rented a little place of the Colonel. Madam Mellander was uncommonly ugly, she was pock marked, and had a bearded chin; she turned up her nose very high over her silent husband, who acknowledged most humbly her worth and her power, and harangued her two pretty but somewhat awkward daughters, whom the Cornet compared to drooping birch trees, the whole day long, upon their manners and morals. Beyond this she was regular, moderate and domestic, kept her household, her husband, her daughters, a maid, and three cats in good order, and thought that on this account she possessed an excellent head for management.

"Yes, yes, she would sometimes say with a sigh, "now people say Count Platen is dead! Next year, they will perhaps say Madam Mellander is dead."

"That would be terrible" said the Colonel if he were present.

While Mr. Mellander conducted the Colonel into his little garden to show him a new plan or some newly made arable land, which had been reclaimed from an old potato field, we learned all the news from Madame Mellander. First that she was reading a very pleasant book, about a young man named Fritz.

"Is it a romance," said Madam H?

"Yes, it is a romance. It is very neat. The lady whom Fritz is in love with is named Ingeborg."

"Who wrote the book" asked Madam H.

"Oh, I do not know indeed, he must be a preacher; and it is so pretty, how she goes out to sea, and how she clasps her little white hands."

"Can that be Frithiof," cried the Cornet aloud, in surprise.

"Frithiof—yes, Fritz or Frithiof, that is his name."

"By Tegner" said Madam H.

"Ten—yes, yes, I believe I have heard such a name."

Julia raised her eyes to heaven.

Madam H. who now first saw that it was desirable to turn the conversation from such subjects, now asked Madam Mellander whether she had heard that the Countess B. had already come to her estate in the country.

"No," answered Madam Mellander sharply and decisively, "I know nothing about her. There is no intercourse between us now. Can you imagine my lady, that she and I were brought up together? Yes, we were every day together when we were

young, and she had a straw hat with yellow ribbons, and I had a straw hat with red ribbons, and I said to her, "Do you hear Jeanette!" and she said to me "Do you hear Lisette," and we were the best friends in the world. Then she went her way and I went mine—to my uncle Counsellor Strissberg at Norrtele. Your grace certainly knows him."

"No" answered "your grace." "Oh my goodness! not know the rich Strissberg—who married Mamsell Britmund, of Stockholm. Your grace must know certainly the brother-in-law of Lonnberg—he who lives near the market."

"No, I do not know him"—answered Madam H. smiling, but somewhat confused.

"Indeed, indeed," said Madam Mellander, somewhat displeased, and perhaps with decreased consideration for the acquaintance of the lady. "Well," she continued her narrative, "then it happened that we did not see each other for several years. But after I married Mellander, I saw once at a concert at Stockholm the companion of my youth, who had now become the Countess B. I bowed and bowed to her—but would you believe it, she stared directly at me and never bowed at all, and behaved as if she did not recognise me—Aha, thought I. Now, when she passes my house, here in the country, she will stick her head out of the carriage window, and bow and nod. But I—I mind my sewing, what do you think of that Madam H."

What that lady thought Madam Mellander did not find out then, for at that very moment her better half came in with the Colonel, who proposed taking leave, as it was already five o'clock, and it was nearly a mile to Löfstaholm, where we were to make the next visit on the Landholder D. Each of the company meantime were compelled to take two cups of coffee, with the exception of the Cornet, who begged to be excused. He and Julia had during this time done their best to amuse and enliven the Misses Eva and Amalia. The Cornet in a gay, good-natured way, paid them all sorts of little compliments. Julia praised their flowers, promised to lend them books, patterns, etc. all which had the effect of arousing the pretty drooping birches as if they had been shaken by a fresh breeze, or enlivened by a refreshing rain, to raise their branches and begin to wave their leaves—that is, Amalia and Eva were quite animated, and the apples of their eyes moved east and west.

At Löfstaholm, the Colonel and his family were received with the most lively and clamorous joy. Great attention was paid to Cornet Charles, who from his cheerful character, his gay humor, and his pleasant manner was universally beloved by all the neighbors and stood in especial favor at

merry Löfstaholm, where balls, plays and amusements of all kinds were constantly following each other, and where he sometimes danced twenty four dances in a night with twelve ladies, and sometimes took part as Captain Puff* or Cousin Pastoreau or the Burgomaster in Carolus Magnus, and gave universal pleasure. He "never had been able to play the part of a Lover," which was very natural, because he had never been in love, and could not represent what was so opposite to his nature.

To celebrate the birth day of Mr. D., his three gifted sons gave this evening a little concert, to which a tolerably numerous assembly of listeners were invited, and to which the H. family made a welcome addition.

Madam D. who had the reputation of a highly educated woman, who talked about Weber and Rossini, of education and instruction, poetry, coloring taste, tact, etc. set about making a speech to Madam H., upon her views in education, and the system on which she had brought up her children, and in which Weber as well as Rossini,—education, taste, tact—tact more especially—were all brought in.

The Concert began. Eleonora D., timid and blushing sat down at the piano and played "*con tutta la forze della disperazione.*" In every chord she struck she gave the ears of the listeners two or three notes into the bargain, and the trills—thanks to the Bass Pedal—went over the key board like a stroke of india rubber over a drawing. The conclusion was very effective, the whole Piano groaned. The blue eyed Theresa then sang an air from the Barber of Seville. Splendid staccati tones, powerful trills produced with great strength of hand, called forth loud expressions of gratitude from the audience,—in return for so much labor.

Landman D., a little fat and gay old man, foolishly attached to his children, whom in his paternal heart, he compared to the seven wonders of the world, went immediately up to Colonel H., and nibbling his hands, asked with sparkling eyes, "now brother, what do you say, what do you think, what, what?"

The Colonel, who had a good natural taste, and had in his life listened to too much good music, not to know what it was, had recourse to his good-natured, roguish laugh, and to an equivocal speech, "She plays confoundedly well—she plays wonderfully;" which expressions, the happy father received with the most lively pleasure.

In the duet which followed, between Adolphus D. and one of his sisters, they "fell out,"

* "Captain Puff," a favorite comedy of the Swedish Comic Poet, Olof Kexell.

(as the Colonel called it,) somewhat, and a duet of ungracious glances took place between brother and sisters, during which the song sometimes ran into this accompaniment.

The Finale, a chorus, sung by all the seven virtuosos together, about "loves and doves," "blights and delights," and many more, singular rhymes, which with the rows of words placed before them, were composed by Adolphus D., I thought would shake the house down.

Madam H., who had sat through all this, as if she had been at evening mass, with a devout and somewhat plaintive countenance, did her best to satisfy the thirst for praise of the musical family. The Colonel repeated his strong expressions, and the company sung a chorus of bravos, in many cases given with somewhat equivocal glances. This conduct displeased the Cornet; he could get along easily, for he could and did say merely, that he knew nothing of music, and could not therefore, give any opinion. Others, who, on account of their musical taste, (or for their sins,) are called upon to give their opinion at such concerts, are badly enough off. Artists by trade, may venture to criticise, they have purchased this right; but amateurs can only praise, to this they are held pledged, and if they cannot do it with a good conscience, the truth is not always well received, or it is received perhaps with a wry face.

It was not to be thought of that we should return home before supper. It was eleven o'clock when we were seated in the carriage. It was a mild and uncommonly beautiful spring night. Madam H. soon fell asleep, lulled by the gentle motion, and our conversation;—we were all silent. The Colonel's face was shaded; the Cornet sat and looked at the moon, which looked down pale and mild over the green quiet earth.—There was a sort of enthusiasm in his expression, which I had never remarked before. Even Julia was thoughtful. The coachman and horses must also have been thinking of something, for we passed very slowly through forests and plains. It was about midnight when we came in sight of the Parsonage, the residence of Professor L. We saw lights glimmering from one of the windows. The Colonel saw it and said, "there sits L., watching and working for the good of his fellow-men. He hardly allows himself his night's rest—and yet it may be fifty years and more before his works will be rightly understood and valued. And such nights follow days, the hours of which have all been devoted to the various duties of his office.

"He is like his light," said the Cornet, "he consumes himself to illuminate others."

"He must be a most noble man," said Julia, with tears in her eyes.

"Indeed he is," replied the Colonel, "I know no one more so—but he cannot live long as he now lives."

"Has he not," asked Julia, "any sister or mother, or some one with him at home, who looks after him, loves him, and takes care of him."

"No, he is solitary."

"Solitary," repeated Julia, in a low and sad tone; and while we made a circuit about the parsonage, she leaned out of the carriage window, and held her head still turned in the same direction.

"What are you looking at, my child," asked the Colonel?

"At the light, father—it glimmers so beautifully in the night."

The next day there were some visits to be made in the neighborhood—but it was altogether impossible for the Cornet to accompany us. He had heard a report that the *Linnæa borealis* was to be found in a wood, about half a mile east of Thorsborg, and to convince himself of the truth of it, he was obliged to leave us before noon.

"I do not understand," said Julia, "on what Charles lives some days. He never takes any food with him, although I beg him to do so, when he goes on his botanical pilgrimages, and it seems to me he is really growing thin."

"He is running again now into the woods," said the Colonel, when he saw his son taking great strides across the court, "I fear his *Linnæa borealis* is turning his head."

Our visits this day were less fortunate. At L. and Vik, the little children had the measles, and on account of our little boys, we turned away immediately on receiving this intelligence.

At M. the Countess was not at home.—In a little summer-house in the garden her canary birds were singing, starving in splendid cages, and seemed with their thrilling tones, now plaintive, and now joyous, to endeavor to draw attention to their wants.

Madam H. gave them corn water, sugar, bird's grass, and said a thousand kind words to them.

"With all these things," remarked the Colonel, "we shall get no tea to-night."

Not to get his tea between six and seven in the evening, was a real deprivation to the Colonel, and Madam H. who well knew this, sat in the carriage with an anxious mien as we proceeded on our homeward ride, which would take us at least another half hour. To shorten it, as he supposed, the coachman took a new road, from which we had, too, some new views of the country. We stopped to let the horses breathe at a wild place, overgrown with shrubbery. On the right, and at a distance from the road, we saw over the tops of the trees, a slight

pillar of smoke rising, which, a gentle breeze blew over toward us.

"Indeed," said the Colonel, "I could almost think they had tea ready for us there. Look, Julia, can you not see a white wall through the woods?"

"Yes, I see something of a greyish white—there is actually a house there, the smoke appears to come from it. It is plain there is a fairy there who is expecting us, to entertain us—a fairy and tea—how charming."

"My opinion is," said the Colonel, "that if there is a fairy there, there are also real men and women, who would give us a cup of tea in their best manner, if we,—what do you think, Charlotte? Shall we not make a visit to the little inviting castle in the woods? We can tell the inhabitants that we wish to make their acquaintance, and that we—in a word, that we are thirsty."

Julia laughed heartily. Madam H. looked quite shocked.

"My dear," said she, "that would not do."

"It would do desperately well for me," said the Colonel, "to get a cup of tea."

"Besides, dear mother," said Julia, "we might perhaps make an interesting acquaintance. Think, for example, if Don Quixote did not die of his loss of blood, as has been reported, but travelled to the north, and should be living here with his fair Toboso, and should now receive us—or if we should meet a hermit, who should tell his story, or a disguised princess."

"What and whom you will," said the Colonel, "if he will only be christian enough to give us a cup of tea."

Though the Colonel brought out for the fourth time certainly, his cup of tea, yet Madam H. recoiled so much from this visit to Don Quixote, as she called it, that the thoughts of it were given up, and it was concluded to proceed on our journey.

Just as the carriage was again put in motion, crack! off went one of the back wheels, the carriage sunk slowly down, and with different exclamations, we, one over another, rolled down into the road.

Madam H. lay upon me, but made an effort before she thought of getting up, to draw out her reticule, which by accident was under me, which I assured her it was entirely impossible to do as I could not move a limb.

At last we were all on our feet. Madam H. was very pale, and we all surrounded her, and anxiously asked her a thousand times whether she was bruised, very much frightened, etc. But as she answered all these anxious questions with "no," and as we on our side were able to say that we were neither frightened, nor had suffered any fractures or bruises, (I could not say so

much for squeezing), Julia burst out into such a hearty and ringing laugh, that all the company were obliged to join her in it. The coachman and the maid though uninjured as well as ourselves, did not immediately recover their smiling faces.

With their assistance the Colonel now attempted to raise the old heavy coach. The sand in the road was very deep, and the carriage was, as it were buried in it. The coachman was an invalid, the maid superannuated; they strained and cried "oh, oh"—the Colonel alone worked, and the coach did not move from its hole.

A visit to the grey house, (the only human dwelling visible,) was now necessary; and the Colonel, who was so fixed upon this visit, and his cup of tea, was quite merry about the accident to the carriage; and saying "we must all go together in sorrow and joy," gave his wife his arm, and led her with unusual cheerfulness and good humor through the narrow path which wound through a grove of pines and firs, and appeared to lead to the grey house, which has been so often mentioned.

"It is going to rain" said Madam H. looking anxiously up to the sky—my bonnet! could we not wait here under the trees, while Gronwall runs along and gets some people for the carriage."

"It is not going to rain," said the Colonel.

"It is raining now," said Madam H. "Let us make haste to get shelter," cried the Colonel, and hurried gaily forward holding his hat over the head of Madam H.

At last we reached the little grey house. It had a dark ruinous appearance, and with the exception of a small kitchen garden, every thing about it was wild and uncultivated. The silver sources of a stream, glimmered at some distance through the dark pine wood.

Just as we entered the house it began to rain violently. A door stood open which led directly to the first story. It opened upon the temple of cookery. As the Colonel went in, a girl started from a corner like a hare from his hole, stared at us with sleepy eyes, and stammered—"Be so good—please to walk up stairs, the family are at home."

We ascended a narrow and dark staircase, and when we reached the top, the Colonel opened a door, which gave us a view of a small room, which on all sides was filled with clothes. Tables, chairs, and baskets were filled with ironed and unironed articles. The air was moist, and hot as that of a heated oven.

"Forward, just go forward," said the Colonel kindly to Madam H.—who paused upon the threshold.

"My dear, I cannot step into the clothes baskets," answered she, somewhat displeased. The Colonel and I cleared the

way, and we passed through the laundry to another door, on opening which we all stood still for a moment, in astonishment and wonder.

A perfectly beautiful woman, of a majestic form, dressed in black and rich laces, stood in the middle of a room, which was tastefully ornamented with beautiful chrystals, vases of flowers, mirrors and other articles of luxury. Something stood behind her, though it only seemed to float on the air; a young,—yes, actually only a young girl, but so enchanting, so angelically beautiful that one might well doubt if she were of terrestrial origin. She could not be more than sixteen. Her bright hair was confined with a golden arrow, and she wore a white crape dress which floated like a bright cloud round the lily white, lovely, ideal shaped, angelic creature.

The older lady came forward to meet us, while her dark blue eyes looked proudly and enquiringly on the unbidden guests. Madam H. stepped backwards and trod upon my toes. The Colonel whose noble bearing, and open and free manner made a pleasant impression on every one, soon brought an amiable smile to the lips of the beautiful lady of the wood, while he related to her in a manner as polite as it was comical, the cause or rather the causes of our unexpected visit, prayed her to excuse it, mentioned his name, (which seemed to make a peculiar impression on the fair unknown) and presented his wife and daughter. He forgot me; but I forgave him. Who speaks of the gravy to the meat? that follows of itself, like an appendix. The fair lady of the wood answered in broken Swedish, but with a voice, which was music itself. "You are very welcome, you shall have assistance to repair your carriage, and you must take some tea—such as I have. "My daughter, my Herminia," added she, while she stroked the locks of the Sylph from her forehead.

While Madam H. was advancing to the sofa, she stopped and bowed very politely to a gentleman, who had stood until then half hidden by the window blind, but who now stepped forward, took the hand of the amazed Madam H., shook and kissed it, while smiling, but not without embarrassment, he said "Dear mother;" it was—the Cornet!

Madam H. exclaimed, and seated herself in haste, and in great surprise upon the sofa, folded her hands and looked up at her son. The Colonel stretched open his eyes, made a highly comical grimace but said nothing—a somewhat perplexing restraint arose in the company—The Cornet who seemed to be standing on pins, soon went out to look after the carriage.

The fair lady of the wood also went out, and we remained alone with the Sylph,

whom the Colonel regarded with apparent delight. He, with Madam H. and Julia sought to make her talkative by questions and remarks upon different subjects, but it did not succeed. She said but little, and avoided answering their questions. Child-like innocence, inborn grace, and an almost divine repose appeared in her whole person and impressed every thing which she said. She spoke tolerably good Swedish, but with an accent the melody of which betrayed the Italian language. Julia was charmed, and was constantly whispering to me. "She is an angel, an angel, see her mouth—no—see her little hand—no—see her foot—her eyes—ah—brother Charles—now you are fixed—she is a veritable angel."

A harp and a lyre stood in the small, tastefully arranged chamber. To Julia's question to Herminia, whether she played one of those instruments, she answered by taking the harp and playing a Canzonetta of Azioli with such grace and sung the words with such feeling, and beauty, that the eyes of all present filled with tears.

She had hardly finished, when her mother entered; soon after came the Cornet and tea. The business to which this last gave place, made the pauses which occurred in the conversation less remarked.

I could not avoid noticing, (and this may be pardoned in a housewife) the meanness of the furniture of the tea table. The cups were of Rorstrand's* coarsest ware, (three were tinned) the sugar was ordinary, very dark brown; of bread or cake I saw not a trace.

I was afraid that our fair hostess remarked that I looked round a little, and that Madam H. did the same, and exchanged glances with me. For her face exhibited a painful confusion, and she stammered out something about the difficulty of getting wheat flour. With her usual kind forethought, Madam H. offered immediately to send her some of her treasures, but she received for answer a cold and decided "No," at which Madam H. was somewhat discouraged and troubled.

The Colonel was sipping with satisfaction his second cup of tea, when all at once a violent noise was heard, and some one hastily ascended the stairs. Our hostess grew first red, then pale, rose and made some steps toward the door, when that was hastily pushed open, and a man with a wild expression of restrained anger, a pale, powerful and decided countenance came violently in, proudly and carelessly saluted the company he found in the parlor, and seated himself by a window where he remained silent, often throwing wild, angry and penetrating glances toward our fair hostess,

* RORSTRAND, a great manufacturer of Porcelain in the neighborhood of Stockholm.

who visibly trembling, took her place again silently beside Madam H. Yet by degrees her manner became more quiet, and she twice answered the angry look which was thrown upon her, by a returning glance of pride and even scorn.

The Colonel who measured the new comer with searching looks, addressed him some question about the weather. At the sound of his voice, the unknown turned hastily round, looked sharp at the questioner, and while a pale red colored his sunken cheeks, answered, as it seemed, without knowing what he said "Yes, yes, it does not rain any longer—people can go their ways!"

He looked again out of the window and repeated, "it has entirely left off raining—there is no danger in going out now." The Colonel who seemed on that day to be possessed with the spirit of contradiction, said against all probability, for the sky was becoming still clearer every moment, "Oh—it is still dark, and it is beginning to rain worse than ever."

Madam H. now turned a somewhat beseeching look toward him, and at this silent prayer he rose, and saw at last that the rain had ceased, and that we might be on our way. With thanks and apologies we took leave of the lady and her daughter, who had great tears in her beautiful eyes, and silently bowed to Mr. Deerslayer, (as Julia named him) who shot at us with his eyes and appeared to wish us farther.

"Are you going with us Charles," said the Colonel to his son, or are you still seeking for the Linnæa bo—"

"I will run on before, and see whether the carriage is in order," cried the Cornet, and rushed off like a tornado.

When we were again seated in the carriage, the Cornet was stormed with questions. He declared he knew no more of the fair foreigners than we did, he had made their acquaintance during a wandering in their neighborhood—he knew that they were beautiful and amiable, that they lived apart from every body and appeared to be poor. More than this he did not know—nothing more. "Poor!" cried his mother, "and so dressed, with such laces."

The Cornet blushed and said, "They are always well dressed."

"But who in the world was that rude man?" asked Julia.

"The master of the house," answered the Cornet, "he seems to have an unhappy and irritable temper—I do not know any thing more of the family."

The Colonel looked sharply at his son who was visibly confused.

We were still in the carriage. Mad. H. shook her head as an accompaniment to her thoughts.

The Colonel suddenly broke the silence

by saying good humoredly, while he smiled, "I have still her Kling, Kling, in my ears."

"Kling, kling!" cried the Cornet, blushing. "Yes," answered the Colonel dryly, and silence again prevailed.

Julia, to be sure, had her heart and her eyes full of animated words about the two fair foreigners, but she did not well know on what footing her brother's acquaintance with them stood, and she seldom dared in presence of her father, to let her transports take air, for fear of his sarcastic expression of which she had an almost panic dread.

"It is remarkable," said the Colonel again, "that just in this forest region, west of Thorsborg, the singular Linnæa bo—"

"Do you not think father," interrupted the Cornet, hastily, "that I had better draw up the window, or perhaps father you had better not—speak much—the cold fog comes in?"

"Thank you for your caution, my son—there is no danger for me—I am more afraid for you—lest in your botanical excursions you should make yourself ill, that you should get cold—have chills—"

"Chills!" said the Cornet, laughing, but at the same time blushing, "one would expect to have a fever rather."

"I will be your doctor," said the Colonel, "and as I see very decided symptoms of illness, I order you—"

"Most humbly thank you, my dear father, but there is as yet no danger—that I assure you—I have however still much respect for the remedies!"

The Colonel was silent. Madame H. sighed—Julia winked mischievously at me. The carriage stopped. We had reached home. It was already very late in the evening.

During supper the Colonel said to his son, "now Charles, when were you so fortunate as to find your *Linnæa borealis*?"

The Cornet replied, with precipitation, "this very day father," at the same moment he drew from his pocket book a little plant, saying, "this little northern flower, which, except in Sweden and Norway, is only found in Switzerland and on a mountain in America, has a peculiar odor, particularly at night. This is beginning to dry, but it still smells good—smell of it Julia."

"My dear Charles," exclaimed Julia, "this smells exactly like wormwood—but now what am I talking about—it smells—"

"Wormwood," said the Cornet, surprised, and looking in confusion at his sprig of wormwood, "I am mistaken—I have lost—I had—"

The Colonel laughed sarcastically, "it must be confessed" said he, "that this *Linnæa borealis* is a very singular plant."

But the person who first succeeded in finding out more about the *Linnæa borealis*, was Madam H. Between the mother and son

there prevailed such extreme tenderness, that the questions of one always called out the confidence of the other, if it were not before given voluntarily. Above all her children Madam H. was attached to her eldest son, though she would never allow that she made any distinction between them. He was the one among them, most like herself, as well in person as the intrinsic goodness of his heart. Beside that, the very careful nursing which she had devoted to his extremely delicate and sickly childhood had cost her much of her own health and strength, and this had perhaps more than any thing else, chained the child to the heart of the mother, who had preserved him through so many sacrifices. What costs us much, becomes more valuable to us. She was now rewarded by the most affectionate love of her son.

If Madam H. did know a secret, it did not help the rest of us out of the dark. The Colonel did not seem to know any more than we did, for he often in a playful manner joked about botany and the *Linnaea borealis*, of which words the Cornet stood in most righteous fear, and the conversation on which he always endeavored to interrupt by bringing on the tapis some new subject, —the first was the best.

Meantime he continued his peregrinations undisturbed, undertook even a little pedestrian tour through the neighboring country, which lasted about a week, and for—but of this hereafter.

The Colonel said, in his usual quiet manner, "in fourteen days, the young gentleman goes to camp. The expedition will then keep him in Koslapæn all summer; his love for Botany and the *Linnaea borealis* will pass away in that time."

Meantime Julia for her part was in considerable trouble. Lieutenant Arwid, who in the country missed the subjects of conversation, to which a city life alone gave occasion, began in his tête a tête's with his bride, to have nothing farther to say than "My little Julia." After the lovers had sat near each other for some time in silent observation, Julia began to yawn. Then Arwid would say: "You are sleepy, 'little' Julia?" "Yes," she would reply; "and thanks to you for it," she thought.

"Lean on me my angel, and take a little nap," said, in a tender voice, her future earthly support, "lean on me and the sofa cushion, which I will fix; I will lean on the other cushion, and take a nap too, that will be divinely beautiful!" With a somewhat troubled look, Julia followed his advice, and soon morning and noon the lovers were seen together fast asleep. Julia said, sometimes, it was a sin and a shame, to sleep away one's life so, but her bridegroom was of opinion that it was the best way to enjoy one's self, and that whoever would make a

good wife, must while betrothed, follow the wishes of her lover; so he held Julia to her morning and afternoon naps. She was once heard to answer, half in joke and half vexation, to Lieutenant Arwid's prayer that she would consider him a cushion, "I assure you that I begin to think so in reality."

THE BLIND GIRL.

"I see only darkness."

Madame H., who had fully assured herself that the reason of my supposed melancholy was a tendency to consumption, ordered me a milk diet, and long walks in the open air, early in the morning.

Perhaps she did this, to keep me, without the appearance of restraint, as a companion for Elizabeth, for whom the physicians had prescribed the same diet. Be that as it may, four things were decided: I was melancholy—I was in a consumption—I must be cured—and I must go to walk.

I began also to drink milk, and went with Elizabeth during the early morning hours of spring, into the beautiful park, where the birds at this hour joined in a concert which was disturbed neither by the gentle steps of the two wanderers, nor by many words from their mouths.

Elizabeth's demeanor was at first cold and unfriendly. She was almost always silent, and the few words which she did utter, bore the impress of a weak and sensitive spirit. She often asked; "What o'clock is it?" And at my answer, there was always an impatient sigh; "No later?"

I was silent, because I—because I actually did not know what to say—because I feared I might trouble her anxious, sensitive, unhappy soul by an inconsiderate word. I saw that she was suffering—would most willingly have consoled her, but did not know what tone to assume to carry consolation to her heart. Besides, it seemed to me that human words could be no more fitted to alleviate her sorrow, than the mild, fresh, life-giving spring air, which surrounded us; than those melodious choruses which rose from the murmuring hedges; than those rich, lovely, fragrant odors which seemed to be the breath of young nature drawn into our inmost soul. Ah, what could I say which could be more penetrating, more full of love, more soothing than this beautiful and wonderful poetry of nature?

By degrees Elizabeth's demeanor became more mild. My quiet but unobtrusive attentions were no longer opposed in an unfriendly manner. She talked often, and more quietly.

One day she said to me; "You are calm and friendly, like nature; it does one good

to be with you." As I had never sought to penetrate into her inmost soul by a single question, she seemed to forget that she was surrounded by anything else than this nature, into whose bosom the most unhappy being is not afraid to pour out his sorrow, and which is often the best and the most consoling friend. She often expressed half-uttered sounds, which were now full of deep sorrow, now fearfully wild and murmuring; at times they were monotonous, but a sort of lullaby, as if she wished to calm the stormy feelings of her heart. This melancholy song often created in me that very illness which Madam H. wished to cure.

In her gestures, Elizabeth showed the same relaxation of feeling hitherto repressed. She often stretched out her arms, or made gestures with them, as if she was motioning away something frightful; at times she pressed her hands against her breast, or folded them over her bosom with an expression of indescribable suffering. Often her motions were so quick and wild, that she seemed nearly bursting out into madness. But as we finished our morning walk, and approached the house, she immediately resumed her cold, reserved and unnaturally stiff manner.

One morning when we were sitting upon a bank, she suddenly said to me; "We are sitting in the sun—are not we? I feel the warmth. Let us go into the shade. I do not love the sun, it has no sympathy with me."

I led her to a bank, where a luxuriant hedge of elder kept off the rays of the sun.

"It must be very pleasant to-day," said Elizabeth, "It seems to me I have never felt such a delightful breeze." And now she began to ask me questions about the color of flowers, about trees and birds, about everything around us which was beautiful, but invisible to her, and in a tone so gently mournful, that my heart was overpowered with deep inward emotion; a few tears which I could not restrain fell from my eyes upon her hand that was resting upon mine. She drew her hand quickly away, while she said; "Are you weeping for me? Do you feel compassion for me! No one shall do that—no one shall pity me, no one shall commiserate me;—I do not deserve it! You must no longer be deceived in me, learn to know me—learn to despise me! this heart has planned crime, this hand has committed murder! I am going now, I know it, I feel it, to meet death,—but a silent death, almost without suffering,—and I have deserved to end my days upon the scaffold, under the executioner's hand.

At these words I felt as if day had grown dark around me. I was silent with horror. Elizabeth also was silent, but with an ex-

pression of wild despair, and with a smile of scorn upon her pale lips. At length this changed to an expression of dark dejection, while she softly and slowly said; "Is any one near me?" "I am here," I answered as quietly and mildly as possible, for I felt how much more the unhappy guilty woman needed the kindness of her fellow-creatures, than the innocent sufferer.

"Soon," said Elizabeth, with her hands upon her breast, "soon will the flames of hell which are raging here, be let loose! Silent death! I feel your friendly approach. This tormented head will soon rest benumbed in the cold earth—mother earth! you will press to your bosom the tired child, who through all the long, long days of life has learned to know and to bless no mother's heart, no father's breast, no friend's supporting arm! But why do I complain? For the sake of receiving as charity, mere contemptible compassion? And I do not even deserve that! I am a wretched creature!" She was silent, but began again, after a short pause; "It is strange—to-day—to-day—after so many hundred days of misery borne in silence, my heart will speak out,—will like an enchained prisoner, breathe a freer air, will go forth into daylight, indifferent to the feelings of disgust and horror which the sight of a wretched criminal excites in others. The flame will once more blaze up, and spread around itself a horrible brightness before it is extinguished forever."

"Turn your face away from me, Beata! Follow the example of the sun,—it is no matter—or rather it is better so—I have still something to lose—your compassion. Well I deserve this punishment."

She was again silent,—sorrowful feelings seemed to shake her very soul, and an indescribable expression of enthusiasm and melancholy was painted on her beautiful countenance, while she stretched out her arms with longing, and called out;

"Fatherland, Freedom, Honor!—could I have tried, struggled, and died for you, I should not have been the wretched, degraded being I now am. Had I been a man, my heart would not in vain have beat for you, for you, the worthy goal for the soul's eagle flight. This flame, which now consumes my wicked breast, would then have been kindled upon your altars, would have blazed up on high, a clear and holy sacrificial flame. But now—O how unhappy is the woman, to whom nature has given a soul full of fire, strength of feeling, and enthusiasm. Unhappy the woman who sees in the narrow circle in which she is called upon to live and to work quietly, and monotonously, only a joyless station, a prison, a grave of life!"

"I was this unhappy one. O how I suffered in the struggle with destiny! This

was the dragon against which I strove,—which I thought I was chosen to conquer—and he has thrown me down to the dust, has dashed me in pieces, has trampled me like a worm.”

“In the overflow of youthful feeling, I was proud of the fire, the depth, the strength of my perceptions, and disdained to walk circumspectly—to recognise as law any other power than my own will. I felt that I had wings,—I wished to fly, to rise over everything, I—am fallen!

“O that my dying voice might be heard by every woman, who, ardent and full of passion, believes that she was created to become something great, splendid, and wonderful, who believes that the breadth and strength of feeling with which she is endowed, justify her in despising the quiet world in which her lot is cast, with the rest of the human race; in despising the modest holy reserve of feeling, which divine as well as human laws command;—and could she see me, how I have fallen by trampling upon these laws, and hear my warning voice say: Bewildered, pitiable creature, struggle against yourself! Your passionate soul . . . is the dragon against which you must strive;—whose fire will consume you, and become the destruction of others if it is not suppressed. Yield to destiny and human laws—struggle against yourself, or you will suffer as I have suffered, and be dashed to pieces!

“It is too late for me to struggle—the power has gone—the will has gone! The fire has gained the victory—the temple burns, burns, burns—and will burn—until the wind finds nothing else but ashes. I have myself lighted my funeral pile—I shall be consumed and I suffer!

“Thou world full of harmony, beauty and song, now surrounding me with caressing arms like a waking, smiling child—in vain thou smilest, in vain thou flatterest—I understand thee not, I suffer!

“When I was young—that was a hundred years ago—heaven and hell ruled alternately in my breast; still I was somewhat nearer the first, now I no longer see heaven. When I was young, still very young, I loved with the whole strength of passion. My first love was my father-land. You smile perhaps, you think this feeling laughable in a girl—others have done so—and yet—my father-land! Noble beloved soil of Sweden! Had all thy sons possessed my heart, the heart of a tender maiden, thou would’st have still been what thou once wast, the home of heroes, the lion of Europe.

“You have read and heard of martyrs, of the frightful sufferings, the almost incredible horrors, which the friends of freedom and of country have suffered at all times, and you turn away your eyes and

thoughts with horror. I also, read them, and I also heard the fate of each; but I thirsted to share it,—I pondered over all their sufferings and hellish torments; they seemed to me heavenly blessings if suffered for thee my father-land! Blessed of heaven the glory, the pleasure of the same sufferings. While the blossoms of my youth were unfolding, and my feelings were swelling like the spring flood, the murderous chariot of war thundered through Europe—only an echo of the sound of weapons which flashed forth from contending masses reached our peaceful land. But this reached my heart and awakened the wildest, most overpowering feelings. Ah! I was only a woman! they laughed at, and mocked my enthusiasm. I wept tears of the bitterest indignation, and concealed my fire in my breast.

“Peace was declared, and the words *father-land, freedom*, which had shone so brilliantly in the brightness of the flames of war, lost many of their dazzling beams under the shadow of the olive branch. Their beautiful names also lost their magic power in my breast, when thoughts of danger, strife, and honorable death were no longer bound up with them. Peace was declared, the hearts of all were relieved. The world around me became still more common-place and monotonous than before. But my heart remained the same; it wished to live and to act. I was even more desirous than before to seize upon the glittering heights of life, and was pushed back to my *non-existence* by men, by arrangements of society, common-place customs and forms. No galley slave was ever so unhappy as I was. My soul was agitated, as restlessly as the spirit of the tempest; it grasped at the world; it wished to rise to the stars; penetrate the veil of all feeling, raise the curtain of all knowledge,—and my body and my attention were enchaind by the smallest and the most trivial things of life. I lived two existences in one,—and one was the torment of the other.

“The world allows to woman one only passion—its unfolding is generally promoted by the reading of romances, sentimental poetry, and the like. It is love. I learned to know it. It is said to ennoble woman, to create her happiness; it has brought me to crime, it brings me now to the grave.

“My father died. He never understood me, never loved me, never made me happy! Why did he give me life? Had my mother lived, oh she would have understood me, and would have loved me! I have heard much of her: she suffered much—struggled much. I was the offspring of her last sigh, which I drew in with my first breath;

in the first and last mother's kiss. For this reason, perhaps, has my whole life been like a death struggle, a combat, an eternal conflict. It is nearly over.

"My uncle, from whom I had until now been separated, took me home. You know him—but no! you do not know him! You take him for a God upon earth, and he is a severe, inflexible man; an implacable, harsh judge. Oh, how severe has he been to me. How I loved him! I had no one, and nothing upon the earth. He was my all. I saw no one and nothing but him. I told him this; oh, if he had only had some kindness, some mercy for me. But he was too severe. His look was cold, his word a punishment. I despaired, but adored him.

"I was beautiful, intellectual, full of youth, and life, and feeling. As the waves beat in vain against the rock, which opposes them, and throws them back, so in vain all my feelings; all my natural gifts were sacrificed upon his altar. Ah! the waves are permitted to moisten with tears the hard breast which breaks them and pushes them back. I dare not wet with my tears the hand which repulsed me—which extended to me the cup of death. He whom I honored and loved above all things—he called my passion for him a crime. I do not know whether it was so then. Perhaps it was not fit for earth. Formerly, I should not have feared to have angels look into my heart; they would have understood me. The angels in heaven love indeed, and must love in a higher degree than the children of the earth, for they love the highest good—they love God! Ah! he was a God to me! Why was he only an angry, severe avenger? His condemnation made me despise myself,—and adore him still more.

"Worldly pride arose for a moment in my heart. I wished to conquer my passion, and to punish the inflexible harshness of the object itself.

"I was betrothed to a young man—good and amiable, I believe, who loved me. I remember but little about it. I wished to punish, and believed I could do so by this means, for I entertained for a time the belief I was beloved by him, who was everything to me. Was love the only flame that did not possess the power to warm the object upon which its burning rays were collected? And besides I was so beautiful—and he was, I knew, I saw, weak in his admiration of female beauty. What do I say? When was he ever weak? When did I ever see him waver?—him, the proud, noble, strong one? O, I—I was the weak—the erring, the foolish, the wretched one!"

"Preparations were made for my wedding. The wedding clothes were ready;

I was surrounded with presents, caresses, and flatteries. I looked at him whom I loved; he was very pale.

"The wedding day came, the hour for the ceremony arrived. I looked at him—he was pale, a dim flame burned in his eyes, but he said nothing. At the last important moment, I looked at him. He turned his face away from me; he turned from me his beautiful, noble, beloved face—with a look—O, memory! I said "yes!" Hell was in my heart.

"The same evening I went out, and hid myself from every one. There were strange sensations in my head and breast. They sought for me. Ha! ha! ha! then everything was in confusion.

"I had some money with me, and I succeeded, under a feigned name, in reaching one of the sea-ports of Sweden.

"I saw the sea! It was raging in a storm. The east was covered with red flames. I remember it now. Ah! it was beautiful. I sat upon a rock, and looked out upon the sea. The immeasurable sea opened wide its arms; wave rolled upon wave, roaring, foaming, away, away, to the infinite distance, where sea and heaven embraced each other. It roared and foamed; ha! it was fearful and magnificent. How the fresh breeze cooled my troubled breast. I felt myself refreshed, strengthened. The language of the waves did me good. They beckoned, they whispered, "hither! hither!" For half a day I sat upon a cliff, and looked down into the sea, and listened. I saw the sun rise out of the waves; I saw the sails with white wings gliding away upon the blue sea, under the blue sky, to a distant coast of peace; I heard the warning voices of the ocean, and resolved to obey their call.

"I wished to go to America. I wished to go far, far away from the ground which he trod upon, from the air which he breathed, from the language and manners which were his.

"The day, the hour of my departure had come. I was about to enter the ship of my salvation, the streamers were gaily fluttering in a favorable wind, soon I should be tossing upon the cool waters, which sung so melodiously; in the midst of their song suddenly I heard the sound of a voice, I felt myself seized by an arm, and dragged away by force. Frightful words were spoken to me by a beloved voice; I hardly understood them; all appeared strange, incomprehensible. I was carried back, like a prisoner, to my husband. Then I felt again strange sensations in my head and breast; a dance, a whirl, and also a gnawing sorrow. This increased more and more. I became, as they call it, mad.

"The same hand which led me away by

force from the shore of salvation, chained now my hands. *He*, whom I loved so infinitely—for whom I would have given up my life a thousand times, *he*—placed me in chains, and carried me to a—madhouse.

"Time rolled on without a sign. Day, night, morning, evening were alike; all was a blank. From this time I remember nothing, but that once I heard a well-known voice call my name, and once some one near me said, 'If she would only weep!' I thought much of this, wondered what it could mean, and repeated often with a kind of confused disquiet, 'Weep!'"

"One day—I do not know whither I had been, nor with whom I was. Everything hovered, in confused wild masses, before my eyes. Then I perceived a roaring as of the sea in a storm; but this roaring kept up a melody, a tone; it swelled in wonderful, powerful harmony, then sunk to a lovely and serious melody.

"With this a voice united, which sang clearly and gently,

"O, Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,"

"As a cloud full of heavenly moisture sinks down upon the hard, harsh earth, so did this holy harmony sink into my hardened soul, and free the burnt lava.

"Urged by a miraculous power, I began to sing loud and courageously; and I sang with a full recollection of the words and the music. It was the same which I had heard the first time I partook of the Lord's Supper, when I kneeled with holy feelings, and saw heaven open before me. At the words;

'Give us thy peace!'

my tears began to flow, and from this moment I regained my consciousness. Yes, I regained this; but peace—Ah! that I did not gain; and always, and perhaps for ever, the dove of heaven tarries far from me.

"Ah, I did not deserve that it should enter into my breast! There was no resignation, no sanctification, no desire for it there.

"My husband was dead. I was glad of it. I returned to my uncle's house; I wished to; my heart was changed, and I thought that I hated him as much as I had formerly loved him. I wished to see again the man for whom I had suffered so much—to see him, to defy him; to see him, and to make him feel as much as possible, that I, too, could be proud, cold, and contemptuous; I wished to humble him. I saw him living happily in the bosom of his family, adored by his wife and children, whom he loved with the same tenderness. To every one, to the humblest he was kind; to me he had but one expression, prouder, colder, harsher than before.

I felt all the chords of my soul tremble.

A frightful feeling took possession of my breast. His zeal increased my assumed coldness; his strength increased my weakness; his quiet my eternal disquiet. He had acted harshly with me. It seemed to me that, in his happy pride, he trampled me under foot like a worm. His image followed me—sleeping or waking, I saw only this before me. It stood before me like a giant. It smothered me, it deprived me of air. If *he* were not—I might breathe. If *he* were not—I might live. If *he* no longer existed, the torment of my life would cease also. Were *he* blotted out from the list of living beings, he would soon cease to exist in the memory of the living. I should then be relieved—should revenge myself—punish him. To-day, to-day his quiet look defies me—to-morrow!

"Crime is like a word—created by thoughts, it springs forth, and often appears harmless; but its consequences stretch through eternity.

"One evening, I mingled arsenic with a glass of almond-milk which my uncle was to drink.

"I kept some in reserve for myself; for I thought that I might possibly feel remorse.

"Did you ever feel remorse?"

I had not spirit to answer.

Elizabeth continued; "After I had committed this frightful deed, I went up to my room. I felt quiet and cold—my body was cold as marble—my heart appeared so—its beatings were benumbed. I was standing before the fire, to warm my icy hands, when I perceived a great commotion and excitement in the house.

"Anguish seized upon me. I went down and saw my victim reclining, pale as death, almost without sensation, upon the sofa, surrounded by his wife and children, who were sunk in the depths of despair.

"When I entered, my uncle gave me a look, which I shall never forget! Then a burning spirit of hell took hold of me, and grasped my heart with sharp bloody talons.

"Loudly I confessed my crime—called for the curses of those whom I had rendered unhappy. I crouched upon the ground, and bowed my forehead to the dust. No one raised against me an accusing voice; but no hand lifted me up. I dragged myself to the feet of him whom I had murdered. I wished to kiss them; but another foot pushed me back. It was the foot of his wife. I kissed it, and happily lost my consciousness.

"I remained a long time, in entire confusion of mind. When I regained my senses, I saw my uncle standing by my bedside—heard him announce his recovery, and grant me pardon.

"So deeply had I sunk, that I would

rather have heard his curses. It seemed to me that it would have made my unworthiness less deep, and he would have been less noble.

"The wildest storm of passion raged in my heart. I cursed the light: and the light took away its beams from my unworthy eyes, and eternal night shut in my body as well as my soul.

"The storms of nature are short, and are followed by quiet, clear days. In the breasts of men, the tornado of passion rages long, and pauses but for a few moments. Such momentary rest I knew, but it was the rest of night—the stunning of life—numbness—the lullaby of darkness. It left off, to rise again anew, consuming, burning fire, which ever-flowing tears could not extinguish. I felt an endlessly pressing, burning desire for reconciliation.

"O death of the cross—torments, endless sufferings—to suffer you, and be reconciled through you—that—that would have been a joy! But blind, a mummy among living creatures, a criminal, a cipher, in power a non-entity, I stood there, contemptible—despised—O misery, misery!

"To punish myself at least, I resolved to live—to live, an object of scorn to those whom I loved and honored—to repulse every compassionate hand—and to torment myself as much as should be in my power.

"I left once more the family, whose happiness I had nearly destroyed, and dragged on, for some years, a wretched existence. I came back, when death had laid his hand upon my breast. My uncle wished it. He would rule over my being till its last breath. I have no more power over it. It is a decree of fate. I have no more power—it is all gone—gone."

She was silent. I spoke gently, some quieting and admonishing words. I spoke of patience, of resignation—I spoke of prayer.

"Prayer," began Elizabeth, with a bitter smile; "listen, Beata, I have prayed through years,—day and night, every hour, every moment. I have continued kneeling, until the cold has turned my limbs to ice, and prayed: 'O Father, take this cup from me!' As a stone which has been thrown up, and falls down and wounds the breast of the sufferer, prayer has been to me. I shall never more pray."

"O pray, pray!" said I, weeping, "only pray with a pure heart. God is merciful—grants strength to the pure will."

"God?" said Elizabeth, with a hollow voice; "O world, which I can no longer see—sun, which no longer lights my eyes, you speak of a God! Heart, eternal unrest! in thy beatings sounds his name—sounds an avenging conscience! Thou announcest an avenger! Fire of love!—"

thou life of my life! in thy flames I see thine eternal source. But thou bright angel, *Faith*—who should point out to me a God, I do not know thee. I early plunged into the abyss of despair. I deny nothing, but I believe nothing. I see only darkness!"

"And the brightness of the Redeemer? and the beaming glory of the crucified one? and Jesus?" I asked with astonishment and horror.

Elizabeth was silent a moment, with an expression of utter melancholy; then she said:

"I read over a vision, or a dream, and often the ghostly forms of it rose in my mind, filling me with horror:

"* At midnight the gates of a church sprung open, shaken by invisible hands. A multitude of dismal shades crowded around the altar, and only their breasts heaved and panted violently. The children rested still in their graves.

"Then there descended from the high places upon the altar a radiant form, noble and lofty, which bore the impress of an imperishable sorrow. The dead cried out; 'O Christ is there no God?' He answered, 'there is no God.' All the shades began to tremble violently, and Christ continued; 'I have penetrated the clouds, I have risen above the sun—and there is no God there. I have descended to the uttermost bounds of creation, I have looked into the abyss, and have called out, 'Father where art thou?' But I heard only the rain which was falling drop by drop into the abyss; and the eternal tempest which is guided by no order, alone answered me. Then I raised my eyes to the vault of heaven, and found there nothing but dark, empty, infinite space. Eternity rested upon Chaos, and was gnawing it and consuming itself. Renew your bitter, and heart-rending complaints, and vanish; for all is over.' The disconsolate shades disappeared. The church was soon empty, but at once—O horrible sight! the dead children, who were now awakened from the church-yard, hastened forward, prostrated themselves before the majestic form, and cried out; 'Jesus have we no father?' And he answered, with a flood of tears; 'we are all orphans.' You and I, we have no—"

Here the poor blind creature stopped, as if sick with horror, and delirious fancies. She was silent a moment, folded her hands, and stretched out her arms slowly, while she raised a wild, penetrating cry, full of the deepest despair.

At this moment, hasty steps approached us, and the Colonel stood suddenly before us, and fastened an anxious, inquiring look upon me. Elizabeth, who knew his step,

* See Jean Paul's Dream.

let her hands fall tremblingly, but soon raised them to him, with a heart-rending expression; "Be merciful, be kind to me! I am so unhappy! If I become mad again, do not carry me to the mad-house. Soon all will be over with me. Let loving hands close my eyes!"

Compassion and deep sorrow were visible upon the Colonel's face. He gazed long at Elizabeth, seated himself near her, placed his arm round her, and laid her head upon his breast.

It was the first time I had ever seen him so tender towards her. Her tears trickled slowly over her pale cheeks. She was beautiful, but it was the beauty of a fallen angel, whose expression of despair and deep shame showed that she felt herself unworthy of the mercy which was extended to her.

I now saw Madame H. approaching in the distance. When she saw Elizabeth in the Colonel's arms, she paused a moment, but soon came up to us, although some astonishment was pictured on her face. The Colonel remained quiet. Elizabeth did not seem to know what was going on. As the lady came up, the glances of husband and wife met, and were melted in a clear and friendly glance. Moved by a common emotion they extended to each other their hands.

Madam H. caressed Elizabeth, and spoke lovingly to her; she answered with sobs. After a moment the Colonel arose, gave one arm to Elizabeth, the other to his wife, and gently, and with tender care, led them to the house.

I remained in the park. In the midst of anxious and troubled feelings I looked up to the mild blue sky, with inward longing that this clearness would beam upon my soul.

During my wanderings in a quiet lot, in which I myself have been spared the shocks which befall so many of the pilgrims of life, and have borne in a peaceful breast, a living faith, a holy hope; the sufferings and the despair of my fellow creatures, have been the only clouds which at times, have dashed my fair sun, the joy of my life; which have made me look up to heaven with a sorrowful "wherefore?"

But the answer was not long wanting, when it was called for by the simple voice of prayer. Gentle airs breathed through my excited soul, and whispered;

"The clouds disappear, the sun remains. Crime, sorrow and the errors of men cannot darken the goodness of the Creator. We see but a small part. Men die — are changed, God is unchangeable."

It is in vain for us to despair, to murmur, to disquiet ourselves. Every labyrinth of life has its outlet. When we think the darkness is deepest around us, we are per-

haps nearest to the light. After the midnight hour has struck, the morning hour strikes next, — and were it the death signal, which announces the hour of deliverance, what more consoling thing can we say to ourselves, if our path of life is dark and narrow, than; "A door will be opened, and we shall go out — into light." Does it appear to us ever so narrow, ever so confined, — we know, "A door will be opened for us!" Now then — let us wait, let us hope!

Elizabeth's frame of mind became from this day still more restless. She had sometimes attacks of actual insanity, and it was necessary to redouble the care and watchfulness over her.

Her sufferings and her troubled life often spread a gloom over the whole family. It appeared to be especially prejudicial to the health and spirits of the Colonel.

Not to weary the attention of my readers by dwelling too long upon such a sombre picture, I will lead them to another. It is a clear calm picture; in it is united the youth of the earth and of the human heart. We call it,

SPRING AND LOVE.

"And I too was born in Arcadia."

INNOCENT joys, innocent sorrows, ye friends of my youthful days, ye angels who amid smiles and tears opened to me the gates of life, I call on you to-day! And ye too, thoughts, pure as the blue of heaven, warm as the rays of a May sun; hopes, fresh as the breath of the spring morning, I call upon you, come, oh come to animate anew my weary spirit!

I will sing of spring and love, youth and joy, lovely and fresh memories. Ye, nightingales of the hedges of youth, raise your voices, I will set your melodies to music and be again kindled by your song.

On the twenty-second of May, the spring sun rose clear, and rested with its golden rays on the eyelids of Cornet Charles. The stars of the order of the Sword shone in numbers before his dreaming eyes. He anxiously tried to see more clearly, he endeavored to open his eyes, he awoke and saw the stars vanishing away before the glorious beams of the day, on whose prisms of light, millions of atoms were dancing.

A quarter of an hour after, he was seen, with a gun on his shoulders, striding along across the neighboring field. It was a spring morning, so beautifully described by Boltinger: *

"Creation lies in sweet repose,
The hills and vales, how fair;
The Lark pours out her cheerful notes,
The flowers perfume the air.

* Boltinger, one of the young Swedish poets who is much admired, particularly for his lyric poems.

The brook flows softly through the vale,
While on the lake's pure tide
The stately swans, among the reeds,
In silent pleasure glide.

The eagle boldly takes his flight
To greet the glorious sun;
The bee, within the red rose cup,
Her work has just begun.

The butterfly has gained her wings,
While the meek turtle dove
Sits on the bough beside her mate,
To hear his tale of love.

A youth, of hope and courage full,
Forth to the green wood hies;
The joy of spring is in his heart,
While love beams from his eyes.

* * * * *

In this youth we now see Cornet Charles, who, in the fullness of amiable and fresh feeling which is only bestowed on the morning hours of life and of nature, looked round, sometimes up to the clear blue sky, sometimes down to the grass, sparkling in the diamonds of morning dew, sometimes into the distance where light rose-colored clouds pursued each other.

A lovely balmy odor, born on the wings of sporting zephyrs

So far had I written under the influence of the growing warmth of my feelings, when I suddenly perceived such a powerful odor of essence of rose that my heart was quite affected, and at the same time, I heard a great humming and buzzing. I raised my pen which seemed, at this moment, as if possessed, from the paper, and looked about me. What a sight! the room was full of little sparkling cherubs, garlands of roses in their hands, garlands of roses on their heads, and with their ever trembling wings making the most remarkable humming. The longer I looked at these wonderful beings; the more dazzling appeared to me the colors in their eyes, on their cheeks and their wings. And as I turned my eyes from them to other objects, behold, my ink was white; my paper black, my yellow walls were green, I myself (in my looking glass), rose color. No wonder, therefore, that the odor of roses mounted to my head.

Now I knew the little rogues again; I had seen them before, and who has not seen them? Who does not know them? It is they who play tricks with young girls of seventeen, and turn their heads a little. It is they who bewilder the eyes of young men, and make them read in the tablets of their future life, *pleasure and usefulness*, instead of *usefulness and pleasure*. It is they who are to bear the blame when people take so much trouble for nothing, run after a Jack o' lantern, and another time, do not see clear enough to raise their hands and to seize the happiness which is passing close to them. It is they who go about like April days deceiving every body, and playing their fool's tricks with all the

world. It is owing to them that P. marries, B. remains unmarried, and that thus both do wrong. It is their fault that A. says yes, and B. says no, and that both make mistakes in what they say. It is they who pass even into the counting room of Banker Reckonwell, confuse his head and make him write seven instead of two. It is they, finally, who buzz and hum and chirp so unmercifully about the poet, and often cause him to bring out every thing but healthful reason, make him paint reality in false coloring and mislead himself and others. Charming phantasmagoria of the imagination, ye little rose-colored rogues, who does not know you? But who, having once had experience of your tricks and deceits, will not fly from you, will not drive you off? They especially who are placed on the ground floor of every day life, living and weaving, and who would throw their shuttle carefully and methodically into their simple web, must, no less than others, be on their guard that the rosy vapors do not cloud their brain, nor bewilder their thoughts. I saw my danger; what a hazardous course my pen was beginning to take. I laid it by, stood up, drank two glasses of cold water, opened the window, breathed the April air, still chilled with snow, looked up to the clear heavens, and then down into the yard, where they were beating clothes.

I then turned my attention to three cats who were very decently sitting at a dormer window, opposite me, looking about them with philosophical glances and slight motions of the head; in a word, I suffered my eyes to rest on the every day world, that I might release it from the world of fancy, which, on the wings of my youthful memories, rose up and spread itself out around me. One of the little pretty rogues had whispered in my ear; "One may allow a little untruth if it only gives a fine effect;" and if I had not betimes looked about me, the reader might perhaps have seen a "Spring and Lové," such as there never was, except in Arcadia.

As I turned back again from the window, the air in the room was fresh and pure. The little, rose-colored deceivers had vanished, and I saw every object again in true and natural colors.

A picture of real life should be like a clear brook, which, in its course, gives back every object mirrored in its waters, in purity and truth; through whose crystal stream we can see the bottom and all that rests upon it. All that can be granted to the painter or the author in the representations of his fancies is, that he may play the part of the sun's rays, which, without changing the individuality of an object, gives to all its coloring a more brilliant glow, makes the points of light sparkle like diamonds, and with its clear brilliancy enlightens the sandy bottom of the brook itself.

In this view, I will now, quietly and

discreetly, play the part of sunbeams, at my fancy, and pour out their light over a true representation of Spring and Love. But sun-light, like every thing else, may tire if it continues too long (for example, see Egypt); on that account, I will, during our wanderings through the Elysium of youth, only looking out now and then to enlighten those spots, where, I imagine, my reader would most like to pause, or where I feel myself a desire to sit down, to warm and rest myself. Let us now step out of the shade into

The First Sunbeam.

It is shining through the dark pine wood, and gives us a view of an open space. In the back ground, we see the little grey house which served to form the scene in a preceding chapter. Further back, are the green banks, which are washed by the clear waters of a stream. The granite rocks, among which it takes its source, rise in irregular forms, and stand, like sentinels, about the heavenly blue palace of the water nymph. Young birches bend over them with their green tufts of leaves, and move their pliant branches in the western breezes which sport about them. All is fall of life and pleasure, in a word, full of SPRING.

On the border of the lake, in the green birchen grove, we perceive a young man and a young lady, sitting near each other on the flower-bedecked grass. They look happy; they appear to enjoy nature, themselves, every thing. He is relating something to her. His eyes sparkle, sometimes they are raised to heaven, sometimes they look out with a proud expression of blessed consciousness, as if they would read her soul. He strikes his breast, he stretches out his arms, as if he would embrace the whole world. He speaks with the warmth of a deep and entire conviction, and trust, therefore, certainly convince her. She listens kindly to his words, they seem to please her; she smiles, sometimes through her tears, sometimes with an expression of surprise and wonder. She folds or raises her hands with lively joy, and appears to be still more convinced.—Convinced of what? Of the love of the young man?

"The shot has failed!
But soon it may be Love."

No, convinced that Gustavus Vasa is the greatest king, Gustavus Adolphus the Second the greatest knight who ever lived, that Charles the Twelfth was a far greater hero than Napoleon, and that the Swedish nation is the first and most excellent of all the nations on the face of earth.

Perhaps some one of my fair readers, who has a particularly good memory, or an uncommon skill in guessing, may have seized upon the rocket-like idea, "that we

have here Cornet Charles, and his *Linnæa borealis*, or the fair Herminia. And so it was.

"But how did they become acquainted?" asks some one, perhaps.

I answer, open the Old Testament, at the twenty-fourth book of Genesis, at the introduction of the servant of Abraham to Rebecca. The modifications brought about by the difference of customs and forms of speech in ancient and modern times, between a rural scene in Mesopotamia, in the time of the Patriarchs, and one in Sweden in the nineteenth century, are not so important as to induce me to give a new picture of a scene, which would only give occasion to repeat Solomon's trite, but true proverb,

"There is nothing new under the sun;"

and would excite in me, particularly, the unpleasant feeling, of giving a feeble copy of a beautiful original; short and good. Here, too, was a weary wanderer, a fountain, a young maiden, who came to draw water, and gave the traveller drink. The latter had, to be sure, no camels, but he had a tender, grateful, universal love, and, moreover, a Christian, susceptible heart. And this beautiful pliability and noble strength induced him to follow the maiden to her home, and to carry her pitcher of water.

Having now taken a sip of light, (I will not call it a whetting of the appetite, for fear of offending the temperance societies,) from the first Sunbeam, we will now proceed to

Sunbeam Second,

which gives a view of the family in the wood, and an insight into the heart of Cornet Charles.

If Herminia might, with propriety, be compared to Rebecca, the Baron K., her step-father, had not the least likeness to the hospitable Bethuel. He received the young wanderer in an exceedingly cold and unfriendly, almost repulsive manner. His wife, who has been before mentioned, as the fair lady of the wood, was not much more accessible. She seemed to feel fear and vexation at being discovered in her retreat. But fear could not long remain of such a young man as Cornet Charles, nor was it possible to maintain long toward him a cold and unfriendly demeanor. His frankness, his amiable and fresh cheerfulness, the kindness which was expressed in all his bearing, his simplicity, united to a noble grace of manner, inherited from his father, his careless, free, gentle expression, which always shone quietly and lightly for others; made him generally acceptable, even to persons of different temperament, character, and disposition. One felt irre-

sistably attracted to bestow confidence upon him; and the wish arose to live in his presence, as we love to live in the open air, because we feel that we breathe more freely, and imagine ourselves happier and better; for as we—yet where is the use of making a memorandum of what every body knows by heart?

Cornet Charles was desirous to interest the Baroness K. and her husband in his favor, and he succeeded so far in his wishes, as to obtain from them permission to revisit them again, if (and this was made an express condition,) he would promise them never to discover to any one, not even to his family, his acquaintance with them, and their place of abode.

This the Cornet promised, because—because he felt an incomprehensible pleasure in returning thither.

A few days were sufficient to show him the peculiar and unfortunate relations which prevailed in this family, but it was longer before he understood the causes of them. Baron K. was a Swede, his wife and step-daughter were Italians; they had come to Sweden with him, about two months before the time when the Cornet made their acquaintance. Their dress was rich, and highly elegant; their manners, their conversation, their education, their accomplishments, made it evident that they belonged to the highest and most refined society, and yet they lived in destitution of many of the necessaries of life; N. B., such as the pampered children of the world consider necessaries. Except in one room, where was collected everything brilliant which had been saved, perhaps, from a shipwrecked fortune, everything in the house bore the marks of actual poverty. The daily food of which the fair Italians partook was no better than that used by every peasant family in Sweden. The Cornet, however, maintained stoutly, that there was no better eating than herrings and potatoes.

Between Baron K. and his wife there was almost always stormy weather. Sometimes the most violent love seemed to prevail, sometimes marked hatred, which, with the Baroness assumed an expression of proud scorn, and an angry air. Scenes often occurred between the unhappy pair, in which they exchanged mutual reproaches and complaints, and these would arise from the most unimportant trifles. A rage almost without bounds, on his side, and on hers, exclamations of despair and tears, generally put an end to these conflicts. The character of the Countess seemed to be noble at the foundation; but she was, at the same time, inflexible, proud, and extremely passionate. Her husband, both weak and despotic, had also a passionate and savage temper. Only the momentary

breaks of a kind of penitent repose, which he sometimes exhibited, could lead one to suppose, that he possessed anything belonging to a more noble nature; anything that deserved to be loved.

Patient, kind, and gentle, like a suffering angel, Herminia stood by them, and the snow white wings of her innocence spread themselves out, as if to reconcile the contending parties in these conflicts of passion.

She possessed what we call a beautiful spirit, but this was not, like her outward figure, naturally hers. She was formed by early suffering, by early experience of domestic cares and burdens, and more especially by an early developed religious sentiment, which enabled her to endure with patience, to resign with a smile. She offered her sorrows to heaven; and, full of love, labored unweariedly upon earth. To lighten the troubles of her mother, and to provide her with more conveniences, she put her own hand to the rudest household labors, which all devolved upon a single housemaid. It was touching to see this beautiful, delicate, ideal being, working like a slave, and bearing burdens under which she sunk to the ground; that is, she would have sunk, if Cornet Charles had not received her burden, and borne it on his own shoulders. From the time of his coming, everything was changed for Herminia. As Jacob served for the fair Rachel, so Cornet Charles served Baron K., that he might lighten Herminia's labors. He hunted and fished, to furnish treasures for the kitchen, and was only with difficulty restrained from making himself the cook, when he saw how Herminia was compelled to burn her fair face and her pretty hands, at the kitchen hearth. Any other kind of assistance he dared not offer, to these proud and haughty people, in their poverty.

Herminia had served her mother like a slave, but without being rewarded with the tenderness which she so well deserved. The Baroness K. seemed accustomed to receive sacrifices without returning any thanks for them, much less did she appear to wish to offer any service in return.

She bore hardly the inconveniences of the humble station, and the poverty in which she found herself placed. She desired that Herminia, as well as herself, should be always richly and tastefully dressed, and this wish was made practicable by a very splendid wardrobe, which they had brought with them from Italy. She seemed to seek, in these relics of departed pomp and grandeur, some consolation for her present fate; or, perhaps, she believed that this fate could not be real, but only a momentary enchantment, which would be broken at some future time, when the wand of a fairy would change the little grey house into a palace; and she there-

fore held herself ready, in a costume suited to her rank and dignity, to receive compliments and congratulations.

By her stepfather, Herminia was treated at once with indifference and harshness, and it was perfectly plain that what he did for her he did not by his own will, but the will of God.

From the moment the Cornet entered the house, he gained a power there which daily increased, and he used this power to make Herminia's life more happy.

Baron K. was generally absent during the day, and did not return until evening. Sometimes he remained away for two or three days at a time. During these absences, the Cornet was able to procure for Herminia more freedom than she had ever before known, and which she now enjoyed with childish delight. He persuaded her mother (who had a taste for the beauties of nature) to take long walks in the wild but romantic neighborhood of their dwelling. Botany had formerly been a great source of pleasure to her, the Cornet revived her interest in it—saw flowers everywhere (I believe even where there was none), that he might persuade the fair Italian who was so enthusiastic about the luxuriant vegetation of her own native country, that Sweden is as rich in flowers as it is in heroes and ice. At least it is certain (and he suffered for it afterwards) he was not afraid to speak of everlasting, trefoil, henbane, marsh rosemary, sorrel, tansy, monkshood, wormwood, &c., as the most uncommon and remarkable productions of nature.

He described as the most beautiful thing in the world, that wonderful plant which has received its name from the greatest of naturalists, the Swede Linnæus. He had inspired the Baroness and Herminia with the most intense desire to find this wonderful plant. Every day he had new presentiments that he should perhaps discover it in a new place—he searched long, long and carefully, and did not discover it until the moment when he discovered his love.

These walks gave the Cornet opportunity to be constantly with Herminia. He gave her his arm as they walked, when they rested, he sheltered her from the rays of the sun. By degrees he induced her to run about and climb the rocks, in a word, to enjoy the free fresh life of youth, of which her days, which until now passed in cloister-like stillness, had given her no idea. As she now with the bloom of health and youth on her cheeks, moved about, fair and light as an Oread, in the spring and sweetness of charming nature, and often turned her angel face, beaming with grateful affection up to him who was the cause of this new enjoyment of her life. It was then that the Cornet had some strange feel-

ings about his heart, a warmth, a pleasurable sensation, something very different from anything he had before felt.

The Baroness appeared to consider the two young friends as children, whose sport she permitted, because they offered her all their joy, all their flowers, as a sacrifice. The Cornet had the happy gift, of putting people in good humor with themselves, and thus enabling them to maintain an equanimity towards others.

But he had been able to administer the most comfort to Herminia at the time, when the frequently recurring unhappy scenes of this house would draw forth her bitter tears. She would then generally retreat to the kitchen. Here he would follow her, console her with the tenderness of a brother, or induce her to go out with him, and would strive by interesting conversation, or pleasant stories, to divert her attention to more agreeable subjects.

Herminia had been once wanted in the house, and called for. She was not to be found, and this gave occasion for some harsh reproofs from her father. The Cornet took this as a gauntlet thrown to himself, and the manner in which he took it up, brought far more freedom to Herminia, than she had ever enjoyed. He was now able frequently to go out alone with her. Her education had been neglected in the more solid parts. He became her teacher, (particularly in Swedish history) he was like a brother, and she soon gave him that tender name; and as they were one day studying the Swedish grammar, they came to the conclusion that "Thou" is incomparably prettier than "You," and that they would always address each other in this most familiar style.*

Herminia, on the contrary, was to Cornet Charles, it cannot exactly be said a teacher, and not exactly a sister, but she became without his observing it, the light of his eyes, the joy of his life. She was his It is high time my readers, brave and fair, should be informed how it stood with Cornet Charles—he was—in love!

No one could ever have guessed it. He himself neither believed nor suspected it, yet it was betrayed to him by the

Third Sunbeam,

as it shone one evening at sunset on the

* As the reader will know, in the Swedish as well as several other languages, the use of the "Thou," and "Thee,"—the singular number of the pronoun of the second person—is considered more familiar and endearing than that of the plural. In English this is so far from being the case, that the opposite is nearly true; and in this translation, the familiar "thou" of the one language, has been rendered by the familiar "you" of the other; so that in this passage where this tutoyant was pointedly referred to, some explanation seemed necessary.

border of the clear fountain. Herminia was hanging on his arm. She was silent and pale—that paleness which shows that the heart is joyless, but that the heart suffers, though the sufferer is resigned.

A scene highly distressing to her gentle spirit, had just taken place between her parents. Cornet Charles had led her away almost by force, and was now seeking, but without success, to amuse and cheer her spirits. After some time had passed, they seated themselves under the birch-trees, on a moss-grown rock, and looked silently at the fading red which was reflected on the water, and colored the hills on the opposite side of the stream. Herminia first spoke, while she turned her eyes, moistened with tears, to the Cornet, "You are very good, brother," she would have said more, but her voice trembled, she seemed struggling with her emotions, while with her face half turned from him, she continued, "You stay here on my account, out of kindness to me, and you pass for my sake many unpleasant and oppressive hours;—and you might be so happy. You have a father, a mother who are so good, so excellent—sisters who are so dear to you, they must miss you,—return to them, and stay with them, be happy, do not come back here!"

The Cornet sat in silence and looked into the water, and as in a mirror of the soul he saw his own heart.

"Why should you continue to come here?" resumed Herminia, with the most persuasive expression of her sweet soft voice. "You give yourself a great deal of trouble, a great deal of fatigue, and you cannot alter my fate. My father, to-day, spoke bitter, threatening words to you. Ah leave us! Why should you stay? Do not be uneasy on my account, Charles; God will help me and give me strength."

"Herminia!" said Cornet Charles, "I cannot leave you—but it is as much on my own account as yours—"

Herminia turned her face upon him with an inquiring glance, while large tears streamed slowly down her cheeks.

"Because, because," continued the Cornet, deeply moved, "Herminia, because I love you beyond all expression, because I have no joy in the world if I do not see you, cannot be with you."

Herminia's angelic face beamed with surprise and pleasure.

"Is there any one, who loves me—and is it you, my brother? How good God is to me"—and she reached her hand to the Cornet.

"And do you also love me?" asked he, with secret trembling, as he held her little white hand between his own.

"How could I help it," answered Herminia. "I was never happy till I learned to know you. You are so excellent, so

good; you are the first who ever loved me."

"And the first whom Herminia has loved?" asked the Cornet, somewhat timidly.

"Yes, truly, except my mother."*

A deep feeling of happiness pervaded the two young lovers, and as if Cupid himself had descended to them from the rosy clouds, there floated about them an odor so sweet, so transporting (Olympus certainly has no finer ambrosia) that Cornet Charles, in the midst of his soul's extacy, sprung up and cried, "Here is the *Linnaea*. The flower of my life is found." It actually grew in verdant rows along the sides of the moss-grown rock. A wreath was soon woven for Herminia. Who can describe the scene of pure and ardent happiness, and innocent joy which followed?

Herminia was no longer pale—no farther questions were asked as to why Cornet Charles did not return to his family. She was his, he was hers—they would be always together. Nothing could any more divide them—they belonged to each other—to the earth—to heaven.

Nature appeared to sympathize with them; gentle and full of love she enclosed them like a tender mother in her loving arms.

Who would not willingly give ten years of harvest for one moment of Spring and Love.

Sunbeam Fourth,

shines grimly over the Cornet's anger. On a warm day in June, the Cornet arrived at the house in the wood, heated, tired, full of pressing anxiety, and thirsting for a glimpse of his beloved, and a refreshing drink of water from her hand. Before he entered the house, he heard the music of the harp, he ran in and perceived Herminia more beautiful than ever, and more than ever tastefully dressed, seated, her harp in her lily-white arms; and beside her,—oh horror,—oh thunder and lightning; work of the lower powers; beside her sat, not Cerberus, the three-headed monster, no, worse; not the wicked one; no, no, far worse, not

*I feel very deeply what a heap of Romance-gold I this moment leave behind me. I see clearly how this little crumb of romance might be carried out into something far better, more interesting, more brilliant; how the beginning as well as the end of this part of my book might serve a double purpose. But this would require more words, ergo more lines, ergo more paper. And my publisher is so very anxious lest my work be too thick, and cannot be bought for a dollar banco, that I am forced to compress my lines as well as my ideas, that it may come within the regular price of the trade. My publisher thinks the Swedish public will not spend much on such Everyday Histories. I believe that he is right, that the public is right, and that I do right to conform myself to it,

Polyphemus with his one eye; no, far worse, ah it was "the Beast" sitting near "the Beauty;" no, it was a young man, handsome as a statue and a second prince Azor.

The handsome, proud, calm, refined and delicate Genseric G. looked with surprise at the heated, dusty, and moreover highly astonished Cornet H. He soon, however, raised his Apollo form, went with graceful politeness toward the new comer, reached out his hand to him with friendly condescension expressed his pleasure at seeing him in the country, and reminded him of the last time they met in Stockholm. The Cornet did not seem to be much pleased, and did not express a single word upon the subject. Genseric returned to Herminia, and begged her to sing. The Cornet made some excuse for passing over to her and whispered to her "Do not sing."

With a commanding tone and look the Baroness ordered her daughter to sing. Herminia sung, but with a trembling voice. The Cornet seated himself at the window, and wiped his dusty forehead with his handkerchief. During the whole time Genseric was present, he scarcely spoke three words, partly because no one spoke to him; and partly because young G. was talking all the time. And he talked so well, and gave to his speeches so many well chosen and pretty turns; told a story with so much interest; had so much knowledge and penetration, that it was a real pleasure (real *plaisir* for the Cornet) to listen to him. Besides he had a consciousness of his own value, which raised him still more in the thoughts of others.

"I am — I have — I do — I grant — I think — I will — I would — I have said it" formed the theme about which the round of his thoughts and words was always playing, and to which he always came back. The sum of all was, this *I* was so great, so important, swelled to such dimensions, that Cornet Charles saw his "I" was likely to be melted into it, or be pressed down by it. He felt himself near suffocating in the oppressive atmosphere, and was obliged to try the open air. Filled with despairing thoughts he walked up and down the garden.

"What infernal wind, certainly it must be the Simoon of Sahara, has blown the young law commissioner, the fatal Genseric hither. The Baroness treats him with extraordinary ceremony, and bestows high compliments upon him. What does it all mean? He is rich, he is handsome, he is well educated, he holds an important office, he is, oh heaven, what is he not! He seemed greatly to admire the lovely Herminia, particularly (I shall go mad) when she was singing.

"And Herminia, why need she have

sung when I besought her not to do it? Why did she allow a strange man, (and he a law commissioner), to make compliments to her? Why did she hardly bestow a single friendly look upon her only friend? Why did she avoid taking a single step, to give him as much as a glass of water, but left him thirsty and languishing, suffering torments of body and soul."

No one answered the questions of the unhappy lover. The sky grew dark over head, and his foot became entangled in the trodden pea vines. Suddenly he perceived the stamping of horses feet. Genseric rode off, and the Cornet returned hastily to the house, to receive an explanation and satisfaction. He obtained neither. The Baroness met him with a cold and repulsive manner. Her piercing and watchful eyes rested on Herminia who was seated at her needle. It was in this moment of restraint and discontent, that the Cornet was surprised by the visit of his family. How matters went then, the reader knows.

Now came sad times for the Cornet. He never could visit his beloved at her home without finding Genseric there. His rival was openly favored by the Baron H. and the Baroness. The Cornet was always treated with the greatest indifference. Herminia alone was gentle and kind, but she was cast down, silent and retiring, and evaded his questions.

To be able to watch the proceedings of the family in the wood better, the Cornet resolved to set out on a pedestrian expedition, which consisted in quartering himself in the cottage of a hay-maker which was near their place of abode. There he passed his nights, during the day he hovered about Herminia's dwelling as a bee does over the flowers.

One may be happy at a hay-maker's, and even lying on straw may fancy himself in heaven. But if the thorns of grief and discontent are already planted in his heart, then the barn and his bed of thistles only increases his pains. This was the experience of the Cornet.

Gradually a great change was made in the forest house. Plenty reigned there, in food, wines, and other articles of luxury; several servants were added to the establishment. Baron H. was in brilliant humor. The Baroness grew more and more proud and dignified. The Cornet was more and more superfluous and overlooked. Genseric G. rose over his head. The greatest antipathy began to prevail between the two young men, but the Cornet vexed, bitter, and sarcastic, appeared at disadvantage beside his refined rival, Genseric, who was always coldly polite, and generally tranquil. The Cornet felt it and read it in every face; and was thereby still more troubled.

He played in fact, as they say a "rather

pitiful part." and not to weary the reader longer, we will look about us in the

Fifth Sunbeam.

Discontented as usual with Herminia, their broken friendship, her retiring manner; out of humor with himself, with the whole world, Cornet Charles strayed one evening in a thoughtful mood into the silent pine wood. He came to the fountain where he first saw Herminia, and with sad feelings he stood and viewed, in the clear mirror, his sunburnt, discontented, not very handsome face, and compared it in thought with the handsome, clear, and bold countenance of Genserik. Suddenly he saw in the water a face beside his own. It was fair as that of an angel, it was Herminia's. A thrill of joy ran through the frame of the Cornet, but was soon stifled by a more bitter feeling.

"Herminia," said he, "it must have been Genserik whom you were seeking here."

Herminia was silent for a moment, then laid her hand gently on his arm and only said, "Charles have we ceased to understand each other?"

He looked at her, and her gentle, loving, but tearful eyes met his.

Lovers, if the silken thread of your happiness becomes entangled, and you would disentangle it, say nothing. Look at each other!

It seemed suddenly to the Cornet, as if a veil had fallen from his eyes. The mist had vanished from his soul. Everything at once was clear, divinely clear to him. The young lovers stood long silent, and drew light, and peace, and happiness, from each other's eyes.

When almost every spark of uneasiness had left their souls, the lovers began to exchange explanations and assurances.

"Are you not," said Herminia, "are you not he who loved me first, who made me feel that there is pleasure in love, and was it not you, how could you think that I could compare a cold egotist like G. with you?"

"But he is handsome enough to drive one mad," said the Cornet, but still in embarrassment.

"Is he? I never observed it. He does not please me. I know one who does please me. One, the sight of whom does me good. One whom I think handsome. Should you like to see his face?"

She led him to the fountain. The Cornet saw, there with satisfaction, his own sun-burnt face beaming with joy.

"But your parents favor Genserik."

"And I favor you."

"He loves you."

"And I love you."

"Herminia!"

"Charles!"

If a man has left this earthly life, to pass to a better one in heaven, people say with confidence, "Peace be with him;" and then we turn away, to think of something else.

So when two lovers have come out of the valley of sorrow, into the bright kingdom of reconciliation, we say, "Peace be with them;" and then we think of some other subject.

Yet we will for a last "Peace be with you," throw over them a

Sixth Sunbeam.

This smiled over the joy which, during some happy days, was allotted to Cornet Charles. His trust in Herminia was firm, and her silence, her reserve, her politeness to Genserik, his numerous visits, his individuality, his lover's compliments, the coldness of Baron H. and his wife toward him (the Cornet) no longer troubled him. The Spring in nature reflected the spring in his soul. The woods, the flowers, the waters, the winds the birds, all sang in him, and for him, "joy! joy!"—joy? Ah, Rinaldo, Rinaldo, listen! The sound of the trumpet calls thee from Arimida, and thou must relinquish thy joy.

The trumpet's sound! Not from the fields of Palestine, not from the promised land—but from Ladugårds' field, and the Ladugårds' country.* Much the same—a new Rinaldo, Cornet Charles, you must leave her who is more virtuous, modest, and on that account more lovely than Arimida. You must tear yourself from her charmed Palace, (the grey house.) The immoveable General-in-chief of all the royal regiments, FATE, who pays no regard to the demands of heart, so wills.

The trumpet sounds—duty calls—to camp! to camp! and

Sunbeam the Seventh

shone on the parting tears of the lovers. To spare our own tears, we command our thoughts. Right about march, back to Thorsborg. There shall we, with old acquaintances, meet with new adventures.

DIGGING THROUGH THE EARTH.

ONE evening, as we were all sitting around the sick bed of the blind girl, Professor L. read aloud to us from a translation of "Herder's Ideas." The subject was the per-

* Ladugårds' landet is a considerable section in the city of Stockholm, in which the barracks, artillery buildings, etc., are placed. The large Ladugårds' field, which lies beyond it, serves as a parade ground for the troops.

fection of man in another world; the plain indications of transformation, which are given us by all the changes, that we perceive in the lower kingdoms of nature, and which are all a gradual rising to perfection.

Professor L. concluded with this remark upon the subject. "The flower appears to us at first as a seed, then a sprout; the sprout becomes a bud, and now the flower unfolds itself. Similar changes are shown us by other objects in nature. See, yonder creeps the despised crawling caterpillar; the hour comes, and the feebleness of death falls upon him, he gathers himself up, and weaves the cocoon; this web forms his shroud, while the organs of his new being, are already enclosed within him. Now the rings appear, the inner powers are struggling now; the change goes forward, and decay appears; his ten feet remain upon the old skin, and the new creature lies, with its limbs yet unformed. By degrees these come forth in order, but the creature does not awake till all is perfect; now he presses towards the light, and the last change is quickly made. A few minutes and the tender wings become ten times larger than when beneath the death-shroud; they are gifted with an elastic strength, and glitter in every ray of the sun. His whole being is changed; instead of the gross leaves for which it was before created, it now sips nectar-dew from the golden cups. Who would perceive in the form of the caterpillar the future butterfly? Who would recognise in both, one and the same creature, if observation did not teach it us? and both existences are only one life, and the two beings are one and the same earth, in which the organic circle constantly repeats itself. What beautiful developments then must dwell in the lap of nature, when her organic circle is wider, and the life which is formed, embraces more than a world! Hope then O man! and prophecy not, the prize is laid before you, struggle for it. Throw behind, what is unmanly, strive for truth, goodness, and god-like beauty, then you cannot fail to reach the goal.

"And in this analogy of a new condition of unconscious being, nature shows us why the slumber of death has a place in her kingdom of changes. It is that beneficent stupor that surrounds a being, while the organic powers are striving for new perfection. The creature itself with its higher or lower grade of knowledge is not strong enough, to oversee and direct the struggle; it falls asleep, and awakes only when it is re-created. So the sleep of death is a fatherly benign dispensation; it is a wholesome opiate, during the operation of which nature collects her powers, and restores her stupified invalid."

Here L. ceased. A deep, sweet sensation had stolen over us. We sat there

silent, our eyes fixed upon our poor invalid, down whose cheeks the great tear-drops flowed gently, while long plaintive sounds pressed from her lips. Madam H. caressed her with tenderness; the Colonel as if blessing her, laid his hand upon her head.—A heavy, loud and continuous snore, at this moment of our fixed attention, broke forth from Lieutenant Arwid, who was lying at his ease on a corner of the sofa, and had fallen asleep with open mouth and uplifted nose. This trumpet tone was a signal for the departure of Julia, who hastened with burning cheeks from the room. After a few moments, I went out to look for her, and found her on the door-step, leaning with her arms supported on the iron railing, and her eyes raised to the clear sky where the pale stars were beginning to appear. "Julia!" said I, throwing my arm around her.

"O, Beata," sighed Julia, "I am unhappy—must I be so, my life long?"

Before I could answer, Lieutenant Arwid came out upon the steps and cried, gaping; "What the thousand are you doing here, Julia? Are you standing here to take cold, and get a pain in your chest? Come in again, love. I believe too, that they are beginning to lay the table. Come in."

"Arwid," said Julia, "come here a moment," and she seized his hand kindly, and spoke with quickness: "See, how beautiful the evening is; let us go out into the park—there, where you know, we met once—I wish to speak with you there, to ask you something."

"We can talk as well in the house."

"Yes—but the evening is so lonely, just look around us! Listen to that little bird, how lovingly he twitters—do you not hear the horn far away in the wood? Look yonder, where the sun is setting—what a soft glow—ah, it is indeed a lovely evening!"

"Charming, my angel," answered Lieutenant Arwid, with a repressed yawn; "but—I am ravenously hungry, and I smelt a glorious flavor of cutlets, as I passed the kitchen, I am longing to find it again in the hall. Come, my angel!"

"Arwid!" said Julia, as she withdrew her hand. "I see our inclinations are so unlike, our tastes so different —."

"Are you not a lover of cutlets?"

"Heaven bless you, and your cutlets. I was not speaking of them—but of our inclinations, our feelings—that do not agree—."

"Yes—to that I cannot."

"Nay—but I feared that we should not accord—that we should be unhappy—!"

Oh, my little Julia, all will be well. We should not lay up cares for the future. It spoils one's appetite. Come, let us eat our evening meal in peace. Come, my little wife."

"But I will not, and I am not your wife," said Julia, moving from him; "and," she added in a lower tone, "I will no longer be your betrothed —."

"You will not?" said Arwid, calmly. — "Nay, but do you not see, there are difficulties in going back in such affairs. — I have your ring, and you have mine. — Indeed, I am not afraid. Girls have their caprices. No, no, all will be right in the morning. Adieu, Julia! I shall go and eat the cutlets; stifle these humors!" And he entered the house. Julia took my arm and led the way to the garden, weeping bitterly. I walked silently by her side, and waited till she should allow her heart to give vent to its complaints of her betrothed. — But she was silent, she pressed my hand often and continued to weep.

As we turned into a side alley, a figure in a cloak, slowly approached us. Professor L.'s voice was heard and he joked Julia, with friendly raillery upon her romantic taste for strolls in the evening. As he drew nearer, he perceived her weeping eyes, and became suddenly silent and serious.

"Professor L.," said Julia, half gaily, with the tears yet upon her cheek, "tell me what ought we to do when we find that we have committed a great folly, and it cannot be helped?"

"Then," said Professor L., "wisdom must bear the consequences of folly."

"And must we then live unhappy forever?"

"We should never allow ourselves to become unhappy, but better and wiser; and we should use one past fault as a step, by which we may ascend nearer to perfection."

"This sounds finely, and very instructive; but in the meantime we should weary of wisdom and perfection, our whole life long,—and should find each day insupportable."

"None but an utterly weak being," said Professor L. gently, "can so sink into weariness and disgust of life. The saddest and most joyless position in life has its bright moments, if we will only look for them. Yes, in ourselves, through all care and sorrow, we may find the purest source of hope. If what surrounds us distresses or harasses us, there is left refuge in ourselves and a rich inward life. Then may we say with Hamlet; 'O, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space!' To learn to know this world that lives within us, to rule it, to bring it to purity and progressive perfection, is an enjoyment, which we shall soon acknowledge to be enough to make us love the coldest earthly life around us. To learn to think, is to live, and to learn to enjoy—"

"But," sighed Julia, "can we learn to think with a—"

"With a man who thinks only of a cutlet?" added I, mentally.

"Good books," continued L., "are good comforters, guides, and friends. With their help, we may, if we are in earnest, most certainly bring our inmost mind to an equilibrium." He was silent a moment, then continued with warmth and emotion; "My books! for how much have I not to thank you!"

"You have been unhappy?" said Julia, with heartfelt sympathy.

"All that I have loved most tenderly upon earth, I have lost; yet not by death only, this trial has pursued me. From my childhood, all that my heart has most ardently clung to, has been snatched from me. Many bitter hours passed away, before I was firm enough to bow myself before the will of Eternal Goodness, and yet—"

"O, what could console you!" cried Julia, with a hearty, childlike impulse. "I have sought!" continued L., "to harden my heart, that it might not suffer too deeply. I have long fought against all emotion,—I am no longer young—and now—(he said this smiling sadly,) I must perhaps go back again to my books, to seek consolation."

"I might be a book," said, Julia, with tears in her eyes.

Professor L. looked upon her with fatherly—no, not quite fatherly, but still with an indescribable tenderness.

"Good, lovely maiden!" he said, in his gentle, harmonious voice; after a moment he went on more calmly; "It is weakness to complain; we shall find strength to endure in prayer, and in the performance of our duties. From these sources we should seek to gather strength."

He gave his hand to Julia, who, weeping, placed hers in his.

At this moment we met with a barrier. Two black figures seemed to rise from the earth before our astonished gaze. Scarcely were we less astonished, when we recognized the little Thickys, and one of their companions, who stood buried half way in a ditch, and were sunk in deep thought. To our repeated questions as to what they were about, followed at first, silence, then a confused sound, at last the discovery and somewhat incomprehensible explanation of their great secret. They had, it appeared, undertaken to dig through the earth, and so prepare a surprise for the family, especially for the Colonel.

What now hindered them, was not indeed the difficulty of the undertaking. No, indeed! but a most noble thought, which had arisen in the brain of little Clæs; that, if they should dig through the earth, they might possibly fall through themselves at the same moment, and where should they stop;—that—that would Professor L. be so good as to tell them?

We could not help laughing. The Professor deferred the explanation till the next day, and with kind playfulness sent the pigmies with their giant plan to the house. At the same time a message was sent to us and to them, to warn us that we were waited for at the supper-table. The little triumvirate bounded on, in a quick gallop. We followed more slowly; but now Lieutenant Arwid's "cursed fog," which rose like a wall between the garden and the court-yard surprised us. We observed now for the first time, that Julia was without a shawl. I was not much better provided. L. took his cloak, and would have wrapt it round Julia. She would not on any account consent, for L's health surely was not of the strongest. They would have continued still longer arguing and protesting, had I not come between them with a conciliatory project, suggesting to them, that they might both make use of so wide a cloak. This plan was adopted, and the tender zephyr-like frown of Julia, disappeared beneath a fold of the cloak, in which she smilingly hid herself, and the procession went forward, midst the night and the fog. "This was rather a rash plan!" thought I afterwards. "The late Madame de Genlis, still less La Fontaine would never in their world of romance have allowed two lovers to meet under one cloak, without making use of so excellent an opportunity, and turning it into a declaration of love; and I should wonder much if mother nature did not this time bring something to pass, and—perhaps a sigh—a word—"

I listened attentively, as I followed the wearers of the cloak; but they were silent,—no word, not a sound! But now—what was that? Julia sneezed. L. now said, "God help us!" and this might have helped him to something else; but no—he said nothing.

We are out of the garden, we cross the court yard. Will no one speak? Now—no! We are upon the steps, we enter the door of the house, now perhaps—no! The cloak falls from Julia's shoulders, for which she expresses thanks, and makes a courtesy; L. bows.

As we entered the hall, Lieutenant Arwid sat and eat cutlets. They had been waiting long for us. I related the strife about the cloak, for our excuse.

During all supper time, Madam H. shook her head every time she looked at Julia, to reprove her for her unheard of imprudence in going out so late, without a shawl.

When Lieutenant Arwid perceived Julia's eyes, swollen red with weeping, he appeared to be a little alarmed; but he probably thought; "all will be right, when she has eaten something, and has had some sleep;" for he did not hurry his meal, nor ever made an opportunity to converse with his be-

trothed, and rode off at the accustomed time, and with his usual immoveability.

But Julia's discontent did not cease. It appeared on the contrary to gather strength. In vain Arwid begged her to take a nap, and to use him as a cushion; she appeared to find no rest even in this. In vain his father, the old General P. came, with his magnificent span of horses, and begged his future daughter-in-law, to take a ride with the "Swans,"—nothing availed. There came up daily some little quarrel between the lovers, which in spite of Arwid's unparalleled coolness, assumed a constantly more serious character. Madam H., who was now more observant, began to feel indeed anxious, and was always ready, with a good natured joke, or a conciliatory word, to knit together the broken threads of harmony. This succeeded for the moment, but—each day the threads became more knotted.

So matters continued for a long time. Cornet Charles journeyed to the distant camp at Roslagen. From there he wrote home very despairing letters, about the dust and heat, hard work, fatigue, etc. He said not a word of botany.

Elizabeth's condition continued the same, the summer through, and Madam H. continued to consider the milk diet, as necessary for my chest and melancholy.

The Fates spun the life-threads of the rest of the family of ordinary thread, mingled with some tow, but yet more silk; towards the end of August, but—lo the shears! We shall see.

WHAT NEXT!

AFTER an oppressive, sultry day, a mass of thunder clouds appeared towards evening, and covered the whole western part of the heavens. An almost death-like silence brooded over the country. No sound was heard from the homeward speeding cattle, not a bird twittered, the leaves of the aspen were still, and even the swarms of gnats did not venture to rejoice as usual at the setting of the sun; all nature apparently stood as in painful anticipation of a terrible and unusual scene.

Late in the evening the fearfully beautiful spectacle began.

Faint shocks of lightning every few moments illuminated the whole region, which between whiles was hid in a close darkness as of night; and by their light we saw, how the masses of clouds were assuming gloomier colors, and were gathering in more threatening forms above the castle. Now and then a sudden gust of wind whistled through the air, but it was succeeded by a death-like calm. We heard on every side

the thunder chariots rolling with a hollow crash, continually increasing in violence.

Madam H. went round from latch to latch, from window to window, to make sure that all was closely shut. Julia and Helen stood with their father by a window, and drew closer together as each new flash of lightning, each thunder-clap came nearer.

I went up to the blind girl. She sat upon a couch in a crouching posture, which expressed utter uneasiness of life, and was singing in a low and mournful voice :

"It is night! it is night!
My eye is dark, faint throbs my heart,
It longeth for rest.

"Give me rest, give to me
A place in that home where the worms dwell,
Angel of death!

"Peaceful sleep give to me,
I am so tired of care, of sorrow here,
So weary of life!"

Here her arms and her head sank wearily upon her pillow. A moment she was silent, I saw her smile bitterly, and she began again, with a clearer voice and a more composed tone, to sing:

"When the morning first dawns,
With the sound of the song, that at the judgment
Wakes me from the grave,

"Shall I dare look on thy glory,
To thee radiant Lord, from this clod of earth,
Lift up my brow!"

Here her tears began to flow, and in a sadder tone weeping, she sung in broken stanzas:

"Mother, O! mother;
In thy sheltering arms
Fold thy innocent
Penitent daughter!
Teach her to pray,
Teach her to hope,
* * * * *
Give her caresses,
O! give her rest.

O mother, O mother,
Take me to thy bosom,
Press me to that heart
That tender, warm heart!

"O let me feel
How, in love,
Heart to heart
Throbs as in heaven!

"Ah ne'er have I felt it
Here upon earth!
* * * * *

"Alone I have lived,
Alone I have loved,
Alone I have suffered,
Bitterly, how bitterly!

"And now in death
I love all alone.

"O mother, O mother!
Take me, O take me
Away from the earth,
Away from its misery!
* * * * *

"O wake from its load
This glimmering spark,
O snatch me from darkness,
Raise me to light!"

A more violent clap of thunder, that echoed through the whole house, interrupted her song. Others more violent and more frequent followed this; and at the same time a wild tempest began to rage.

"Is no one here?" asked the blind girl. I drew nearer to her. She said, "I hear a sound of music, that pleases me. Take me to the window."

When she came to it, she crossed her arms upon her breast, and turned her eyes towards heaven. A flash of lightning streamed across her pale, beautiful face, while a fearful clap of thunder seemed to threaten with destruction the being who with a kind of trusting joy met the spirits of devastation with an unmoved brow.

By degrees Elizabeth's feelings more and more excited, seemed to be longing to break forth, and the struggle of nature found an echo in her soul. She cried out suddenly; "I see! A fiery hand presses its burning fingers upon my eyes!"

She stood for a long time, as if in intense expectation, and then as with a kind of hushed ecstasy: "How nobly, how nobly, they sing beneath the clouds! Listen! harmonies call to you, my heart! Here in my breast is the first voice; there swells forth now the second. Now there is unison!—now come love and joy. Flame of heaven! O, my mother's breast! Clasp me in thy burning arms! Mother, is it thy voice that I hear; thy hand that I saw? that I see—that I shall always see? Dost thou beckon to me? Dost thou call me?" "Air!" she cried wildly and imperiously; "take me out into the free air! I will hear the voice of my mother—I will fly to her breast and be warm again. There are wings of fire there, they shall carry me away. A chariot is there—hark, how it rolls! It shall bear me away. Away, away, seest thou not the hand? it beckons me. Hear the voice! It calls, ah, hearest thou?"

I embraced her tenderly, and begged her to be quiet. She broke from me, and then said solemnly: "God will not listen to thy last prayer, if thou deniest mine. He will bless thee, if thou grantest it. Take me into the free air! It will be the last time that I ask any thing of you. You know not how my whole weal and wo are bound up in this hour. Take me out into my kingdom—into the kingdom of the storm—there, only there, can I obtain rest. Beata, good Beata! see, I am quiet and calm, I am not mad. Hear me—listen to my prayer! I have been in chains my whole life long—let me be free but one moment, and all my many bloody wounds will be healed!"

I had not the strength to resist this voice, these words. I took her out upon the terrace, which was built upon the rock that projected round the castle. Elizabeth's waiting woman did not accompany us from fear of the thunder and lightning.

I soon repented my compliance. We were scarcely in the midst of wild, excited nature, when Elizabeth broke loose from me, leapt forward some steps; then remained standing while she burst forth into loud cries of scornful, frantic joy.

The scene was fearfully beautiful. The lightning crossed the whole country, with its glowing streaks; the storm raged around, and the thunder, now rolling, now crashing, increased above our heads. The blind girl stood upon the cliff, as though the spirit of the storm, with a wild, terrible countenance. Soon she laughed and clapped her hands in frantic delight, then she turned round with outstretched arms, and in a voice growing more and more strong and clear, she sang:

"Lightning and flame!
Fiery floods from the blazing world!
Ye storms, ye raging thunders,
All ye universal powers,
Behold in me your queen,
In me, a woman! and hearken
To the cry of my voice.

"Your lightning flames bring
A song of rejoicing;
Hail to the day of freedom
* * * *

"The song of victory rings around,
Life spreads her wings!
* * * *
I am free!"

Again she laughed wildly and cried aloud, "How noble! how noble! how majestic! How joyous am I! Now my day of power has come! A crown—a crown of fire will fall from the dark clouds to be placed upon my head. My day is at hand, my hour has come!"

At this moment to my indescribable comfort, the Colonel stood by the poor girl.

"You must come back to your room," he said.

With an impetuous motion, Elizabeth freed her hand from his, and instead of becoming, as always before, submissive to his will, she stood now proud and scornful, with the air of a Medea, and repeated; "my hour is come! I am free! Must? Who dares to utter that word to me, here on this spot? Do I not stand in my kingdom?—Does not my mother hold me to her bosom? See you not how her arms of fire embrace me, and would bear me away?"

The Colonel, who feared an increased outbreak of her frenzy, was about to take her in his arms to carry her back to the castle; when Elizabeth suddenly flung her arms around his neck with great tenderness, and said; "now while I clasp you in my arms,

and you embrace me with yours, my mother will take us both to her castle of fire.—What pure, heavenly happiness! To-day is my day,—my hour is at hand! I am free, and you are the prisoner. I defy you, I defy you; you shall never more be free!"

Whether it was the word "defy," that awakened his pride as a man, or whether it was a feeling of some other nature, the Colonel hastily shook himself from Elizabeth, and stood as if terrified, a step from her.

"Yes, I defy—I defy you," she went on. "You have fettered my body, you have bound my tongue, and now I stand before you, powerful and strong, and like the pale lightning will hurl down upon you, the fearful words; 'I love you!' You can no longer forbid me, your anger is powerless. The storm is with me, the thunder and lightning on my side. Soon shall I be with them forever. Like a cloud in yon heaven, will I follow you through your whole life; like a pale ghost will I hover over your head; and when all others are silent to you, you shall hear my voice cry aloud; 'I love you! I love you!'"

A strange and deep emotion seemed to have stolen over the Colonel; he stood immoveably, with crossed arms; but a dim light glowed in his eyes.

With a hushed transport Elizabeth continued; "O, how have I not loved you. More deeply, more ardently, has mortal never loved! Ye heavens, which rage above me.—Earth, that will so soon open for my grave,—I call upon you as witnesses! Hear my words! And you, dearly-loved, anguish of my life, noble, high object of all my thoughts,—my love—my hatred,—yes, my hatred—listen now while I say; 'I love you!' With the most fervent, the holiest life of my whole being, I have loved you—deep as the sea but pure as heaven was my love. You could not understand it,—no one upon earth can understand it—my mother knows it—and He, who is above all. Had we lived in a world, where word and deed could be innocent, as feeling and thought—O, there might I, like a clear, warm flame have embraced and beamed round thy being—have filled you with happiness,—have burnt for you only, like a holy flame of sacrifice. Such was my love. But you understood me not—you loved me not,—you thrust me from you, scorned me,—and I was guilty—but I loved still—and love now—and shall ever—and eternally—and alone!"

"Alone!" cried the Colonel, while a powerful emotion seemed struggling for utterance.

"Yes, alone!" the blind girl began again, alarmed and trembling; "who, besides is there? I have sometimes longed for it—but—my God, my God! were it possible? O say, is it possible? By that eternal

happiness, which you deserve—and which can never be mine,—by that light, which you can see but I can never behold,—I conjure you,—tell me, tell me; have you ever loved me?"

A deep silence for a moment ruled all nature. It was as though it was longing to hear that answer, which I, too, awaited in trembling anxiety. Only the pale, lingering lightning hovered above us.

Suddenly, with a strong compressed tone, the Colonel said:

"Yes!"

The blind girl turned her face upwards; it beamed with an unearthly ecstasy, while the Colonel continued with deep, violent feeling.

"Yes, I have loved you, Elizabeth, loved you with all the energy of my heart, but the power of God in my soul was more mighty, and preserved me from ruin. My harshness has saved you and me. My love was less pure than yours. It is not the poison that your hand prepared for me, that has broken down my life, it is the struggle with suffering—with longing,—it is grief for you, Elizabeth! Elizabeth! you have been infinitely dear to me—you are so still, Elizabeth—"

Elizabeth heard him no longer; she sank, as though the weight of happiness had bowed her down, and at the moment I rushed towards her, she fell like a corpse to the ground, while her lips, with an indescribable burst of happiness, murmured; "He has loved me!"

The Colonel and I could scarcely bear her back to her room. I trembled—his strength was, as it were, palsied. Drops of anguish stood upon his brow.

Elizabeth did not for a long time recover her consciousness—but, as she raised again her eyelids, and the stream of life again ran through her veins, she whispered only, "He has not despised me!—he has loved me!" and she continued calm and quiet, as though she had closed her account with the world, as there were nothing left to wish for.

During the rest of the night the storm raged fearfully; the lightning shone upon the face of the blind girl, beaming now with fervent ecstasy.

From that hour, and during the few days that she lingered, every thing in her was changed. All was tranquillity and gentleness. She spoke seldom, but pressed, kindly and thankfully, the hands of those who drew near her bed, where she lay immovable. We heard her frequently say, in a low tone; "He has loved me!"

One day Madam H. was standing by Elizabeth, who appeared not to be aware of her presence, when she repeated, with a peculiar sweet delight, the words so dear to her. I saw an expression of pain upon the gentle kind face of the dear woman. I saw

her lips tremble, and a tear steal down her cheek. She turned hastily and went out, I followed her, for she had forgotten her bunch of keys. She went through the drawing-room, the Colonel sat there, his head leaning upon his hand, and he appeared to be reading. He sat with his back turned toward us. Madame H. slid gently behind him, kissed his brow, and as she went into the bed-room, stifled a rising sigh. The Colonel, astonished, looked after her, then looked upon his hand, which was wet with his wife's tears, and sank again into his thoughtful posture.

After a moment I followed Madam H. to the bedroom, but she was no longer there; her prayer book lay open upon the sofa; the leaves bore the traces of tears. At last I found her, after I had passed through all the rooms to the kitchen, where she was reproving the cook, for forgetting to cut off the cutlets from the breast of lamb that was crackling over the fire. This oversight was indeed, unpardonable, for I had told her twice already, that we should have the breast of lamb at noon, and the cutlets at night. One can never depend upon any other as upon one's self," said Madame H., with a slight insinuation against me, as I gave her the bunch of keys.

I now left Elizabeth neither day nor night. Her earthly being appeared to hasten toward its dissolution with unwonted suddenness. It seemed as though the first word of love that she had heard, had been a signal for the release of her weary soul.

So is it with many children of earth. They struggle against the sharp sword of suffering, many, many years—they live, suffer, and struggle. The sword is broken—and they fall powerlessly down. Success reaches to them the goblet; they touch their lips to the purple edge—and—die!

Besides Helen and myself, Professor L. was constantly by the side of Elizabeth. Part of the time he read aloud, and at times he conversed with us about the means by which we might quicken the fear of God slumbering within her, and strengthen her faith in those dear truths, which like angels stand around the bed of the dying.

Once he questioned her upon the state of her soul. She answered, "I have not the power to think clearly—I have not the power to examine myself. But I feel—I have a hope—and look forward to light!"

"The Lord shed down the light of his countenance upon you!" said Professor L., with a gentle voice of trust.

The next day Elizabeth begged that the whole family might be assembled.

When all of us, including Professor L., had gathered around her in fearful silence, Elizabeth called him by name, and begged him to come up to her bedside. She seized his hand, kissed it, and uttered in a suppli-

cating tone, the word "forgiveness." It pierced us all. No one had power to speak, and the sad word "forgiveness! forgiveness!" was the only sound that broke through the murmuring of deep sobs.

The Colonel and his wife stood together at a little distance, Elizabeth was silent a moment, and breathed heavily, and with difficulty, at last she said "will my uncle come to me?"

The Colonel drew nearer, she stretched her arms to embrace him, he bowed down to her—they kissed each other. Such a kiss! the first and the last—the kiss of love and death!

Not a word was heard. Pale as a corpse, and with tottering steps, the Colonel retired. With a trembling voice Elizabeth said: "Lift me from the bed, and bear me to my aunt."

We obeyed. She seemed endued with an unusual strength, and supported by two persons, walked towards the other end of the chamber, where Madame H., who did not seem to perceive her purpose, sat weeping.

"Help me to kneel!" said Elizabeth.

Madame H. rose hastily to prevent her; but Elizabeth, still more quickly, threw herself at her feet, kissed them, and sobbed convulsively, "Forgive! forgive!"

We bore her almost lifeless to her bed.

From that moment the Colonel never left her. During the night, and the following day, she lay quietly, but seemed to suffer bodily pain. Towards evening, as Professor L., the Colonel and I sat, silent, at her bedside, she awoke from a gentle slumber, and said aloud, in a clear voice: "He has loved me! Earth, I thank thee!"

She sank again into a kind of slumber or stupor, which lasted perhaps an hour. Her breathing, which had been quick, became fainter by degrees. A long pause,—then a sigh;—a still longer pause, and then again a sigh. At one moment her breathing seemed to have ceased. It was a fearful moment,—a slight spasm convulsed her limbs,—again a heavy sigh, followed by a mournful, plaintive sound,—and all was still.

"She is dead!" said the Colonel in a choked voice, and he pressed his lips upon her death-cold brow.

"She sees now!" cried Professor L., as he raised a radiant glance to heaven.

The wandering breeze of a summer evening played around the open window, and the birds sang gaily on the hedge beneath. A soft roseate glow, a reflection from the sun now setting, lighted up the chamber, and shed a glorious radiance upon the lifeless one.

Calm and untroubled she lay there now; she who had struggled and despaired so long;—peaceful, quiet, now! Her rich brown

hair floated over the white pillow to the ground. A strange smile, expressive of a higher consciousness, hovered around her lips. I have seen this smile on the lips of others, after death: the angel of eternity has pressed them with a kiss.

Peaceful moment, when a heart, that has throbbled long with trouble and sorrow, lies calm in rest! Peaceful hour, when every enemy is reconciled to us, every friend brought again to meet us; when forgetfulness steals over our faults, beams of glory hover over our virtues; when the eyes of the blind are opened, the bonds of the soul loosened. Beautiful, peaceful hour, borne, as it were, on the wings of an angel of night, thou smilest upon me, like the glow of morning; and many times, when I have seen thee summon others, have I longed, that thou mightest have come to claim me!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

ELIZABETH WAS NO MORE. She had risen like a dark thunder-cloud, and had shadowed the clear heaven of those about her. She had gone. All felt a sensation of peace and tranquillity. Many tears were shed to her memory, but no heart called her back. Unfortunate Elizabeth, the first moment of peace that was granted you, your heart enjoyed, alone, in the grave.

We see every day, those who were in life good and peaceful, though undistinguished and unimportant, go forth from the world more loved, more regretted than one more talented, more richly endowed, who has misused his powers, who with all his beauty, his genius, his warmth of heart, has not made a single being happy.

The Colonel for a long time remained gloomy, and was more reserved than usual towards his wife and children.

Their tenderness, and constant attention, and the beneficent passage of time were by degrees dissipating his gloom, when an event in the home circle occurred, which agitated his tranquillity anew, and excited the more powerful emotions of his nature.

One day Arwid's father, General P. rushed into the Colonel's room in a great rage. At first he gave vent to his feelings in a load of curses, and when the Colonel asked coolly, what was the matter, he burst out with: "What is the matter! What is the matter? Thousand d—ls! the matter is, that your—your—your daughter is a——"

"General P.," said the Colonel, in a voice which brought the angry man to his senses; he went on somewhat more calmly; "the— the matter is—that your daughter has trifled with truth and faith, has played a false game! may seven thousand—that

she wishes to break her troth with my Arwid—to return him the betrothal ring—may seven—that Arwid is beside himself—that he will shoot himself—he is so wild and violent—and that I shall be a miserable, childless old man!” Here two tears ran down the cheeks of the old man, while he went on in a voice, in which anger and sorrow strove for utterance; “she has been sporting with the peace of my son—with my grey hairs! I loved her—like a father—I had placed upon her all my hopes of peace in my old age—it will be my death. She said almost in my Arwid’s face, that she would not have him—to my son’s face—may the seven thousand—he will be the laughing-stock of the whole country; he will shoot himself, he will shoot himself—and I shall be a childless, miserable old man!” etc.

The Colonel, who had listened to all this in perfect silence, rang the bell hastily. I went into the room, to reconnoitre a little, and that Julia might prepare for—what she already anticipated.

The Colonel’s air expressed anger and determination. He bade me tell Julia to come down to him.

I found Julia in great anxiety, but prepared, from this visit of the General to her father, for what was coming.

“I knew, I knew—” said she, growing pale at my message; “It must come, it could not be otherwise.”

“But have you actually,” I asked, “broken with your betrothed?”

“I have; I have, indeed,” answered she, distressed and anxious. “I cannot tell all, now; yesterday evening words passed between us; he was cold and insulting; I was hasty, he was passionate, and rode away in anger.”

Again the Colonel’s bell was heard.

“My God!” said Julia, as she pressed her hand upon her heart, “I must gather up my courage and go. Ah! were it not for his scornful look. Say, Beata, was my father very angry?”

I could not tell, but begged her not to be hasty, and to remember her promise, solemnly given, as well as the strong feeling of the Colonel, respecting the sacredness of such a promise.

“Ah! I cannot, I cannot,” was all that Julia was able to say, while trembling and pale she went down the stairs that led to the Colonel’s apartment. At the door, she stood a moment, as though summoning up her courage, then said, “I must,” and went in.

After the lapse of about half an hour, Julia came into Helen’s room, where I was sitting, and seemed utterly disconsolate. She threw herself upon the sofa, laid her head upon Helen’s knee, and began to sob loudly and vehemently. The kind-hearted

Helen sat silently, while the sympathising tears streamed from her eyes, and fell like pearls upon Julia’s golden ringlets. When Julia’s grief seemed to be somewhat allayed, Helen said gently, while she passed her hand through her sister’s fair locks, “I have not put your hair in order to-day, dear Julia. Sit up a moment, and it shall be soon done.”

“Oh, cut off all my hair! I will be a nun!” answered Julia; but she got up, wiped her eyes, and arranged her hair, partly with Helen’s aid, partly herself; and became more calm. So true it is, that the little employments of every day life have often a wonderful power in softening the burst of grief.

Julia answered our questions as to exactly what had happened, “This has happened, that I am doomed to suffer during the rest of my life for the indiscretion of a moment; to become a most miserable being, that is, if I submit to my sentence;—but this I will not do; in spite of my father’s displeasure—in spite of—”

“Oh, Julia, Julia,” interrupted Helen, “think of what you say.”

“Helen, you know not how I have suffered; how long I have struggled with myself. You know not how plainly I foresee the wretchedness of my lot, if I am Arwid’s wife. O! I went forward, as in sleep, and sleeping I gave him my hand; now I have awaked, and should not dare draw back, but that I see, that I am a—”

“Arwid is good, Julia!”

“What do you call good, Helen? One who is not bad? Arwid (I have tried and proved it,) appears good, because it is not possible for him to be base; calm and quiet, because he troubles himself about nothing but his own ease; sensible, because he sees no farther than the end of his nose; and he is made up of negations. Why, then, should we fear to add to the collection, and to give him my ‘no?’ Do not imagine that it would trouble him long; he loves not; he cannot love me; he has no feeling. Ah! he is like a wet stick of wood, which my little flame would strive in vain to light; the flame would gradually turn to smoke, and at last be wholly extinguished.”

“Dear Julia, if Arwid is not such a man as you deserve and whom you could joyously make your husband,—why could not your flame burn clearly? Arwid is not indeed so bad, as to become a spirit of torment to you. How many women there are, who, although united to men, that beyond all comparison fall far below him, yet live an honorable and excellent life,—procure for themselves prosperity and ease, and enjoy a life of happiness by a beautiful consciousness of performing their duty. There is our cousin, Madam M., is

she not worthy of love and esteem? And what a husband she has! Look at Emma S. and Hedda R."

"Yes, and look at Penelope, Sisters and Co. Ah, Helen, these women have my deep respect, my esteem, my admiration. I might be like them,—but I know plainly, that I cannot. That independence of opinion and understanding, that calmness, that clearness, and severity of firm principle, which is so necessary if we must take the leading part in marriage,—all this I have not—none of it. I am a vine, and require the oak for a support. Just now, I feel clearer ideas of life bursting forth. I feel a higher being waking within me, a new world opens to me! Would I could wander through it, hand in hand with one whom I could love and esteem; who with his own heart should reply to the pure flame in mine; who with the clear light of his understanding should illumine the twilight of my soul;—("Aha! Professor L.," thought I.) Then might I become a noble being, and reach a goal which I now long for, rather than see. But with Arwid, Helen, with Arwid—my world would become a store-room—I, myself a mouldy piece of cheese."

"What a comparison, dear Julia!"

"It is truer than you think for. Ah, marriage is a sad affair. It is with many, as it may now be with me,—they have drawn up the marriage bond in a foolish moment of fancy—have believed they should reach the island of blessedness—and are stranded, and all life long sit upon a sand-bank; like oysters, they crawl about in their shells, to seek a little sunshine—till a merciful breeze comes——"

"Julia! Julia!"

"Helen! Helen! It is a sketch of every day life,—each day confirms its truth. How many noble natures have there not fallen in that way? And so will it be with me, if I cannot in time sail by the sand-bank."

"Julia! I am afraid that this cannot be, our father's prejudices are immovable. He will allow no contradiction. I believe too, that he is right. In what concerns the violating a troth, the retracting a given promise of marriage, there lies something so deeply wounding to womanly delicacy, that I believe——"

"Delicacy! nonsense! I consider it wholly indelicate, and besides wholly absurd, to sacrifice the happiness of a whole life, for mere delicacy."

"Could you be happy, Julia, if you should lose the affection of your father, your friends—the esteem of the world?"

"The esteem of the world—I should care little for that—but the esteem of those I love. Oh, Helen, Beata!—is it possible for one to lose that? If so, it were indeed

better, that I should doom myself to be unhappy."

"You would not be unhappy, Julia," said Helen, as with tearful eyes, she threw her arms around her sister,——"you would not——"

"You know not that, Helen," Julia interrupted, with decided impatience; "I know that I should be unhappy; there is something besides Arwid's unworthiness, which will make me so. It is the consciousness of having failed in my destiny, —the consciousness that I might have shared a higher, happier lot,—that I could have lived upon earth for the enjoyment of a nobler, more elevated state of being. Yes, I am sure of it. I might, like a lark, have soared aloft in freedom, light and song—and now, now shall I,—as I have dreaded, crawl about the sand-bank of life like an oyster, dragging my prison with me!"

Upon the repetition of this terrible comparison, a new, and more violent attack of melancholy overpowered Julia. She threw herself again upon the sofa, and remained there the rest of the day, without eating, or consenting to listen to any consoling words. Madam H. going sometimes herself, sometimes through me, was constantly sending up stairs, drops and cologne.

Julia was indeed ill, though not seriously, and continued in her room three days, during which she did not see her father. Neither Lieutenant Arwid nor the General, to Julia's great comfort, sent to inquire for her all this time.

Madam H. always had at hand, her own peculiar house tactics or politics, for disputes arose frequently between her husband and her children. If, for instance, she were talking with him, then good words were always on their side; and she argued with, and proved to them that he must indeed be right. Her heart was, I think, often a deserter to the side of the weak; for while she was attempting to make an impression upon the iron determination of the Colonel, Madam H. always caressed her children with redoubled tenderness. She had now spoken to her husband on Julia's side to free her from her betrothal, but had found him inflexible, and when she saw Julia so unhappy, she became, unconsciously, towards him — not harsh — God forbid! but yet somewhat less gentle; this apparently, (I said to myself, it was not so indeed,) somewhat troubled her tranquillity and pleasure in a multitude of little things. A want of ease, a something, till now entirely unknown to the family, pervaded the house for some days.

"The mountain will not come to Mahomet — Mahomet must go to the mountain!" said the Colonel to me one morning,

with a good natured smile, as he turned to go up the stairs that led to Julia's chamber.

At the same moment horses feet were heard in the court yard, and Cornet Charles, excited, and with a disturbed countenance, sprang up stairs, embraced his father and mother and sister, with silent impetuosity, and immediately begged for a short conversation with his father.

An hour passed before the Cornet, with pale and troubled countenance, came out alone from his father's room. As if unconsciously, he passed through the parlor and the hall, came into Madam H's room, and without appearing to be aware of her presence or ruine, sat down in silence, leaned his elbows upon a table, and covered his eyes with his hand, as if the day-light were painful to him.

Madam H. watched him with a mother's anguish, then arose and stroked his cheeks caressingly with her hand, as she said; "My dear boy, what is the matter?"

"Nothing," answered Charles in a low, choked voice.

"Nothing!" repeated Madam H. "Charles, you make me anxious—you are so pale, are you unhappy?"

"Yes," answered the Cornet in the same low voice.

"My child—my son! What has troubled you?"

"Everything!"

"Charles! and you have yet a mother, who would give up her life for your happiness!"

"My dear mother!" cried the Cornet and he clasped her in his arms, "forgive me!"

"My dearest child, tell me what can I do for you—tell me what is the matter with you, tell me all! There must be some way—I cannot live while I see you so wretched."

"I shall be wretched unless I can have to-day, the sum or security for the sum of ten thousand dollars. If I do not obtain this, then Herminia—my Herminia is in a few days the bride of another! Good God! I can buy the happiness of my whole life, and that of another being, for a paltry sum of money—and it is denied me! I have spoken to my father, I have opened my heart to him—have told him all. He has this sum—I know it—and he—"

"Has he refused it?"

"Decidedly. He says that it is the portion of the unfortunate, the needy, and for the sake of unknown sufferers, he makes his own son unhappy!"

The Cornet rose impetuously and walked up and down the room with heavy strides, while he exclaimed; "What vile being has dared to slander my Herminia to my father—that holy angel of God? Could she deceive me! Could she love that hated

G.! Only he or his creatures could——"

The Cornet here dashed to pieces a wagon with horses attached, (an equipage of the little Thickneys,) and Madam H. terrified, saved from her son's approach a vase of flowers, while attentive to his grievances, she asked:

"But how? where?"

"Ask me nothing now!" cried the Cornet impatiently. "I can say only this; the whole happiness of my life depends upon my obtaining to-day the sum I have told you. I can become the happiest being upon earth, or the most wretched, and not I alone——"

"Charles," said Madam H. solemnly, "look at me! God bless those honest eyes, my son! Yes, I know you; you would not let me take a step whose consequences I should repent?"

"Mother! could you repent having built up my happiness for life?"

"Enough, my child, I am going to speak to your father. Wait here for me."

The Cornet awaited the return of his mother in a deeply excited state of mind. I saw that he was in one of those moods of youthful wilfulness, when it seems impossible to bear any opposition to one's wishes or determinations. In such moments the word "impossibility," cannot be conceived of. We fancy we can command the sun, we fancy we can root up mountains, or, what is the same, the deeply rooted prejudice of men's souls.

It was long before Madam H. returned. Julia and Helen followed her. She was pale. Tears glistened upon her eyelashes, and her voice trembled when she said; "Your father will not,—he has his prejudices: he means to do what is right—and to do it firmly. But, my dear child, I can help you. Take these pearls and jewels; they are mine; I can do without them: take them. You can obtain a considerable sum for them in Stockholm."

"And here—and here, dearest Charles!" said Julia and Helen, as they with one hand gave him their jewels, and threw the other around his neck; "take these too, Charles, we beg of you—take them, sell all,—and be happy!"

A deep red glow stole over the countenance of the young man, and tears rolled down his cheeks. At this moment the Colonel came up, stood at the door, and cast a piercing glance upon the group within the room. An expression of anger, mingled with scorn lowered upon his face. "Charles!" he cried in a deep voice, "if you are so base as to profit by the weakness of your mother and your sisters, to satisfy your own blind passions, you have my contempt, I will not acknowledge you my son!"

Utterly wretched before, and now so en-

tirely misunderstood, a most bitter torrent of anger swelled in the heart of the young man. He grew pale as death, pressed his lips together convulsively, stamped violently, and went through the door like lightning. In a few minutes, he was upon his horse and rode at full speed from the yard.

THE CORNET. THE CORNET. THE CORNET.

"Hallo! it echoes through the wood!"

Hallo! the echo! the hunted flies, and the hunters follow. What is the game?---a wretched human soul! And who are the hunters? The furies, hatred, despair and rage. How they ride! A matchless hunt! The hunted flies, but the hunters follow. They spare not the spur,---they follow him through the thickest wood, over hill and through vale---hallo!

Onwards! onwards! the hunted spurs on his snorting steed, which leaps foaming over brake and hedge. A wild fury burns in his soul. Wrapped in a cloud of dust, he bounds over the highway, through gloomy, forest-grown regions, all the time seeking to stifle each feeling, each thought of his soul, and hearing only the warning "onwards! onwards!" that rings out with every throb of his pulse.

The quiet inhabitants of the cottages which he passed like a storm-wind, stood amazed at their doors, and asked in wonder, "what horse passed so fast?" and one of them (Stina Anders, of Rarum,) declared he had seen a hound and a hare come forth, one from a hut, the other from a wood, who crouching opposite each other, gazed at the wild rider with staring eyes, and then confused and alarmed, ran back, the hare to the hut, the hound to the wood.

The wild rider, Cornet Charles, stopped not till he reached a well known house in the forest, threw himself from his horse, and sprang up stairs. All the doors in the second story were shut, all was still. He sprang down stairs again. All the doors below were shut, all was still and silent. He crossed the court-yard to a little outhouse and opened the door. A little shrivelled old woman sat in a little room, humming a psalm tune, and spinning flax at her whizzing wheel.

"Where is the master of the house? Where is the lady Herminia?" cried the Cornet, panting and almost breathless.

"How?" answered the old woman, spinning. "Where is the master of the house?" cried the Cornet, with a tremendous tone and glance. "Eh, what?" answered the old woman, as she stuck a snuff box into his face.

The Cornet stamped his foot. (A plate fell clattering from the cupboard, and the

glass on three broken shelves rattled.) "Are you stone-deaf?" cried he *fortissimo*, "I want to know what road your master took from the house?"

"The road!---does the gentleman mean---to Thorsborg?---it goes right over the field yonder, and---"

"I ask," cried the Cornet, with the whole collected strength of despair, "where your master has gone from here?"

"To Wreista? Why, here,---there, it goes---"

"Is she mad!" cried the Cornet, in despair; "one might as well talk to the tooth-ache!"

"Just so, oh! indeed!" ejaculated the old woman, puzzled and terrified when she perceived the Cornet's anger, and she went back to pick up the pieces of the broken plate.

The stranger flung in her face a six shilling piece, and vanished.

"God preserve me! God guard me!" murmured the terror-stricken, but now pleased old woman.

Another door in the same building sprang open before a powerful blow of the Cornet's hand.

By the hearth in the room, sat a stout looking gossip, who was feeding her little shock-headed boy with pap.

The Cornet repeated his question with violent impetuosity, and received as an answer:

"Yes, yes, they are gone."

"But where? say where---how? Was there no message, no letter left for me?"

"Letter? yes, I have got one to give to Cornet H., and I was just thinking of going down to Thorsborg with it, as soon as I had given a spoonful of pap to the little one---poor little worm---eat, little one!"

"For God's sake, give me the letter, quick, go this instant, I say, go---"

"Yes, yes, I am going, only let me give the little one one more mouthful. He is hungry, poor little worm. Here, little one!"

"I will feed the child, give me the spoon; go, bring me the letter!"

At last the woman went to her chest, the Cornet stood upon the hearth, took a spoonful of pap from the pot, blew upon it with an assiduous air, and put it in the open mouth of the boy. The old woman rummaged round her chest---sought and sought; snuff boxes and earthen dishes, stockings and petticoats, her prayer book and a loaf of bread, came out one after the other, and lay on the ground at her feet---the letter came not.

The Cornet raged, and stamped his foot, in impatience.

"Quick! What are you doing there? eh?"

"Presently, presently! Wait a few minutes---here---no, here---no, wait a little---only wait."

Wait! It can be easily imagined whether

the Cornet was inclined to "wait a little," now. But the letter came not. The woman answered in a low voice, between her teeth, "It is gone—it is lost!"

"You can't find it?" cried the Cornet, and in his anger he thrust a spoonful of hot pap down the throat of the youngster, who sent up a loud shout.

The letter could not be found. "It must have fallen into the hands of the little one, and been torn in pieces or burnt." And the mother, who cared more for the wants of her little one, than those of the Cornet, said angrily to the last, "Go to Löfstaholm, that is your message. My master has gone there, and lady Agnes was to-day with lady Herminia!"

The Cornet reached her a dollar, as a plaster for the burnt throat, cursed, half aloud, the goose and her gosling, and threw himself upon Blanca, who had meanwhile, been feeding on the yellow, autumn grass, that grew here and there in the court-yard.

Now for Löfstaholm! A mile farther to ride. Blanca feels the spurs and dashes on at full gallop. A torrent crosses the road; the bridge has been carried away and is not yet restored. There is indeed, another road; but it is four miles circuit.

Blanca now panted above the waves, that washed the froth from her neck and nostrils, and touched the feet, too, of the rider in the saddle.

Two travellers looked from a distance upon the scene.

"Do you know friend," said one, with a thoughtful countenance, "I believe it is the Nick himself, who crossed the stream on his black mare."

"But, do you know, friend," said the other, "I think it is a bridegroom, who is riding after his beloved."

"Believe me, gossip!"

"Believe me, neighbor!"

And believe me, reader, the rider now stands on the other bank, and onward, onward rides again through wood and world.

Poor Blanca! as the white walls of Löfstaholm glistened through the green trees, you were just ready to fall to the ground; but at sight of them the violence of the rider abated in some degree, and upon approaching the house, Blanca dared to stop and take breath, at the side of three other horses, which showed there were strangers at Löfstaholm just now.

Mr. D. sat in his room and contemplated with the air of an unprejudiced critic, a head done in crayon, by his much blamed daughter Eleanor; and Madam Emerentia D., (formerly J.), stood by and was reading with pleased attention, a poem upon the charms of a country life, and solitude, written by her hopeful son Lars Anders, (who in the family was called the young Lord Byron,) when Cornet Charles hastily enter-

ed the room. After a slight apology, and without troubling himself with what they would think of him, his abruptness and his questions, he begged that they would tell him what they knew of Baron K. and the sudden departure of his family:

"Nothing more," said Mr. D., as he knit his brow, "but that yesterday noon, they passed by here, and that Baron K. was so good as to come in and speak to me with great readiness, and to pay me a fourth part of the sum that I lent him, out of pure good nature forever. A Dido—Cornet H. of my Eleanor's."

Madam D. joined in; "the Baroness, or she whom they call so, (for it is my opinion, that she is no more of a baroness than I am,) did not trouble herself yesterday, to take any notice of me, from her carriage.—Yes, yes, one has fine returns for all the civilities one bestows upon people; no, she sat as stiff as a princess in her carriage—her carriage, did I say? Nay, I think—it was the equipage of young G; he sat there himself like a bird imprisoned in a cage; and this was what made her so haughty."

"G's chariot? G. with her?" cried the Cornet, "Herminia?"

"Sat there and looked around her like a turkey cock. Yes, I have been sorely deceived in that girl. I took some pity upon her, and allowed my daughters to take some little *soin* with her, and to encourage her musical powers. Therese too, was quite *engouée* with her. But I soon found I had committed an *imprudence*, and that she as well as the whole family, were not suitable society for my daughters! Besides, there are certain reports about, among people of rank; she has conducted in a way——"

A servant came in now with the pipes, which he placed in a corner of the room. Mr. D. took this opportunity to put in a sentence in French.

"Oui, c'est une vraie scandale," said he, "une forgerie de tromperie! un vrai fripon est la fille; j'en suis sûr, —et le plus extrêmement mauvais sujet est sa père."

"Son père," said Madam D., correcting him, "et la pire de toute chose c'est son mere, un conduite, oh! Ecoute cher Cornet; dans l'Italie le mère et le fille et la pere."

There now arose from the adjoining chamber, a fearful crying, screaming, laughing, roaring and rejoicing all at once. There was a sound of fiddles, a clashing of shovels and tongs, a singing, a whistling, and amid this hubbub, and outcries of all kinds, these sounds were heard with peculiar distinctness: "Papa! papa! We know the piece now! the play is ready! Hurra! hurra!"

The shouting troop now rushed into the room like a raging torrent; but as soon as the excited band saw Cornet Charles, their joy knew no bounds. An unanimous cry burst forth.

"Iphigenie! Iphigenie! Hurra! hurra! Cornet H., Cornet Charles shall be our Iphigenie! hurra! Long live Iphigenie the Cornet! long live Cornet Iphigenie! Long live——"

"Death and hell!" thought the Cornet, while the wild band all seized upon him, crying out; "Come, Iphigenie! come Cornet Charles, quick, quick! we want to have a rehearsal! The Cornet may read his part,—come, do come!"

"Hocus Pocus, Cornet Charles! fall upon your knee, and rise up Iphigenie!"

This shout was trumpeted forth by the charming little Agnes D., who stood on tiptoe, to hang a veil over Cornet Charles' head; but she could not reach above his face. Lieutenant Rutelin came to her help. Eleanor D. and Mina P. had already thrown a great shawl over his shoulders, and three young men attempted to fasten a table-cloth round him, to answer for the skirt of a dress. Among the assistants of Miss D. Lieutenant Arwid might be seen.

The Cornet resisted; it was in vain. He raised his voice, cried out,—in vain—he could scarcely be heard amidst the noise, still less make himself understood.

Despair and vexation utterly overpowered him, and brought him to a desperate resolution. Using all his strength, certainly not in the most courteous way, with both arms, he flung the crowd from him to the right and left, and—ran off,—ran through a door which he saw open, came upon a long succession of rooms, looked neither right nor left,—but ran, on, on, on! He overthrew a maid-servant, three chairs and two tables, passed from one apartment to another, till he reached a dining room. On the other side of this room, was the entry. This the Cornet knew, and was upon the point of hastening there, when he heard with terror the shouting multitude coming through it, to meet him with the loud cry of "Iphigenie! Iphigenie!" In great anguish of mind, and just as he was turning back, the Cornet perceived, near him, a door half open, which led to some narrow spiral stairs. He shot like an arrow through it. The stairs were very dark and long,—now turned to the right, now to the left. The Cornet's head was growing dizzy, when his foot at last, touched the ground. He stood in a little narrow entry. A ray of light shone through an iron door close by. The Cornet went through this door. The faint autumnal rays of the setting sun, gleamed through an iron-barred window opposite, and shone upon the grey, cold stone walls of a little vault! The Cornet found himself—in a prison? No, in a store-room!

The Cornet looked round for some outlet. He found indeed a door in the little entry, which led to the smaller cellar, but

this required a key to open it, and there was no key there. The Cornet looked and looked—in vain. He seated himself upon a chest of bread in the little cellar, shook off the shawl and veil, and heard with joy, that the wild hunters were rushing round above, and that they went into distant parts of the house to seek traces of him; yet they were always near enough to prevent the Cornet from making his exit. Unhappy, indignant, tired, at enmity with the whole world, he sat and looked thoughtlessly around him. A dish of pastry, the remains of a pie, some roast veal, and currant jelly, which stood on a table in the sunshine, kindly and invitingly attracted his attention.

The Cornet experienced a singular emotion; in the midst of his despair, and although a prey to a thousand painful thoughts, he felt—hungry!

Poor human nature! O man, crown of creation! Clay—king of clay! Though heaven and hell roll around in your heart—still you must eat! One minute an angel, the next an animal! Poor human nature! And yet;—

Happy human nature! Happy bond, which alone can preserve the unity of being. The animal refreshes the spirit, the spirit the animal, and so only can the man live.

The Cornet lived, was hungry, saw eatables, and was not long in allaying his hunger. The pastry must suffer for the Farce.

Pardon! pardon, young reader! I know a lover, the hero of a romance besides, should not be so prosaic, so earthly; and our hero is perhaps in danger of losing all your kind sympathy. But think, think ye lovely creatures, who live upon the scent of roses and sentiment, he was a man, and what is worse, he was a Cornet; he had had a long ride, and had not eaten a mouthful the whole day. Think of this! "But is it proper that he should eat in this way, in other people's store-rooms?"

Ah, my dear mistress of ceremonies! when we feel provoked and tired with the world, we easily believe that everything is proper, that is proper and agreeable to us, and offends nothing but the *conveniences* of others. Every one takes at such a time real pleasure in treading such *conveniences* under foot like weeds, and in such a frame of mind, nourishes a real, cosmopolitan spirit, that would say to the whole world—"Make way for me!"

Cornet Charles had made some way through the pastry, when the hubbub above, increasing in strength, renewed the loud cry for the luckless "Iphigenie!" This, together with a rattling, and noise upon the stairs, showed that the band of hunters was on the track. He sprang madly against

the window, seized one of the iron bars with all his strength, to loosen it, and cost what it would, make his escape. The bar shook, but remained firmly in its place. The shouting troop came nearer and more near. At this fearful moment, a key that lay in the window-seat, shone in the sunlight.

O blessed sunlight! The Cornet seized the key, fitted it to the lock, the door opened, and as though chased by furies (the Cornet, at this moment, called up in his mind a confused image of the lovely, pleasing Miss D., with a Medusa's head), rushed through a long passage to the hall, threw himself down the steps, across the courtyard, and upon Blanca's back. He was hardly seated in the saddle, when like a swarm of bees, flocking out from the hive, the shouting band broke forth from the door, singing in chorus, or rather screaming out:

"Iphigenie! Iphigenie!
Tell us what is the matter, say,
Lovely maid, why hasten away?
Come back and stay with us, Iphigenie!"

The Cornet dashed off, and soon vanished among the trees, from the sight of the chorus singers. The three young men, who in the joy of their heart, saw in all this, nothing but an uncommonly droll joke, in the twinkling of an eye were mounted on their horses, and followed the deserter.

But when the Cornet saw the chase was continued, he suddenly slackened his pace, much to the astonishment of the triumvirate pursuing him, who soon caught up with him, and surrounded him, with loud laughter, and cries of:

"Aha! aha! we have the Cornet now, there is no escape! Deliver yourself prisoner, Cornet H., and return with us!" and one of them snatched the reins from his hand.

But his arm was thrown off suddenly, and the Cornet, looking proudly and haughtily upon his pursuers, said in anger:

"If you gentlemen had possessed the slightest penetration, you would have seen, that I am in no mood for joke, or for being joked. You would see indeed that all your foolish tricks are no joke to me. I wish they were all at the devil, and you too. Let me alone!"

"Pon honor, that was rudely enough said," cried one of the triumvirate, as he forced his horse to keep pace with the Cornet; while the two other young men stopped a few minutes, and after a short consultation, rode back, laughing loudly.

The Cornet rode on slowly, and cast angry and inquiring glances upon his uninvited companion, who from a pair of clear blue eyes returned his glances with a kind of ironical calmness.

The two silent riders came at last to a place where a cross-road led off. The Cornet turned haughtily to his companion and said;

"I presume that we separate here; good night sir!"

"No," answered his companion carelessly, "I have a few words to say to you."

"When and where you please!" said the Cornet, impetuously.

"Oho! Oho!" returned the other ironically, "do you take the matter so to heart? 'When and where you please,' are words, we use to lead on to a challenge—for when and where you please to take another's life. Now for my sake, this can hardly be done, 'when and where you please.' But I will look upon it not quite so much in earnest. I will follow you only to keep you company, to see, whether I cannot cheer you up a little, excite you a little, talk with you about those—"

"With certain people," said the Cornet, "I can talk with sword in hand,—it keeps at a distance—"

"A sword?" said his companion, carelessly; "why a sword? Why not rather pistols; they speak louder, and answer better for the purpose of keeping people at a distance; I seldom draw my sword."

"Perhaps you prefer a pin?" asked the Cornet, disdainfully.

"Yes, a pin; or perhaps, a hair-pin," his companion answered smiling, as he took off his hat and loosened from it the richest tresses that ever adorned a maiden's head, and took from them a long hair-pin, to which he, or rather she, attached a little billet, which she delivered to the Colonel and said in an entirely different tone;

"If you should find it more painful than a sword thrust, you must at least pardon those, who must needs bring it against their will."

And the blue-eyed rider Therese D., cast a kind compassionate glance upon the Cornet, bade him farewell, turned her horse quickly, and soon disappeared from before his gaze of astonishment.

Another feeling followed this, as soon as he recognised, in the address of the note, Herminia's hand-writing. With sensations that can be easily imagined, the Cornet opened the note, and read;

"My only friend on earth! Farewell! farewell! You come too late. I have yielded to the despairing entreaties of my mother. To-day I go to Stockholm; tomorrow I am the wife of Genseric—if I live. My brother, friend, my all—ah, forgive me! Farewell!"

"HERMINIA."

The letter was dated the preceding day. "How, at Stockholm?" said the Cornet, forming the desperate resolution, either to

win her—or to die. "Heaven be praised, there is yet time!"

The evening was growing stormy and lowering. The Cornet observed it not, heeded it not, but rode, at full speed, to an inn.

"A quick, swift horse! This moment!" said the Cornet, with a voice of thunder; "I will pay what you please.

A snorting stallion soon panted beneath the wild rider, who, with voice and spur, yet more excited his mettle, and with the fury of blind impatience, drove onwards, ever on. But let us take breath a moment.

HOOT! HOOT!

It was night. The silver moonbeams streamed silently upon the castle of Thorsborg, where everything seemed hushed in repose; for not a ray of light glimmered through the deep casement, to give signs of a wakeful eye, of a heart that could find no rest. And yet!—In the Colonel's room a night-lamp beamed, and shed its dim rays upon some family pictures, in gilt frames, whose forms, by the gleaming of its pale blue light, seemed to awake to life from the night of the past, in whose shade their joys and sorrows, their hatred, their love, and their prayers, had long ago expired; and who now seemed, with a peaceful dreamy smile, to look down upon the struggles of their descendants, with the darker powers of life, and to whisper;

"Thou shalt forget, and be forgotten;
The conflict of day, in night shall cease;
Rest shall follow the strife of earth:
Soul! think on this; in this take peace."

Peace? Gentle spirits! you would fill us with trust, but there are moments, when at the thought of these words, "grave" and "heaven," the bitter tears flow.

The Colonel was standing by the window, and looked out upon the moonlight-night. His lofty brow was paler than usual, and a dim light shone out from his deeply sunken eyes.

A gust of wind rustled, now and then, across the castle yard, and bore along heaps of autumn leaves, that recalled to the people of the castle the gay dances that their gloomy looking princes used to enjoy in the old fortress. The tower flags flapped heavily; and a fearful restless whistling, such as accompanies storms in large buildings, sounded mournfully here and there through the house. Such tones might well serve as omens of misfortune, for they called up gloomy forebodings. Clouds of peculiar, fantastic shapes, were coursing the heavens; they hurried

on, like armies, with tattered streamers flying.

Cloud-veils floated over the queen of night; she broke through them soon with her blessed rays, and they gathered, at last, in dark grey masses, far away, above the horizon.

With disturbed, gloomy thoughts, the Colonel watched the wild struggle of nature. He felt, with bitterness, that the spirit of discord had disturbed, with her poisonous breath, the peace of that family before so happy and united. He, who loved his own so dearly, who would be loved by them so tenderly, had become, at once, like a stranger to them.

Wife, children, kept themselves at a distance, turned their glances away from him; and it was his fault: he had denied their prayers; they were unhappy through him; and in this moment, when his conscience bore him witness that he had been firm in his opinions of what was right, and had acted, without wavering, on the same strict, but elevated principles, at this moment there arose painful feelings in his heart, that seemed to accuse him of having erred in the application of these principles, and of having thus caused suffering that he might have prevented. He had embittered the life of beings whom it was his duty to bless and make happy. A physical pain, under which he had suffered for a long time, and that was felt most when his soul was most deeply excited—a weight upon his lungs, that made his breathing laborious, came on with unusual power, along with these sad thoughts. He was alone. No one to show now a feeling of kindness for him; the thoughts of not a single being hovered above him, on the peaceful, dove-like wings of prayer: he was alone! A tear trickled from his manly eye, and he looked up on high, with the gloomy desire to leave, at once, an earth where sorrows reign.

A white cloud, which assumed the form of a human being with outstretched arms, hovered alone in the starry vault, and seemed to be sinking lower and lower, and its extended, misty arms, seemed to approach him.

He thought of Elizabeth, of her love, of her promise to be ever near him after her death. Was it not her spirit that would embrace him now, when all others had forsaken him? Was it not her spirit, that now when all voices of love were silent to him, had risen, and, alone, called to him through the night, "I love you! I love you?"

The spirit-like cloud came nearer and nearer; with sad longing, the gaze of the Colonel followed it, and unconsciously he raised his arms towards it. ~~It was now suddenly caught by a strong wind; the ex-~~

tended arms were torn from the cloud-body and in a strange, wild form the white cloud floated like an image of phantasy over the tower. The room was desolate, the Colonel laid his hand upon his breast, all was desolate there. A deeply labored sigh went forth. In this bitter moment some one approached him with light step, an arm wound itself within his, and he felt a head sink gently upon his shoulders. He did not look down, he asked not; he knew that she was near who, so many years, had shared his joy and grief. She alone could care for his secret sorrow, she alone would come to him in the still night, with consolation and love. Silently he laid his arm around the companion of his life and pressed her head to his heart, where soon all outward and inner pain was hushed. The two stood there long, and saw the storm pass over the earth and chase the clouds. They spoke not a word in explanation of what had happened, not a word of exculpation. Reconciliation held them in her heavenly arms. Heart throbbing upon heart, they stood there; they were one.

The storm that was now increasing, raging, flapped its wings around the tower, the clock of which now struck twelve. The strokes fell heavily on the ear. The Colonel pressed his wife closer, and shuddered involuntarily. She looked up to him, his eye was fixed upon one spot, and hers, following the direction of his, soon remained fixed there too.

On the high-road, which from this place was visible at some distance from the castle, there moved a black body, which as it drew nearer the castle, assumed a greater extent, and a more singular shape. Soon, by the light of the moon, it was apparent that it was composed of a number of persons, pressed closely together in a strange manner, and who moved forwards slowly, but in company. Now it was hidden by the trees in the avenue, now it appeared again and nearer. A number of men seemed to be carrying, carefully, something very heavy.

"It is a funeral procession!" whispered Madam H. "Impossible, at this hour," answered the Colonel. The dark mass came nearer and nearer. Now it entered the castle-yard. The wind raged wildly, and carried off the hats of some of the bearers, but they did not turn to recover them. The procession continued towards the principal building; now came up the steps slowly, carefully,—a thundering knock at the door! All remained perfectly quiet, and the procession entered the house. Without uttering a word, the Colonel left his wife, went quickly from the room, closed the door, and sprang down stairs. The bearers laid down their burden, between the pillars in the hall. It was a bier. A dark mantle covered it. With a sad air the

bearers stood around. "Whom have you here?" said the Colonel in a voice that struggled to be firm. No one answered. The Colonel drew near and raised the covering. The moon beamed down through the high Gothic windows. A bloody corpse lay there! The Colonel recognized his son! O, a father's grief! O angel of Heaven! cover with thy wings thy smiling face, look not down upon the grief of a father! Beaming lights of heaven, expire! Come, dark night, hide with thy holy veil that grief that knows not tear or word. O never may a human eye profane with curious glance the sorrow of a father!

Noble, miserable father! as we saw thee fix thy gaze upon thy son, we turned away, but offered up for thee our heart felt, ardent prayers.

All the people of the house, as well as myself, were aroused by the arrival of this sad news; we stood silently around the bier. At a sign from the Colonel, and the words, "A surgeon," all were put in action. A messenger was sent to the city for a family physician, and the lifeless body was borne from the bier to one of the apartments. The tears of the bearers fell upon their dear young master. The Colonel and I followed the slow, sorrowful train. I dared not look up to him, but heard the deep gushing sobs, through which he breathed with difficulty. When the body was placed upon the bed, we began hopelessly, to try all the means that are ever used for the restoration of those who have fainted or are senseless. His feet were rubbed, and his temples, breast and hands, were bathed with spirit. Blood ran slowly from a wound in the head; it was bound up. Occupied in this way, I ventured to throw an anxious, inquiring look upon the Colonel; but I turned away again shuddering. His face was deathly pale, a spasm had convulsed and disfigured his features, his lips were pressed closely together, and his eyes were fixed. Suddenly I felt a light, sudden shudder pass through the stiffened limbs! I could scarcely breathe; it was repeated; I looked up to the Colonel.

He pressed one hand closely to his breast; and placed the other upon his son's mouth. He seized my hand and placed it there; a gentle breath was felt. There was a slight pulsation around the temples, a sigh, the first intimation of restored life—his breast heaved, and a faint glow of life shone upon his face. The Colonel looked up to heaven. O what an expression! O, a father's joy! Thou art worthy of it, worthy to have bought it with thy sorrow!

Look down, O angel of heaven, with beaming eyes upon the blessed heart of a father! This is the moment for your smiles!

The eyes of the slumberer were now

opened, and met his father's gaze, that rested upon him with the deepest expression of anxious joy; they remained a moment open, then slowly closed. The Colonel again alarmed, placed his hand above his son's mouth, to feel if his breath had become more faint; the pale lips moved as if to kiss his father's hand, and an expression of peace and reconciliation played upon the face of the young man. He continued, with his eyes still closed, to lie like one asleep. His breathing was weak, but gentle, and he made no effort to speak.

While the careful and tender Helen sat by the bed of her brother, the Colonel left it to go and seek his wife; he made a sign to me to follow him, and I hastened up stairs, pinching my cheeks, that I might not look like a messenger of death. Madam H. sat fixedly, with hands folded; by the light of the moon, she looked not unlike one of those old pale forms, that from their family circle, looked down upon her. As we approached her, she said, with smothered anguish, "Something has happened! What is it? Tell me; tell me all!" With wonderful coolness, with heartfelt tenderness, the Colonel prepared his wife for the sight that awaited her, and attempted at the same time to infuse a trust, a hopefulness greater indeed than he himself felt. He led her to the chamber; without uttering a word, or cry, without shedding a tear, the unhappy mother went up to her son, who seemed now nearer death than before. The Colonel stood at the foot of the bed, and still preserved his unmoved, manly bearing. But when he saw his wife bend her head to the bloody pillow of her son, and with an entirely indescribable expression of motherly love and a mother's anguish kiss his pale lips, while the unusual resemblance of the two faces was growing more striking, beneath the shade of death that seemed gathering above them both; he bowed his head, hid his face in his hands, and wept like a child. Yes, we all wept bitterly. It seemed as though the spark of hope, that we had at first nourished, had now expired, and none of us believed that the mother would survive her son.

And yet, earthly cares, wasting sorrow, those sharp swords that pierce the inmost soul, do not kill! the wonderful germ of life can draw nourishment from sorrow; can, like the polypus, be cut apart, grow together again, and live, and suffer. Mourning mother, wife, bride, daughter, sister; hearts of women, which care ever crushes and wounds the deepest, bear witness to it. You have seen your beloved one die, have longed to die with him, and yet live, and cannot die. What do I say? If you can resign yourself to live, is it not true, that a breath from heaven will pour consolation

and strength into your soul? Can I doubt of this, and think of thee, noble Thilda R., mourning bride of the noblest of husbands! Thou didst receive his last sigh, thou lost with him thy all upon earth; thy fortune was dark and joyless, and yet thou wert so resigned, so gentle, so kind, so good! Thou didst weep, but saidst, trustingly, to thy sympathizing friends, "Believe me, it is not so very hard to bear!" Ah, that was a peace, which the world cannot give. And when thou saidst, to dissipate thy grief, "I will not disturb this peace with my sadness," we believed that he from his grave, cared yet for thy happiness, encompassed thee still with his love, and strengthened and consoled thee; "And here appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him."

Patient sufferers, blessings on you. You reveal God's kingdom on earth, and show us the way to heaven. From the crown of thorns, we see eternal roses spring.

But I go back to the sorrowing mother, who had subdued the first, sudden pang of grief. She supported herself during a long time of trial for her loved one hovered long between life and death. But she wanted sufficient strength and resolution to nurse him constantly. Had it not been for Helen, had it not been for the Colonel, had it not been for me, (I blush to say it,) then, — but we were all at hand, and so (and through God's mercy,) the Cornet continued to live.

In the time of sorrow and care, souls draw near to one another. When outward adversity storms around us, we gather together, and the most beautiful flowers of friendship and intimacy spring up and grow beneath the tears of sorrow. In the family circle, a common source of grief destroys all little dissensions and disagreements, and brings all hearts, all interests to one point. Especially if the death of one of the family is threatened, then all discords are silent; then all hearts throb harmoniously though mournfully, all thoughts agree and form a soothing garland of peace, in whose bosom the loved invalid rests.

After Cornet Charles's accident and during his sickness, all uneasiness, all variance in the H. family had vanished; the care, the feelings, the thoughts of all were united upon him; and when his life was out of danger, and he began to grow better---O how joyous every one felt, how all loved each other, and felt such a longing to make each other happy, how we all feared to darken in any way the heaven now growing so clear.

It was touching to see. But I do not know what has possessed me, that I grow so pathetic, and would fain bring my reader to tears over my joys, as though there did not fall enough unnecessary

tears, into the urn of sentimentality. Let us make a visit to the D. family, and see if we cannot meet with something more lively. By virtue of my magic wand, (the wretchedest goose-quill on earth,) I will bear us, that is, my reader and myself, in a moment, to

Löfstaholm.

It was the breakfast hour. The table was surrounded with people. Bowls were standing upon the table, and it was proposed to drink healths.

"The thousand take me," said a voice, (which the reader will probably recognize,) "I shall be delighted to drain the glass to Lady Eleanor's health."

His neighbor, with a deep blush, said, in a friendly warning manner, "What will Julia H. say to that?"

"Julia H.? I care very little, the thousand take me, about what Julia H. says. Lady Julia must take care how she takes whims. I may take it into my head, the thousand take me, to send her back, some day, the ring of betrothal; yes, yes."

"Skäl,* Arwid!" cried Lieutenant Rutelin; "Skäl for independent men."

"And for their upholders," cried the little Lord Byron; "I meant upholderesses," whispered he to Eleanor, "but it did not sound well; do you understand?"

"Ah, I am not troubled," answered she.

"Lieutenant Arwid, Lieutenant P., may I have the honor of drinking your health?" called Mr. D.

"And I, and I, and I," repeated many voices.

"Fill your neighbor's glass, Eleanor."

"Gentlemen and ladies, I propose the health of Lieutenant Arwid's lady-love; that she may recollect herself, and receive him again to favor."

ALL. Yes, yes, that she---

ONE VOICE. Gentlemen and ladies---the thousand take me---Gentlemen and ladies, that is something which I do not wish. I should take great pleasure in not receiving her into favor. I---but---but in sending back to her the ring of betrothal; the thousand take me.

ALL. Skäl for independent men. Skäl for Lieutenant Arwid.

"And Skäl for maidens without whims! Skäl for my Eleanor and her sisters," shouted Mr. D.

ALL. Skäl! Skäl!

"Very well; very well," added the little Lord Byron, with a grimace.

* Skäl is, in Sweden, the common expression in drinking healths.

TEA AND SUFFER.

I HAD the honor of seeing my readers at a little breakfast; I would now beg the honor of entertaining them at a little supper. Nay, nay; do not be frightened; it will not be great nor magnificent; not like a visit to his Excellency Ennui, which will keep you till midnight in waking torment.

I disclose a little table in the blue room at Thorsborg. In the middle of the table, Helen has placed a basket of grapes, and wreathed it with asters, gilliflowers, and other flowers which have been colored under the pale beams of the autumn sun. Around this splendid Bacchus crown, is seen every kind of simple dish, which can be found in the story of Philemon and Baucis, as well as in all the Idyls, where suppers are the subject. I will not waste paper in an enumeration of the milk and cream, and other rural dishes.* The lady of the house will not, I fear, forgive me, for passing her so silently. A dish of honey-comb, from which dropped a fragrant juice, or a plum tart, (in the preparation of which she had busied herself,) lighter and more delicate than—the Colonel, indeed, asserted, that after he had eaten a piece, it oppressed him a little. "You never know what oppresses people. Men have curious notions."

At the moment, for which I have invited the attention of the reader, the lady of the house had just left off, the fifth time, attempting to rub from the stopper of a decanter a spot, which at last was discovered to be a blemish in the glass itself, and therefore immovable. In the lighted room, assembled one by one, Julia (without the betrothal ring,) Professor L., the Master, with his pupils, and at last entered, between his father and Helen, Cornet Charles, who now, for the first time since his fall from his horse, joined the family circle at the evening hour. His mother met him, with tears in her eyes, kissed him, and gave him no rest until she had placed him upon the sofa, between the Colonel and herself, comfortably supported by soft cushions, which she wished to place around his head, in a way in which they could only remain by the help of the flying cherubs. The Colonel observed, with a malicious pleasure, and a laconic "there, there," how the cushions rattled down, right and left. The lady asserted he blew them. When she had arranged them, in some measure, as she wished, she seated herself silently, gazed with a tender, sad smile, at the pale

* "Ah! God bless me." I remember now that Baucis, when she received some unexpected guests, ran to sacrifice her only goose for their entertainment. And I—who have invited a crowd of guests to supper—I cannot serve them with either a calf or turkey. I am ashamed to death.

face of her son, whilst tears, which she herself did not observe, slowly trickled down her cheeks. The Colonel looked at her, with a mild, grave expression, so long, that she was induced by it to recollect herself, and conquer her emotion, so that she should not disturb the quiet of her sick favorite.

It was pleasant to see "the little Thick-eyes," with open mouth and longing eyes, carrying to their brother some of the good things which Helen had placed upon the table; and how very unpleasant it was to them to give up the dish. Julia kneeled by her brother's side, and chose from a dish which she placed upon the sofa, the largest and most beautiful grapes, to reach to him.

I must like to ask Professor L. what book he was reading so attentively and devotedly. He would either have answered, "Julia," or he would have been embarrassed and have turned to the title page of the book; which would have seemed very suspicious—as to what the reading in the book amounted to. There was, in the faces of the greater part of the little company, something uncommon,—an intensity of expectation, in a word, something like that which sparkles in children's eyes, when on Christmas eve, they are looking forward to the Christmas celebration.

Cornet Charles alone was dejected and quiet. The indifferent, languid expression of his eyes testified to a joyless heart, and although he answered gently and mildly to all the proofs of tenderness, by which he was overwhelmed, there was something so sad in his smile, that it called fresh tears into the eyes of his mother.

Meanwhile, the master went about, attempting to fish out some one to play chess with him. He had more than once, placed and displaced all the chess men upon the board, and coughed at least seven times, to give a kind of signal, that rivals desirous of combat might now present themselves; but as no one seemed desirous of the contest, he set out on a crusade to choose and challenge one. Professor L., who was himself first threatened with a defiance, stuck his nose so deep into his book, that the master lost courage to venture upon him, and turned to Julia,—who escaped to the other end of the room.

Then he turned to Helen, but she was busied in helping at table; he came now with a determined expression to me.

"I must look out," said I, "to see if the moon shines this evening." (The night before was the last of the moon!)

The poor master then, with a deep sigh, cast a look upon the little Thick-eyes, who were busied with the tarts, and told them to be quick, because he proposed to teach them the moves of the chessmen!

The Colonel who sat blowing his tea, and looking with a smile at the motions of the little company, now raised his voice and said, with a peculiar intonation to every word;

"I have heard to-day, that our neighbor, Lieutenant Arwid P., is about to seek for, (and will also find) in Miss Eleanor D., consolation for the inconstancy of another young maiden."

Oh, how Julia blushed! Professor L. let his book fall to the ground.

"I think," continued the Colonel "that this will do very well. Eleanor D. is, I believe, a sensible girl, who is clear in her own mind, and knows how to manage in the best way with others. Arwid P. is a good match for her, and she a good match for him. I wish them all possible happiness."

"And I too!" said Julia, half aloud and bending towards her father, delighted to find in his words a consent to the dissolution of her betrothal. She looked at him for some time, with an expression in which hope, joy, tenderness and despair alternated; but when his smile of fatherly kindness met hers, she threw her arms around his neck, and gave him more kisses than I can count.

Professor L. threw his arms round himself, (perhaps feeling the necessity of embracing somebody,) and gazed at the little group with a look—oh, how eloquent a look is at times!

"Give me a glass of wine, Beata!" called the Colonel, "I wish to drink merry healths, full of joy. A glass of Swedish wine, of course!"

(Friendly reader! he meant berry wine, prepared by me. Pardon this little boasting.)

I filled the Colonel's glass.

"Your health! son Charles!" cried he with beaming looks.

At the same moment, there was heard the beautiful music of a harp from the adjoining room. An electrical shock seemed to effect all in our room, and a kind of illumination was kindled in every eye. The Cornet wished to jump up, but was restrained by his father, who laid his hands upon him, whilst his mother, in anxiety at his wild excitement of mind, poured over him more eau de cologne, than was pleasant or agreeable. This music of the harp was followed by another and still another air. Like the fragrance of a spring morning, was poured out by degrees, a ravishing stream of beautiful and pure melody, which now rose, now sunk in infinite beauty; and pressed to the innermost heart, so that it seemed as if an angel was touching the strings. To these tones was soon added another still more ravishing. A young female voice, pure, clear, and lovely,

which at first trembled, but by degrees gained security, and ever increasing expression, say ;

When first thy heart another found,
Thou canst remember well
A glow on all life's waste around,
From Love's clear sunshine fell.

It was so sweet, it was so bright
The world, it was so fair,
That both our burning heart's delight
Burst forth in thankful prayer.

Then came the bitter hours and broke
Thy heart from mine away ;
And tearfully the words we spoke,
We were so loth to say ;—

"Farewell, farewell, O world so fair,
"Farewell, O joy of soul!"—
But now farewell to all despair,
For peace now crowns the whole.

See thy beloved one is near,
With over running heart !
She lingers now and whisp'rs here,
And we shall never part.

What did the Cornet do in the mean time? Joy and rapture sparkled in his eyes. His feet moved, he stretched out his arms ; but, restrained by the arms of his father, his prayers and his looks, he could not move from the sofa. His soul was calmed by the song ; sensations of quiet happiness seemed to overpower him, and he looked up to the ceiling as if he saw heaven opening.

His mother, who in the meantime had left the room, when the song ceased, came back again leading by the hand the enchanting singer—the beautiful—Herminia.

The Colonel arose, and went to meet her. With true fatherly tenderness, he embraced the charming being, and presented her to the company as his fourth, his beloved daughter.

Let no one blame the Cornet, that he did not immediately spring up and throw himself upon his knees, before his beloved. He could not do it. The feeling of intense happiness was too strong for his languid powers,—and momentary faintness came over him when he saw his mother lead in the beloved being, whom he had thought lost to him forever. His mother emptied a whole bottle of Eau de Cologne over him.

When he again opened his eyes, they met those of Herminia, which were resting upon him full of tearful tenderness. The Colonel took the hands of the two lovers, and joined them. The whole family formed a circle around the two happy ones. No word was spoken, but those looks, those smiles of love and happiness—Oh, how much better are they than words !

CHORUS OF ALL MY READERS.

"But how?" "What?" "Why?"
"When? How happened it? How did it come to pass?"

I shall do myself the honor, immediately and in order, as becomes a family counselor, to give my

Explanation.

When a jelly is nearly made, they put in the white of an egg to "clear" it, (as it is called in technical language.) So also when a romance, a little narrative, or any other literary medley, is near its termination ; then we add an arrangement or explanation to "clear" the muddy sediment ; and this has commonly much of the properties of the white of an egg, namely. It is glutinous, clear and clarifying, and nearly as tasteless.

I see already what faces will be made over my white-of-an-egg chapter, and I am myself somewhat restless and anxious as about everything tough ; I believe I shall succeed best, if instead of my own twisted words, I lay before my readers a conversation which took place on a beautiful November afternoon, between Madam D. and Madam Mellander, who was a newspaper and advertisement to all the country round. To prevent my reader from being misled by the errors and false conclusions of the two ladies, I will (unknown to both) bring upon the stage a prompter, that is, a breath from the spirit of truth, which is always an important assistant, who cannot be bought too dearly, either to travel over the history of the world, or to go through the smallest crevice in the door of domestic life. My prompter is unlike those who are employed in the royal theatre, for he does not bring the actors, but the audience into the right track. But to the business.

The Scene is at Löfstaholm, in Madam D's parlor. (Madam D. is sitting at her coffee after dinner. Madam Mellander enters.)

MADAM D. Now my dear Madam Mellander, at last—welcome! I have waited at least half an hour. The coffee is nearly cold. I must have it warmed.

MADAM M. My dear Madam, cold or warm, it's all the same to me.

MADAM D. (While she fills the cup.) Now Madam Mellander, is there any news?

MADAM M. Yes, my dear Lady, and now, God be praised, I understand every thing. A little sugar, if I may ask.

MADAM D. Now tell it, tell it! I have heard that the little woodbird there—Herminia, has been received into the H. family

as their own child, that she and the Cornet are betrothed and will soon be married.

THE PROMPTER. "Three years from now," Colonel H. says. The Cornet must first travel and see the world; and Herminia, Mrs. H. says, must learn Swedish housekeeping, and three years are necessary for that.

MADAM M. It seems to me as if somebody spoke near us,---are we alone?

MADAM D. No living soul can hear us.

MADAM M. Then I must tell you, my dear lady, a frightful story,---just see---I do not wish it to be said, I said it---"

MADAM D. No living soul shall hear it.

(*The Prompter doubts.*)

MADAM M. Well then! this is it. The present Baroness K. was married in a foreign land to a Swedish nobleman, and had by him a daughter---that pretty thing there---the Herminia, about whom both father and mother were much troubled---for you see they wanted a son, and the maiden was unhappy at home. Now comes Baron K. to Italy---or whatever the place was, and happens to see the beautiful woman---Herminia's mother---he gets mad in love with her, and she dying in love with him. This the husband sees---a frightful confusion ensues, and it came to a brawl between the two lords.

PROMPTER. A Duel!

MADAM M. The end of it was, the Baron must leave the land. He came back to Sweden, and led such a wicked life, played and was so dissipated, that his affairs fell into disorder. He learned one day, that the husband of the beautiful woman had died abroad, and immediately he travels off, and thinks he shall get a pretty wife, and with the pretty wife money to pay his debts. Now he sues for the widow---she gives her consent---marries him in secret, and expects to be forgiven afterwards by her old father---but he (a rich and eminent nobleman) is enraged, and disinherits her. Yes, the newly-married pair had not the least thing to live upon, there in a foreign country. Then they came here---and at the same moment a mercantile house became bankrupt, in which were the rest of Baron K's possessions. And now his creditors assailed him on all sides,---and he was obliged to hide himself from them, and for this reason, he lived in the little house in the wood there, and would not see dog nor cat,---and if people accidentally came there, he was like a mad bull, and was cross to his wife, who, he thought enticed people there. Yes,---it must have been an unhappy and wretched life.

MADAM D. But how came young H. there?

MADAM M. God knows how! I have not been able to get behind that,---but he came---and the two young people fell in

love with each other. About the same time the handsome and rich Commissioner G. came, and fell in love with Herminia.

MADAM D. That is entirely incomprehensible! The girl is not beautiful---no *fraiseur*---no color---"

MADAM M. Ah! what is she, by the side of the sweet Misses D.? Like a radish near red turnips.

MADAM D. [*offended.*] Madam M. you mean possibly roses.

PROMPTER. Peonies.

MADAM M. Yes---I mean so---of course---where was I? Ah, I know---now---young H. went a journey in the mean time, and was gone the whole summer, and G. went constantly to the K's and---one day he offered himself, and what do you think? Herminia would not have him, and straightway gave him the bag. Now there was trouble enough in the house.

MADAM D. The girl always seemed to me a romantic fool.

MADAM M. In the autumn, all Baron K's creditors thronged around him, and would have their money or put him in prison. You see my dear lady, this is the business; through the summer he went secretly to Stockholm, played and won, with part of this, he defrayed his household expenses, and with part kept off the creditors for a time. But all at once his fortune turned, and he was in frightful distress. Then he swore a strong oath, and said to young G., "Pay for me immediately, ten thousand dollars, and you shall have Herminia for your wife." And he answered; "as soon as she is my wife, I will pay the sum in a moment." At first the Baron wished to intimidate Herminia into giving her consent. But that did not succeed. Then he threw himself upon his knees and begged, and the Baroness did the same---and the maiden wept and only said, "Give me three days for deliberation." The parents did not wish to, but were obliged to yield; and during this time she wrote to Cornet H. that he must come home immediately.

PROMPTER. Not entirely true.

MADAM M. That he might pay the money and have her for a wife.

PROMPTER. She did not write so.

MADAM D. An intriguing creature.

MADAM M. Yes truly! Now, the Cornet went home, out of his senses, rushed to get the money from his father, who---said no.

MADAM D. The old man was miserly. I know the rest; words were exchanged between father and son, Madam joined in, and foolish things were said.

PROMPTER. False!

MADAM D. Yes, there was a real family quarrel. The Cornet rode away desperately, came to the woodland cottage, found the K's gone away, became nearly mad,

rode hither and thither the whole day, and met at last an acquaintance whom he challenged.

PROMPTER. False.

MADAM D. Yes, and at night was carried home like one dead, to his parents. But where were the K's gone?

MADAM M. That's the thing. There came some people who wanted to take Baron K. prisoner. Then he and the Baroness besieged Herminia with prayers, so that at last she consented to say "yes" to all. G. spoke with the creditors, and promised to pay them in a few days. And so he carried her to Stockholm, that the bans of marriage might be published on the following Sunday, and soon after to be married; all was going on quietly and hastily, for all, especially G., were afraid of young H.

MADAM D. But how came it that nothing came of the marriage?

MADAM M. Yes! because Herminia became ill, and was nearly half crazy, like Clementina in Grandison (a romance, you know dear lady), and was on the point of putting an end to her life.

PROMPTER. False!

MADAM D. How wicked!

MADAM M. Then her mother became anxious, and allowed Colonel H. to come, with whom she had been before very well acquainted.

PROMPTER. False! false! false!

As the prompter seems to be one of the three speakers, who knows the course of the piece the best (possibly because he holds the manuscript in his hand), he may come alone upon the stage, and set the affair right.

PROMPTER. My good friends, the affair is thus; Herminia's mental sufferings, under which she had long struggled, caused actually on the appointed day, a silent wandering of mind which frightened all who saw her. Genseric G. who learned in Stockholm the desperate state of K.'s affairs, and observed Herminia's dislike to him, withdrew himself from the business, and disappeared for a time, without any one's knowing whither he had gone. Baron K. soon saw that nothing could save him from destruction, and resolved to fly. In this hour of hopelessness, a new star rose to the husband and wife. They drew near to each other, they wept together; the veil of forgetfulness was thrown over the past, they vowed to support each other upon the painful wandering; their early love was re-awakened, and made them feel that if they could guard its fire, they should be able to find, even in the depth of misery, some happiness. The Baroness's heart, whose ice appeared to be melted by suffering, bled for Herminia, and she shuddered at the thoughts of her wandering over

the world with her parents, a prey to necessity and misery. One evening she was sitting by her and, observing the beautiful, pale girl, wasted by grief and mental suffering, who was now lying in a quiet sleep; she felt her heart breaking. She seized a pen, and wrote the following lines to Madam H.

"A despairing mother calls to a mother for mercy. In twenty-four hours I shall leave Stockholm, to fly from Sweden. I will not, and cannot take my daughter with me, for I go to encounter misery. Your estimable character, the kindness which I myself have seen shine from your face, have given me courage to turn with my requests to you. (O could you hear them from my trembling lips, could you see in my breast, the torn and repentant mother's heart, you would grant my requests), take her, take my child into your house, into your family. In mercy take her! Take my Herminia under your protection, take her as a maid in waiting, for your daughters; for that, at least, the Marquis Azavello's grand-daughter must be fit. Now she is weak and ill, weak in body and mind. Now she is not fit for much, but have patience with her. Ah! I feel it, I am bitter, and I should be humble. Forgive me, and if you would save me from despair, hasten, hasten like an angel of consolation, and take to your protecting arms my poor child. Then will I bless you and pray for you; O may you never have a moment as bitter as this!

EUGENIA A."

Madam H. received this letter a few days after her son's accident. She showed it to the Colonel. They both travelled immediately to Stockholm, and returned with Herminia, whom they looked upon from this time with parental love, and who soon, in the atmosphere of peace and love which surrounded her, bloomed beautiful and full of joy.

(The Prompter goes out to make room for Charlotte Beata, who seems anxious to speak.)

Few persons like dumb parts upon the stage of life. Each one wishes to come forward and say something, if it is no more than "I am named Peter"—or, "I am named Paul! look at me." And as I, Charlotte Beata, will not be so unjust to myself as to appear more modest than I am, I come forward and say "Listen to me!"

Baron K. suddenly disappeared from Sweden with his wife. They directed their course to Italy, where the Baroness wished to make an attempt to be reconciled to her father. They expected, on this journey, to be obliged to struggle with all the difficulties which want and labor can

create; but it was very different. In many places on their journey, many people, unknown to them, came out to welcome them entirely unexpectedly.

In various places, money was placed at their order; a good angel seemed to accompany and watch over them. This news was contained in the letters of the Baroness to her daughter.

"All this is the work of my husband," said one day, Madame H. to me, with a beaming expression of pride, tenderness and joy, "K. was in their youth, his enemy, and did him much injustice. Although they have been separated since this time, I know that my husband has not forgotten it, for he cannot forget, but this is his vengeance. He is a noble man, God bless him!"

I said "Amen."

THE LAST CHAPTER.

August, 1830.

THE Provost's widow, Madam Bobina Bult sat in her chariot, and held the reins and whip fast in her hand. Around her, and in the straw at the bottom, in baskets and buckets, was packed a mass of provision—and in the midst of all this, your good friend Charlotte Beata. The August evening was mild and lovely, the road good, the horse lively, and yet it looked badly for Madam Bobina's progress—for just before her was a country boy with an empty baggage wagon, who seemed to have made up his mind to try her patience, for he drove his wagon at a walk, and prevented us from passing him; when we turned to the right, he turned to the right, and when we tried to pass on the left, he was there before us. All the while he was singing at the top of his lungs, disagreeable songs, and looking back upon us, and laughing scornfully. I looked up to Madam Bobina Bult, for I, alas, am a very small body, and she is as tall and as strong as a mast—and I observed that her under lips protruded in a way that I knew expressed anger; I saw her chin and the end of her nose assume a deeper red, and her little grey eyes shot forth arrows of displeasure. We had several times, with kind and unkind words, exhorted the boy to leave the road open—but in vain! The Provost's widow, Bobina, bit her lips without saying a word, gave me the reins to hold, took a long stride, and one, two, three stood by the side of our tormenting spirit, with a strong arm seized him by the collar, threw him from his wagon to the ground, before he had time to think of resistance, and gave him a blow upon his head, with the heavy

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end of her whip, while she told him, to beg pardon and promise to amend, or he should prove still further the strength of her arm. Probably he had become sufficiently convinced of that strength, itself not very ordinary; for he was suddenly submissive, and repented, and promised everything that was wished. The Provost's widow permitted him now to stand up, held forth a short but forcible sermon of repentance, the conclusion of which was so fine, that it moved me, herself, and the country boy too, who wiped the tears from his eyes with the brim of his hat. "I know you," added Madam Bobina, at last; "Your father has been sick a long time, and you can come to me Sunday morning, at Löffby, and I will give you something for him."

We went on now undisturbed, but here and there, met with some delay. In one place we helped an old woman, who had been overturned in her cart; in another place the Provost's widow alighted, to let loose with great trouble, a great swine, that had caught in a hedge, and whose inharmonious screams touched her to the heart.

We saw the beams of a sunset glow shining upon Löffby. Slender pillars of smoke rose from the chimneys of the houses, dispersed in the clear evening air, met in a light, transparent cloud, and hovered like a rose-colored canopy, above the little village. Its neat cottages, green gardens, and its murmuring clear stream, presented a charming picture, while we were slowly ascending a hill, where the road soon separated into two branches, one of which led to our house, about fifty paces distance from the village.

The cows came home in a long file from the pasture to be milked, with their bells tinkling, and with peaceful countenances. The horns rang in the woods. The country maidens sang with clear, loud voices, and with these sounds mingled the ringing of the church bells, which bade "good night" to Saturday evening, and announced a day of rest. Madam Bobina Bult's countenance was serene and calm. Every one greeted her courteously and respectfully, and she returned all their greetings kindly. As we passed by our little school-house, a swarm of children burst forth with loud cries of joy, and embraced her with evident delight and tenderness. Carresses and gingerbread were given to all.

Many affairs now demanded the attention of the Provost's widow. One of the maids had begun to weave a fresh piece, another had just finished one. The Provost's widow must see to all this.

A servant had cut himself to the bone; the Provost's widow must bind it up; a sick little fellow in a neighboring house could have no peace (so his mother declared) till he should see the Provost's widow. A lov-

ing husband and wife had fallen out, and had come to blows,---the Provost's widow, must bring them to terms, etc.

The Provost's widow spoke to all her little scholars, and prayed with them, wept with a little one who was profoundly repentant of a serious fault, that he had committed, exhorted a second, praised a third, praised and blessed them all, and then went to other duties about the house. When the clock struck eleven, she had bound up the wound, first reprimanded properly the husband and wife, and then reconciled them, had consoled the little boy, etc. When she came back she looked at the weaving, arranged what should be done for the next morning, ate in haste two potatoes and salt, and then went to the other end of the village, to bear to a sick and wretched mother the joyful intelligence of her child's returning from the ways of sin.

I sat meanwhile in my room. Four little maidens, with rosy red cheeks, lay in bed near me, and slept soundly on the snow white sheets.

The peaceful, beautiful summer night, which was so warm that I could have my window open; the silence and quiet around me, the gentle breathing of the sleeping children, diffused something lovely and peaceful, and awakened in me those deep, sad feelings that spread a calm over the present, and hover around us with the remembrances of past years. The moon, that friend of my childhood and my youth, rose and beamed pale and kindly, over the beech grove into my room. Its light streamed lovingly on the closed eyelids of the children, then shone upon a face, that the day of life had left to wither,---upon a breast,---whose feelings the passage of years had not yet silenced. O how wonderful! in the friendly beams hovered all those joyous and sad circumstances of my past life, to me so dear---how clearly they rose up in the night---and pressed upon my heart, living and warm! All those with whom I had dwelt in intimacy during my life, and who had become dear or of importance to me, seemed to collect around me, and again to shed their influence in word and look. The H. family, with whom I had spent nearly a year, came at this moment so near to me, that it seemed to me I could speak to these lovely friends, ask them if all was well at home---if they were happy, and whether they remembered me still! Yes---whether? For I had not for a long time received from them the slightest token of remembrance, not a line, not a word. That childish, painful dread of being forgotten---of not belonging to any one,---of being to those whom we respect and love, so little,---so nothing almost, for a moment took possession of my heart. I wept---and I was still sitting with my handkerchief before my eyes, when the

widow Bult, who had seen me at the window, from the yard, came in. She asked me seriously, what was the cause of my trouble, and I confessed my weakness submissively. She blamed me for this severely, exhorted and kissed me with motherly tenderness, and bade me go to bed, and for her sake, to preserve my health, lately impaired.

She left me,---but I obeyed her not; struck a match, lighted my lamp, and sat down to write a moral lesson for myself. I heard during this, the clock strike twelve, and half past, then there rose a sudden noise in the house, and it sounded as though there were some one on the stairs that led to my room. My door opened gently,---and the Provost's widow Bobina Bult in her night cap and slippers, with a shawl thrown over her shoulders,---stood before me, her eyes sparkling with joy---and a thick letter in her hand, which she reached me. "From the H's., the H's!" whispered she. "I was not going to sit up longer for the post, but just as I was going to bed, I heard him come---I had a presentiment! Good night! good night! God bring you joy!" and away went Madam Bobina Bult.

And it was joy to me, Julia's letter ran as follows:

August 12th, 1830.

It is a little parson's wife who writes to you. For months, I have been,---no longer Julia H., but Julia L. I had not the spirit to write sooner. For a long time I have felt a dizziness in my head, and anxiety at my heart. The cause; in the first place a fearful awe, which I have cherished for my dear husband---yes, I knew not for a long time, how I could reconcile my feeling of his superiority over me, and my own precious self love, which would not allow Julia H., what shall I say?---to fall in my estimation. And then,---this rural economy!---cows and sheep, and eggs and butter, etc., and a deluge of little matters,---and then my mother, who would make herself uneasy, helping me. But---now---by degrees, all has come into such wonderful order, the little god with bow and arrow helped me. My good L. takes more pains, I believe, to please me, than I him,---indeed, he was and he is, God be praised, truly in love with me. As soon as I discovered this, there was no more trouble. I took courage. Cows, calves and hens prospered, a vigorous flame burned beneath the great, household kettle---and my mother was at rest, thank God; and my husband---then of course, he was happy, for I was happy with him.

Beats, do you know what I pray, morning and evening, ay, hourly, from the bottom of my heart? "O God! make me worthy the love of my husband, grant me the pow-

er of making him happy." And I have received such power, for he is (so he says, and so he seems) very happy. If you knew how well he looks, how gay. This is because I take so much care of him; then he does not dare take so little care of himself, as before; and then, he works no more in the night, he has weaned himself of this. And so he thinks and writes (he acknowledges, himself,) more freely and powerfully than before. Then I am very careful not to interrupt or disturb him, when he is in his studies, writing or reading. Oh, when I would just get a glimpse of him (he is so beautiful, Beata,) I steal in gently, and play him a little trick. I place a flower upon his book, kiss his brow, or do some such thing, and go quietly back again, and when I turn round to shut the door, I always get a glance from his eyes, that follows me as though it were stolen.

Besides, I labor to make myself a pastor's wife, truly worthy of esteem. I would that L.'s wife should be a pattern for housewives in the parish. Do not fancy, that in the midst of all this, I forget or slight my little outward person. O no: I often ask counsel of the mirror, but do you know, what mirror I prefer to ask counsel of? That one I see in L.'s eyes. It is so pleasing to see one's self *en beau*.

O Beata, how ennobling it is, to be united to a man who is esteemed and honored, and at the same time is so good. As Arwid's wife, which Nothing I would never be, what a life of nothingness I should have led! Now, with heartfelt peace, I feel myself everyday rise higher in my own and in my husband's esteem. It is a glorious feeling to rise!

Do you know that Arwid has been married the last three months? His wife, Eleanor D. looks very wakeful, and he looks lively—if it can be called so—when he must. I fear that his dear peace is a little disturbed. Poor Arwid! The young pair were married with feasting and banqueting. Old P. passes every day (certainly intentionally) with his span of horses, the Swans, and with his daughter-in-law, in the beautiful landau and drives slowly past, as if it were to solemnize the funeral of my happiness; but I feed my ducks with gay and careless heart, nod sweetly to Eleanor, and thank Eternal Goodness for my lot.

It is Saturday evening, I wait at home for my husband. In the shade of my window I have placed our little supper table; the meal consists of asparagus from our own garden, delicious raspberries and milk; his favorite dish. The angelic Herminia *Linnaea* is now decorating the table with flowers. How beautiful, how good, how indescribably lovely, no one can imagine! She has supplanted us with our

father and mother; but we forgive her so willingly. Ah, brother Charles, thou hast found a beautiful pearl! Soon he leaves the shore of the southern seas, to enjoy the pearl of his life in his dear North, and to shut her up in the shell of married life. How came I upon such a strange figure? Yet it may stay. If the sun of love only beams within the mother-of-pearl dwelling, it will toss to and fro on the stream of life, like an island of blessedness. Charles writes such beautiful and interesting letters. His soul is like a museum, among its jewels Herminia will dwell. Do you know what happened to my brother before he left us? He went to sleep one night,—a Cornet, and woke—Lieutenant. Was not that charming? To-morrow morning my father and mother, and sisters visit us. It will be a day of joy.

I have told you how happy I am, and yet I have one wish, the gratification of which will fill up the measure of my happiness. My good Beata, here in our house, there is a little chamber, pretty and agreeable, with green carpets and white curtains, (just such as you like,) with a view over the meadows, where fat cows are feeding, which give the most beautiful milk. In the chamber is a book-case, a— But it is tedious to describe; come and see it, if you like it; and if you think you can find yourself at home in it, call it yours. Come. Now I hear L. coming in the distance. He comes into my room. I will appear as if I neither saw nor heard him. We must not spoil men, and make them think we listen to their steps. Yes, only cough—only embrace me. I will not move, will not let my pen fall. One must not always yield, and must not spoil his wife; [*L. writes,*] and, for this reason, Julia must give me the pen; and, while she sits upon my knee, I will write what will trouble her.

Our dear friend, Beata, come to us! We wait you with open arms. You must be happy in our house. Come, and see how I keep Julia in check. To give you a proof of it, she shall not write a word more, notwithstanding her great zeal.

I will write.—

August 14.

I weep, I laugh, I am beside myself—and still I must write. Do you know who is here? who has just come? Guess, guess. Emily is here, my sister Emily! the good Emily, the gay Emily, the beautiful, the happy Emily! And Algernon is here, and the little Algernon, the most magnificent little child in the world. Mother dances with him, father dances with him, Algernon dances, L. dances—

Wait, wait; I must go and sing, and I

cannot write any more, as truly as I am
called

JULIA.

" P. S.—Beata, come back to us,

" Beg

" THE H. FAMILY.

Amiable, happy family, I thank you, but Beata will not come. To-morrow I will write this answer. Innocent children, who are sleeping around me, I will stay with you, because I can do you good. A joy

refused gives often a higher kind of contentment—gives peace. O might I feel it uniformly, during the silent hours of each day, yet gently rolling on, and leading me quietly to the silent shore—and every day will be blessed.

Night mists rise over the meadows, announce the morrow, and warn me to repose. Over the hills of my life rises, also, a cool mist. When it comes nearer, I will write again, and take leave of the H. family.

THE END.

STRIFE AND PEACE:

OR

SCENES IN NORWAY.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER,

AUTHORESS OF 'THE NEIGHBORS,' 'THE H— FAMILY,' 'THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTERS,' ETC.

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STRIFE AND PEACE:

OR

SCENES IN NORWAY.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

OLD NORWAY.

NATURE has known no change, felt no decay,
For untold ages in this ancient land;
Her dark woods wave, her rivers hold their way,
Majestic as when fresh from Nature's hand.
Down the dread depths, as in the dawn of time,
The raging cataracts their waters urge,
And proudly now, as in their youthful prime,
The grey cliffs offer battle to the surge.

BEFORE a song of joy or sorrow had been sent forth from the hills of Norway, before a wreath of smoke had risen from her quiet valleys, before a tree in her dark forests had fallen by the hand of man, before king Nor had given his name to the land he traversed in pursuit of his captive sister—yes, before a Norwegian existed—the lofty Dovre raised its snow-capped summits before the face of the Creator.

This gigantic chain of mountains stretches itself to the west as far as Romsdahlshorn, whose foot is bathed by the western sea. To the south it forms that immense mountain region, which, under various names, occupies a space of one hundred and fifty square miles, and contains within itself all that is most grand, most terrible, or most beautiful in nature. Here still, as on the world's first day, stands the Fjall-stuga, the mountain-house, built by an invisible hand, whose walls and towers of ice only that hand can overthrow. Here still, as in the dawn of time, the morning and the evening twilight meet, in a fleeting embrace, at midsummer, on the snow-covered summits. Now, as then, rage the mountain torrents, as

they dash headlong into the fearful depths. The ice mirrors still give back the same images, now enchanting, now terrible. Still unattempted by the foot of man, lie wide Alpine tracts, rivers, and woods, on which only the eagle and the summer sun look down.

Here is the old but ever young Norway. Here the gaze of the beholder is overpowered, but his heart expands; he forgets his own sorrows, his own joys; he forgets all that is mean and trifling, while a holy awe steals over him, and he feels that the shadow of God rests upon nature.

This region lies in the heart of Norway. Is thy soul weary of the bustle of the world, the frivolities of daily life? is it oppressed by the confined air of rooms, the dust of books? or is it worn by deep, consuming passions? fly, fly, then, to the heart of Norway: alone with these grand, silent, yet so eloquent scenes, listen to the beatings of the mighty heart of nature, and win for thyself new strength, a new life.

Wilt thou look upon the great, the majestic? See Gausta raise itself upon its giant knees, and look down six thousand feet to the plain below. Behold the Titan forms of the Hurrunge, the Fannarauke, the Magnafjeld; see the wild streams, the Rjukan, the Vohring, the Vedal, foaming and thundering over the mountain, plunge into the abyss below. Wilt thou soothe thy soul with the delightful, the tender? These, too, surrounded by these fearful scenes, dwell here in peaceful solitude. The herdsman's hut

stands in the narrow valley; herds of cattle feed in the green meadows; the peasant maid, with her fresh bloom, blue eyes, and braids of yellow hair, tends them, and sings the while the simple, tenderly mournful melody of the land; and in the midst of the valley, like a mirror for the charming picture, lies a small lake, deep, calm, and of that clear blue which belongs to the waters of the glacier regions. All here tells of pastoral tranquillity.

But on other portions of this wide region, the doom of an eternal death seems to have been impressed, even in the morning hour of creation. The vast shadows of the dark mountains fall over the valleys where only moss grows—over seas whose still waters are bound by eternal ice. The stillness of death reigns in these valleys, broken only by the crackling of the glacier, and the thunder of the avalanche. No bird moves its wings, or raises its song, in this mournful region—only the melodious sighs of the cuckoo are faintly borne hither by the midsummer wind.

But wouldst thou see Nature in her pomp and stateliest magnificence? then see the embrace of summer and winter in old Norway. Descend to the plain of Swalem, look upon the valleys of Clamaadt and Sillefjord, or the beautiful Westfjordale, through which the Maan glides quietly, embracing in its course little green islands overgrown with blue-bells and wood-lilies. See how the silver rivers, leaving the mountains, wind among clumps of trees and fertile fields. See how, behind the nearest mountain, with its leafy woods, the snow-capped summits rear their ancient heads, and look down like reverend patriarchs upon the youthful of their race. Mark from these valleys the still shifting tints of the morning and evening hours, upon the heights—in the depths. See the fearful magnificence of the storm; the calm beauty of the rainbow, which arches itself over the waterfall. Oppressed and care-worn man, behold this—receive it into thy soul, and breathe again!

From these beautiful scenes we turn now to more unknown regions; to the wide valley where the Waldhorn raises itself even

to the clouds; where, between steep rocks, the clear Urunda flows, and the cataracts of the Djupadahl rush down not the less proudly, that the wondering eye of the traveller but seldom rests upon them.

We descend now into a region, whose name and place on the map we will not ask the reader to search for, and which we shall call

HEIMDALE.

Knowest thou the hidden vale?—

The still, the nameless—o'er whose silent meads
Wander no grazing herds; on whose green turf
The restless foot of man has worn no path.

WE shall give the name of Heimdale to a branch of the great valley of Hallingdale; we shall place it in the parish of Aals, and leave it to the learned to be astonished at our boldness. Heimdale, like its mother valley, possesses no historical associations. Of the ancient kings of the Hallingdale, but few memorials remain to us. A few stones, remnants of buildings which have long since disappeared; some mounds of earth, graves of the ancient race, give dim intimations of the mighty who have passed away. It is true, that, from early time, this valley has been inhabited by a people remarkable for their wild warlike spirit, simplicity of manners, and contentment under hardships and privation; but rest and strife have succeeded one another; the peaceful and the warlike have fought, and built, and gone silently to their rest; the fame of their deeds has never passed beyond these lofty mountains, never penetrated these pathless woods.

A river—Iokulen—flows through Heimdale. Bursting wildly through a narrow mountain pass, it finds in the valley a free course, and flows clear and calm, between green banks, till its waters are once more imprisoned by the granite hills; then again raging fiercely, it rushes forth in a wild torrent till it loses itself in the great Hallingdale river. Just there, where the river spreads itself out in the widest part of the valley, lies a large estate. A well built but

somewhat dilapidated house stretches out its arms to the depths of the valley. It commands a beautiful prospect, extending far into the blue distance. Lower down the river rise hills, covered with wood; and little huts, surrounded by low hedges and beautiful grass paths, lie scattered here and there, at the foot of the mountains. On the other side of the river, a quarter of a mile from the manor, a little chapel lifts its peaceful spires. Behind this chapel the valley gradually contracts itself.

On a cool September evening guests arrived at the long deserted house. These were an elderly lady, in deep mourning, of noble but sorrowful aspect, and a young blooming girl. They were received by a young man who bore the title of steward.

The door closed upon the mourning lady, and for months long she was nowhere seen in the valley. She was distinguished there by the title of 'the Oefwerstinna.*' It was said that the fate of Fru Astrid Hjelm had been a sad and strange one, and many and various were the tales related of the events of her past life.

She had not visited the estate of Semb, her paternal inheritance, since she left it as a bride. Now—a widow—she had returned to the home of her childhood. It was understood that her companion was a Swede, who had accompanied her from a Swedish watering-place, in order to superintend her household; and it was reported that Susanna Bjork bore unlimited sway, in the domestic economy; directing, in the interior department, the movements of Larina, the parlor-maid, Karina, the house-maid, and Petra, the cook; and ruling, not less absolutely, the guardians of the farm-yard, Mathea and Budeja, Göran the herdsman, and all the inferior tribe, both bipeds and quadrupeds.

* Colonel's wife.

THE FEATHERED RACE—THE TROUBLED WATERS.

FIRST CONTENTION.

'For Norway!'

'For Sweden!'

THE morning was clear and fresh. The September sun shone brightly in the valley; smoke rose from the cottages. The lady-mantles, in whose channelled cups clear pearls trembled, the silverweed, with its yellow flowers and silver-bright leaves, grew along a little foot-path which wound round the base of a moss-grown hill. It conducted to a spring of clearest water, which, after forming a little pond, led its slender stream dancing and murmuring to the river. On this beautiful morning, Susanna Bjork approached the spring; in her train came 'cock, and hen, and chicken small.' Before her waddled a troop of geese, gabbling, noisily; all white but one—a grey one. The grey goose walked, with a timid, hesitating air, a little behind the others, compelled to retain this position by a tyrant in the white flock, who drove him back, with outstretched neck and loud cry, whenever he attempted to approach the rest. The poor grey always retreated before his white oppressor, but bare spots upon his head and neck proved that he had not fallen into this abject condition before he had convinced himself, by the severest proofs, of the inefficacy of all remonstrance. None of the other geese concerned themselves about their ill-used brother, on which account Susanna took him under her especial protection, and endeavored, by dainty morsels and kind words, to console him for the injustice of his kind. After the geese, came the demure but clumsy ducks, the petulant turkey-cock, with his awkward dames—one black, and one white—last, came the turbulent race of chickens, with their stately, pugnacious cocks. The prettiest of all the party were a flock of pigeons, who timidly, yet confidently at the same time, now alighted on Susanna's shoulder and outstretched hand, now rose in the air and flew in shining circles round her head; then dropping to the

earth, tripped on their little fringed feet, to drink at the spring; while the geese, with loud noise, plunged splashing into the river, and threw the water over the grass in a pearly shower. Here, too, to Susanna's great vexation, was the grey goose compelled to bathe at a distance from the others.

Susanna gazed upon the beautiful picture before her, upon the little creatures who played and enjoyed themselves about her, and a visible delight beamed from her eyes, while, with elevated feeling, her hands clasped together, she softly murmured, 'My God, how beautiful!' But she started suddenly, for, at this moment, close to her, a loud, clear voice sang,

'How glorious is my father-land,
The sea-girt, brave old Norway!'

And the steward, Harold Bergman, laughingly greeted Susanna, who exclaimed, angrily, 'You scream so, that you frighten the pigeons, with your Old Norway.'

'Yes,' continued Harold, in the same tone of enthusiasm,

'Yes, glorious is my father-land,
The ancient sea-girt clime,
Whose granite cliffs like bulwarks stand,
And brave the hand of time!
Hail to old Norway!'

'Old Norway,' said Susanna, as before, 'I think it is a real scandal to hear you talk about your old Norway, as if it were older, and more eternal, than God himself.'

'And where, in the whole world,' cried Harold, 'will you find such a noble, high-minded people; such glorious streams, and such high, high mountains?'

'We have men and mountains in Sweden, too,' said Susanna, 'Oh, if you could but see them! They are of quite another sort!'

'Another sort! what sort, then? I will wager there is not a goose in Sweden to be compared to our excellent Norwegian geese.'

'No, not one, but a thousand, and all larger and fatter than these. But in Sweden every thing is larger and better than in Norway.'

'Larger? the men are certainly much smaller and weaker.'

'Weaker? smaller? You should see the people in Uddewalla, my native town!'

'How can any body be born in Uddewalla? Does any one really live in that place? It is a shame to live in such a place. It is a shame only to pass through it. Why, it is so miserably small, that when the wheels of your carriage are at one end of the town, the horse is putting his head out of the other. Don't talk about Uddewalla.'

'No, it is not worth while to talk to you about it. For you have never seen any thing in your life, but your Norwegian villages, and cannot form an idea of a real Swedish city.'

'I have no desire to see any such cities, God preserve me from it. And then your Swedish lakes, what miserable puddles they are, compared to our great Norwegian sea.'

'Puddles? our seas! Large enough to drown all Norway in them.'

'Ha, ha, ha! and all Sweden is no larger than my cap, compared to our Norwegian sea; and this sea would rush down irresistibly upon Sweden if our Norway did not nobly defend it with her granite breast.'

'Sweden defends herself, and needs no other help; Sweden is a noble land.'

'Not half so noble as Norway. Norway reaches to heaven with its mountains. Norway stands nearest to God.'

'Norway may be presumptuous, but God loves Sweden best.'

'Norway, I say!'

'Sweden, I say!'

'Norway! Norway, for ever! We will see! The one that throws the highest, wins for his country. For Norway, first and highest!' And Harold threw a stone high into the air.

'Sweden, first and last!' cried Susanna, while she threw a stone with all her strength. Fate decreed the victory to neither party; the stones met in the air, and then fell, with a loud noise, into the spring, about which the animals were assembled. The geese screamed; hens and ducks fluttered, terrified, about; the turkey-hens ran into the wood; the turkey-cock, forgetting his dignity, followed them; the pigeons vanished in an instant, and with flushed cheeks,

warmly contending which stone went the highest, Harold and Susanna stood beside the troubled waters. This moment is not perhaps the most favorable one we could choose, we will, however, avail ourselves of it, to give a slight sketch of the contending parties.

Harold Bergman has marked and rather sharp features. His usual expression is that of deep seriousness, but this 'could give place, in a moment, to one of the most roguish playfulness. His dark hair fell in waves over a brow which might well be the abode of high, clear intellect. His figure was of fair proportions, and all his motions were unconstrained and graceful.

He was brought up in a highly respectable family, had received a careful education, and was considered by his friends as a young man of uncommon promise. He had just left the S. seminary, and was preparing to travel into foreign countries, in order to extend his knowledge of agriculture, when accident introduced him to the Oefwerstinna Hjelm, at the time when she returned, a widow, to her native land. In consequence of this he changed his plans. In a letter to his sister, he writes thus ;

'I cannot well express to you, Alette, the impression she made upon me. I might describe to you her high stature, her noble bearing, her countenance which, in spite of many wrinkles, and a pale complexion, still retains the traces of great beauty ; her high forehead, round which locks of mingled black and grey escape from beneath her simple cap ; I might tell you of her deep, earnest eyes ; of her voice, whose tones are so sweet and yet so solemn, and still you could form no idea of what it is that makes her so unlike every one else. I have heard that her life has been as remarkable for its virtues, as for its sorrows. Virtue and sorrow have imparted to her a quiet nobleness ; a nobleness never attained by the favorite of fortune, and which is stamped upon her whole being. She seemed to me as if all the littlenesses of the world passed by her unmarked. I felt for her an involuntary respect, such as I have never felt for any other human being, and with it a strong desire to come nearer to her,

to be useful to her, to deserve and win her esteem—it seemed to me that I should, by this means, myself become nobler, or at least, better. And when I learned that she wished for a skilful and experienced steward, to take charge of her long neglected estate, I offered myself, in all modesty, as such an one ; and when I was accepted, I felt an almost childish delight, and departed immediately for her estate, in order to make myself at home there, and prepare every thing for her reception.'

Thus much of Harold, now for Susanna.

Barbara Susanna Bjork was not handsome ; she could not even be called pretty—she was too tall and stout for that—yet was her appearance not unpleasing. Her blue eyes looked out into the world so honestly and frankly ; her face, round and full, told of health, a good heart, and high spirits ; and when Susanna was gay, when her fresh mouth opened in a merry laugh, it was enough to make one gay only to look upon her. But true it is, that she was often in an ill-humor, and then she was not quite so charming. She was a tall, well-formed girl, with feelings too strong to be altogether amiable, and her manners betrayed a certain want of refinement.

Poor child ! how was she to have acquired this, in the abode of disorder, idleness, and poverty in which she had passed the greater part of her life ? Her mother died while Susanna was yet very young—then came an aunt into the house. She busied herself with house-keeping and gossiping, let her brother seek his pleasure at the club, and left the child to take care of herself. The education of Susanna consisted in this—she learned to read tolerably, and when she was naughty they said to her, 'What, has Barbara come again ? Fie, for shame, Barbara ! Away with Barbara !' And when she was good again, 'See, here is Sanna, again ! Welcome good little Sanna,' a method which certainly had some advantages, if it had only been more judiciously employed. But often was the little girl addressed as Barbara when it was not at all necessary, and this had always the effect of calling in the said

lady, immediately. In this manner, the child was accustomed to go out as Barbara, and to return as Sanna, and thus early formed an idea of the double nature which existed in her as it exists in every human being. This idea was afterwards fully and clearly developed by Susanna's religious instruction, the only education which the poor Sanna was destined to receive. Yet, how infinitely precious is this instruction to an ingenuous mind, if it be instilled by a kind and judicious teacher. Susanna was fortunate enough to meet with such an one, and she now learned to know in Barbara the earthly demon who is to be subdued, and in Sanna, the child of heaven, who is to be freed and glorified. From this time began an open war between Barbara and Sanna, which was carried on daily, and in which, the latter had always the upper hand, when Susanna was not betrayed by her naturally proud and impetuous temper.

When Susanna had attained her twelfth year, her father married for the second time, but became again a widower, after his wife had presented him with a daughter. Two months later he too died. Near relations received the orphan children. In this new house Susanna learned—to endure hardships. For, as she was tall and stout, and at the same time obliging and kind-hearted, she was soon made the servant of the whole household. The daughters of the house said she was fit for nothing else, for she could learn nothing—and then her manners were so unformed—and, had she not been taken out of charity? All this, and in the most ungentle manner, was she taught to feel, and many were the tears which poor Susanna shed over her bitter lot. But there were lips that never spoke to her but in the tenderest accents of love—the lips of her little sister, the gold-haired Hulda. In Susanna's arms she had found her cradle. Susanna's cares for her had been those of the tenderest mother; for even from its birth Susanna had taken the little deserted one to herself, and never did young mother feel for her first-born child a deeper, tenderer love, than that with which Susanna cherished the little Hulda,

who grew up under her care into a most beautiful and lovely child. And wo to him who should offer wrong to the little Hulda. He must learn the full force of Susanna's strong-armed anger. For her sake, Susanna endured here many sorrowful years of service; but as she could look forward to no end of these—could hardly dress herself and her little sister tolerably, and found, besides, that she was prevented, by her numerous occupations, from bestowing upon her sister the care that she required, she resolved, in her twentieth year, to quit a situation so full of hardship and suffering.

From the windows of the confined dwelling where Susanna had passed so many weary days, she could see a tree which stood behind a fence, and whose branches extended over the street. Many a spring and summer evening, when the other inmates of the house were absent on some excursion of pleasure, Susanna sat by the little sleeping Hulda, in the small room which had been allotted to her, and looked from her window, with quiet sadness, upon the green tree, whose leaves and twigs waved and beckoned to her so invitingly. Gradually, the green leaves called forth in her thoughts and plans, which at last formed themselves into a distinct image, whose realization became to her, from this time, the darling object of her soul. This was the vision of a little farm which Susanna was to hire, cultivate, and make profitable by her industry and prudence. She planted potatoes, she milked cows and made butter, she sowed, she reaped, and toil was a pleasure to her; for there, under the green, waving trees, sat the little Hulda, and played with flowers; her blue eyes beamed with delight, and neither care nor want came near her.

All Susanna's thoughts and endeavors were directed to the realization of this dream. The first step was to obtain a good service, in which she might, by husbanding her wages, obtain a sufficient sum of money to carry her schemes into execution. Susanna flattered herself that two years would accomplish this object, and therefore looked about for a suitable situation.

Among the guests who this year visited the baths of Gustafsberg, near Uddewalla, was a Norwegian officer and his wife. He had been struck by paralysis, and had lost his speech and the use of his hands. He was a tall, large man, of wild, stern aspect, and though he continually demanded the attentions of his wife, and, indeed, would endure no one else near him, yet was this preference evidently, not the effect of love—and though the lady devoted herself untiringly to his service, yet was this devotion, too plainly, no effect of love, but the working of some other deep, inward power. Her own health was visibly shaken, violent spasms often seized upon her chest; but, night or day, whenever he wished to raise himself up, it was upon her bent-down, patient neck that his arm rested. She stood by his side and supported him in the cold shower-bath, which was to revive his enfeebled powers, while it destroyed hers. She was ever by him, always calm and efficient, seldom speaking, never complaining. Only by the lines of sorrow in her face, and by a habit she had of pressing her hand upon her heart, could it be known that she suffered. Susanna had an opportunity of observing all this, and her heart was filled with admiration and compassion. She soon found an occasion to be useful to the noble lady, offering her strong youthful arm for her support, and watching by the invalid when the eyes of his patient wife closed with weariness. Happily the sick man suffered her attendance. Susanna was present at the last fearful scene by the death-bed of the Oefwerste. He seemed to be struggling to speak—but could not. Then he made signs that he would write, but his fingers could no longer hold the pen. The deepest distress was painted on his convulsed features. His wife bent over him, clasped his hand with an expression of intense anxiety, and whispered, 'Give me only a sign as an answer: say—say—does he yet live?' The sick man fixed upon her a glassy gaze, and bowed his head. Was this an answer to her entreaty, or was it the hand of Death, which forbade an answer?—The head was never raised again. This was its last motion.

For many days succeeding this, the lady lay in convulsions, which rapidly succeeded one another, and appeared even to threaten her life. Susanna remained untiringly beside her, and felt herself happy in being able to watch over and serve her. She felt for her an almost passionate devotion, such as young girls often feel for elder women of superior rank, to whom they look up as to their ideal of womanhood. And when the lady returned to Norway, Susanna kissed her little Hulda, weeping, yet happy in the prospect of following such a mistress, and of serving her in the seclusion to which she devoted herself.

FRU ASTRID.

Oh, ye high, cold, unsympathizing stars!
 Could you look down from your far, tranquil heaven,
 With such a clear bright gaze, on this sad earth,
 If you had any feeling of the woes
 Your calm eyes rest on?

WHEN Harold and Susanna turned away from the troubled waters, Susanna was in a very angry and excited mood, but as soon as she approached that part of the house which was occupied by Fru Astrid, she became calm. She looked up to her window, and discerned her noble but mournful features. Her head was bent down as if in gloomy thought. At this sight Susanna forgot all her ill humor. 'Oh!' sighed she, 'if I could but make her happier!'

This was the daily subject of Susanna's meditations, but it became to her every day a darker riddle. Fru Astrid appeared indifferent to every thing about her. She never gave an order about any thing in the house, but left Susanna to govern all things as she would. Susanna supplied the table of her mistress with every delicacy which it was in her power to obtain. But to her despair the Oefwerstinna ate almost nothing, and never appeared to remark whether what was placed before her was good or bad.

Before Susanna entered the house, she gathered some of the most beautiful flowers

that the autumn frosts had spared; made them into a bouquet, and, with them in her hand, softly entered Fru Astrid's apartment. 'Bowed down with sorrow,' is the only expression which can give an idea of the Lady Astrid. The livid paleness of her complexion — her drooping eyelids — the heavy languor of her motions — the gloomy indifference which seemed to shroud her soul, as the dark mourning garments wrapped her outward form, while she sat for long hours — often without any occupation — her head sunk upon her breast; all this indicated a soul long chained to heavy suffering.

Suffering in the north has its peculiar characteristics. In the south it burns and consumes. In the north, it chills, benumbs; it kills slowly. From the earliest times has this difference been recognized.

When our ancestors sought to embody all that they had known most terrible in life, then was shadowed forth the dark vision of the subterranean dwelling of Hela¹; the terrors of the shore of corpses;² in a word, the hell of the north, with its endless, pathless wastes; its cold, darkness, mists; its turbid rivers, and chill, trickling poisons.

There is life and wild power in the fury dance of the Grecian Tartarus; there is an intoxication in its delirium, which disturbs the feeling of intense misery. The soul shrinks not back before these glowing images of terror, as before the chill, dank, dripping horrors which the cold north engenders.³

When Susanna entered the chamber of the Oefwerstinna, she sat as usual, sunk in deep melancholy. Before her, upon the table, lay pens and paper, and a book in which she appeared to have been reading. It was the Bible; it was open at the book of Job, and the following passages were underlined,

'My soul is weary of my life, for my days are vanity.'

'Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward.'

Fru Astrid's look was fixed upon this last passage, as Susanna softly approached her, and with an affectionate 'Will you be so kind?' offered her the bouquet of flowers. Fru Astrid looked up at the flowers, and an

expression of pain passed over her face, as she turned her head away, and said, 'They are beautiful; but keep them, Susanna: they are painful to my eyes.'

She resumed her former position, and the disappointed Susanna drew back; but after a short silence she again ventured to raise her voice, and said, 'We have caught a splendid salmon-trout to-day. Will you have it for dinner, my Lady? — with egg sauce! And perhaps I might roast a duck or a chicken?' 'Do as you will, Susanna,' said the lady, in a tone of indifference. But there was in this indifference something so mournful, that Susanna could not restrain herself from sinking down and clasping her knees, while she exclaimed, 'Ah! if I could only do something to please you!'

But Susanna's warm, beaming look met a gaze so stern that she started back involuntarily. 'Susanna,' said Fru Astrid, with mournful seriousness, while she laid her hand on her shoulder, and pushed her gently away, 'Please me, then, by not attaching yourself to me. It will lead to no good. I have no affection to bestow — my heart is dead.'

'Go, my child,' she continued, more kindly, 'and trouble not yourself about me. My wish — the only good left to me — is to be alone.'

Susanna went, her heart full of sorrowful feelings. 'Not trouble myself about her!' said she to herself, while she wiped away her tears; 'not trouble myself about her — as if that were so easy!'

When Susanna had left her, Fru Astrid cast a melancholy look upon the paper which lay before her. She took up the pen and laid it down again. She seemed to shudder at the thought of using it, but at last controlled herself and wrote the following letter.

'You wish that I should write to you. I write — but what — what shall I say to you? Thanks for your letter, my friend, my father, teacher of my youth. Thanks, that you would raise and elevate my soul. But I am old, bowed down; wearied; soured. I have no more strength; the living Word dwells

no more in my heart; my friend, it is too late — too late!

'You would raise my look to heaven; but what is the splendor of the sun to the eye that no longer sees? What is the power of melody to the ear that hears no more? What is all that is beautiful, all that is good upon the earth, to the heart that is dead—that is turned to stone by long, hard imprisonment? Oh, my friend, I am unworthy of your consolation, of your reviving words. My soul rebels against them, and throws them from her, as, 'words, words, words,' which have sounded great and beautiful for a thousand years, while thousands of souls have been dumb in unconsolated misery.

'Hope? I have hoped so long — I have so long said to myself a better day will come. The path of duty leads to the heaven of peace and light, let the way be ever so thorny. Go only steadfastly on, weary pilgrim, go, go, and thou shalt reach the promised land. And I have gone on — have passed through the long weary days of more than thirty years. But the way lengthens itself out, farther and farther — one after another my hopes have withered — died away. I see now no goal before me, none — but the grave!

'Love, love? Oh! if you knew what an inexpressibly bitter feeling this word awakens in me! Have I not loved, deeply loved? And what fruit has my love borne? It has broken my heart, and brought misery to those whom I loved. It is in vain you would contend with a belief which has taken deep root in my mind — I believe that there are those who are born predestined to misfortune; whatever approaches them must share their misery; and I believe that I am one of these. Let me, then, fly from mankind, fly from every feeling that could bind me to them. Why should I cause more sorrow than I have already done.

'Why did you ask me to write? I would not pour my bitter feelings into another's heart, I would not give pain to another, and — what have I now done?

'There is a silent strife which, through all the world, is raging in the secret hearts of men — at times how fearfully! It is the

strife with bad and bitter thoughts — thoughts that sometimes demand an expression, and write themselves in characters of blood and fire. Then are they read and judged before the tribunal. But in many human breasts they rage silently through long years — then sink before them, health, temper, love, faith — faith in life and in a good God — with this sinks all.

'Could I believe that my constant, true devotion to the husband whom I once loved so entirely, for whose sake I endured, in the fortress which he commanded, a life compared to which that of the condemned criminal is happiness — whom I still followed when I loved him no longer, because he had need of me, because without me he would have been alone — abandoned to evil spirits — whom I followed because duty demanded it, because I had vowed it before God. Oh, could I believe this faithful well-doing had availed any thing, that my labors had borne some fruit, I would not then ask, as now — why was I born? Why have I lived? But nothing — nothing!'

'Could I hope that on the other side the grave I should meet the kind, loving look of my only sister, then should I see the approach of death with joy. But how shall I answer her when she asks me for her child? How will she look upon the faithless guardian?

'Oh, my friend! my sorrow has nothing in common with that of romance; it is not the deep shadow which serves to heighten the brilliant light. It is the long sombre twilight which never deepens into night — never brightens into dawn. And am I alone condemned to this dreary lot? Open the pages of history, look round you in the present time, and you will see a thousand instances of suffering, unmerited suffering, which after long years of endurance become despair. But another, better life! Only consolation, only hope, sole ray of light that pierces the gloom of this earthly life! — No, no, I will not renounce thee! I will believe in thee, and with this belief still the rising murmur against the Creator of the world.

'I am ill, and believe I shall hardly live

through this winter ; I breathe with difficulty ; this is perhaps owing to the inexpressible heaviness that weighs upon me. When in the long nights I sit sleepless upon my bed, and look into the night within and about me, dark, terrible phantoms throng around me, and often the dread comes over me, that a disordered imagination is overclouding my reason and bewildering my senses.

‘How can I wish to live? When it is evening, I wish that it were morning, and when it is morning I wish that the day were over and that it were evening. Every hour is a burden and a torture to me. Pray God for me then, my friend, that I may soon die! Farewell! Perhaps I shall write no more—but my last conscious thought will be of you. Forgive, forgive the impatience, the bitterness, of this letter. Pray for me, my friend and teacher, pray for me that I may become calm—may yet pray before I die.’

NEW DISPUTES.

WITH earnest word and ready hand,
Contending for the Father-land.

WHILE we leave the Lady Astrid alone with her dark thoughts, we are led by certain discordant sounds to look about us in the

BREWHOUSE.

Harold had gone there to taste the new beer which Susanna had made; but, after taking a deep draught, he said, with a terrible grimace, It is good for nothing—absolutely good for nothing!’

Susanna answered somewhat angrily, ‘Do you mean to say, then, that Baroness Rosenhielm’s receipt for brewing is good for nothing?’

‘I say so, decidedly. Is not she a gossiping old lady? A gossiping dame is always a bad house-keeper, and as the Baroness Rosenhielm is a gossip, so . . .’

‘I must tell you,’ exclaimed Susanna, interrupting him, indignantly, ‘that it is very indecorous and profane in you to speak in

this way of so excellent a lady and such an exalted person.’

‘Exalted? about how high is she, then?’

‘Much higher than you are, or ever will be; that I can assure you.’

‘Higher than I? then she must go upon stilts. Well, I must say, that is the last degree of refinement and super-elegance! One might forgive a woman for having coffee-parties and dressing extravagantly, but to walk on stilts in order to be higher than the rest of the world, and to see over other people’s heads, that is a little too fine! How could such an exalted person condescend to brew good beer. But no Swedish woman ever brewed good beer yet, for . . .’

‘No Swedish woman will ever brew a drop for you horrid Norwegians, for you have neither sense, nor judgment, nor taste, nor, . . .’

Out of the brew-house flew Susanna in highest wrath; throwing down, as she went, a glass of beer, which, during the contention, Harold had poured out for himself, and which he would have received in a different manner from that he had intended, if he had not saved himself by a sudden spring.

Towards evening, on the same day, the contending parties met in

THE GARRET.

‘Are you still angry?’ asked Harold, laughingly, as he put his head in at the door of the garret, where Susanna, with all the importance and dignity of a true empress of the store-room, sat upon a meal-chest, as upon a throne, bearing in her hand a sceptre of thyme, marjoram, and basilika, which she was dividing into small bundles, while her eyes were, at the same time, taking account of the riches of her well ordered kingdom.

The chests of bread were more than full, for she had just been baking. Sausages and hams hung from the wall, in company with great bundles of dried fish. Bags of various kinds of pulse stood in their proper places.

Harold, too, looked about him with the air of a connoisseur, and said, although he had received no answer to his question,

'Certainly, I never saw a better ordered ore-room.'

Susanna would allow no gleam of the leasure which this commendation gave her, to appear. 'But,' continued Harold, 'you must allow that it requires no great skill to keep store-room and cellar well provided in country so rich in all the goods of life as our Norway,

'Beloved land! with thy sky-reaching hills,
Thy fertile vales and fish-abounding shores!'

'We have fish in Sweden, too, thank God,' answered Susanna.

'Oh, but not to be compared to ours. Or will you seriously think of putting your perch and carp in comparison with our mackerel, herrings, haddocks, flounders, and all the innumerable host of our fishes?'

'I would give all your Norwegian fishes for one good Swedish pike.'

'Pike? Are there really nothing but pike in Sweden?'

'In Sweden there are all kinds of fish that there are in Norway, and much larger and fatter.'

'Well, then, they are caught on your coasts. We take what we want of them, and let the rest swim down to Sweden, so that they may have some there too. But I forget that I am going out myself to fish, and will catch large fishes, and small fishes, and all sorts of fishes. Adieu, Miss Susanna, I will soon come back with fish.'

'You had better stay with your Norwegian fishes,' called Susanna after him. But Harold did not stay with the fishes, for the next morning we find him accompanying Susanna into the

DAIRY.

'I see we are to have onion-milk for dinner to-day, one of our choicest national dishes.'

'Uh! It is enough to make one stupid and sleepy only to think of your national dishes. And still more horrible than your onion-milk is that shocking dish, barley soup, with little herrings.'

'Barley soup with little herrings! What!

the very best dish upon earth! a dish that I might call a truly Christian dish!'

'And I should call it a heathenish dish, that no true Christian could eat.'

'It has been eaten, from time immemorial, by the free Norwegians, in the beautiful valleys of Norway.'

'That proves that your free Norwegians are still heathens.'

'I can prove to you that the Norwegians were a Christian people before the Swedes.'

'You may prove it as much as you will, but I shall not believe it.'

'But I will show it to you in print.'

'Then I am certain it must be a misprint.'

Harold laughed, and said something about the impossibility of arguing with a Swedish woman.

Should any one wish to know how it happens that Harold is so continually found in Susanna's company, in the brew-house, in the garret, in the milk-room, we can only say, that he must be a great lover of beer, flour and milk, or of a certain seasoning, in the every-day soup of life, called teasing.

Fru Astrid breakfasted always in her own room, but dined with Susanna and Harold, and saw them also for a short time in the evening. At dinner the strife between Norway and Sweden often broke out, for the smallest occasion was sufficient to make the Burgomaster's daughter throw herself blindly into the contest for her father-land; and, strangely enough, it seemed at times to give Fru Astrid herself pleasure to animate the strife by such questions as,

'I should like to know whether the cauliflower is best in Norway or in Sweden?' or 'I should like to know whether wheat grows best in Norway or in Sweden?'

'Certainly in Norway,' would Harold say.

'Most decidedly in Sweden,' would Susanna exclaim; and vegetables and fish, and coins and weights and measures, were in this manner talked of and disputed about.

Of the wheat in Norway, Susanna said, 'I have not seen upon the whole estate a single

sheaf to compare with those I have seen in Sweden?’

‘That is because,’ said Harold, ‘you never saw good wheat before you came here.’

Of the Norwegian weights Susanna said, ‘I never know what I am about, with your puzzling, troublesome Norwegian weights.’

‘They are heavier than the Swedish,’ said Harold.

When Susanna was most zealous and most angry—then—shocking to relate—Harold would laugh right heartily, and even the pale countenance of the lady Astrid was lighted for a moment by a faint smile, but it was like a beam of sunshine in a dark November sky, which breaks forth only to hide itself again behind the clouds.

It never once occurred to Susanna, on these occasions, to curb the Barbara-spirit. She considered it a holy duty thus to defend her father-land. But not always did the spirit of discord rule over Harold and Susanna. At times that of peace alighted near them, but always as a timid dove, ever ready to take flight. When Susanna spoke of that which lay nearest to her heart, of her love for her little sister, of her recollections of their former companionship, of the longing she felt to see her again, and to devote herself to her, as a mother to her child; then would Harold listen quietly and attentively. No mocking word or look disturbed these pure images in Susanna’s soul. And how glowingly would Susanna describe the beauty of the little Hulda—the sweet, white delicate child—her soft blue eyes, her little white teeth, the clear sunshine which, when she laughed, beamed over her whole face, and the golden locks which curled so beautifully round her forehead and neck; the little delicate hands; and then her disposition, her heart, so gay, so good, so loving. Oh, she was, in truth, an angel of God! She described to Harold the little room in which she had dwelt with her Hulda, and which she had transformed from an old lumber-room into a pretty chamber. She described to him the carpet—the work of her own hands—the bed of the little Hulda, hung with blue muslin curtains; and how, in the morning, a ray of sun-

shine would steal into the room, rest upon the pillow, and kiss her little curly head. How roguish was the little one, when Susanna came in, late in the evening, and her first look fell on the bed of her darling! She saw her not—for Hulda drew her little head under the covering, to conceal herself from her sister. Susanna would pretend to look for her, but she had only to say, in an anxious voice, ‘Where, oh where, is my little Hulda,’ to lure out the head of the little one, to see her outstretched arms, and hear her call, ‘Here I am, Sanna, here is your little Hulda!’ In thinking of these hours, Susanna’s tears would often flow, and hindered her from seeing the moistened eyes with which Harold often listened to her relations. Harold, too, had his stories; truly not of so tender a nature, but still interesting enough to command Susanna’s whole attention, and to merit that we should devote to them a new chapter.

— EVENING HOURS.

AND on the height still stands the ancient stone,
Where Saga hovered like a songful lark,
The light of morning on her sable down.

VELHAVER.

HAROLD related willingly, and related well; a happy gift, which is met with among all classes in Norway, women as well as men; and which they appear to have inherited from their forefathers the Scalds;—he was besides well versed in the wonders and legends of the mountain regions. And it is from these mountain regions that the fairest flowers of poetry in Norway have sprung, as if from her heart. The times of the Sagas and of heathenism have left here their giant traces. River and mountain have their traditions of ghosts and transformations. The ‘great chandröns’* rise over the graves of champions who have here met in combat and have fall-

* The name given in many parts of Norway and Sweden to large stones, hollowed out, as some believe, by the hand of man, and used by the ancient Scandinavians in their sacrifices. Geologists, however, are of opinion, that they have been shaped by the action of the waters, which must once have covered the greater part of Scandinavia.

1. From Hallingdale went forth the nation-dance, the Hallinger, and only the Haranger-Fela (Hardanger violin) can rightly give out its wild, strange rhythm. Most beautiful are the flowers that have come down to us as mementos of the early Christian times; and the eternal snow, on the summit of the fieriest mountain, is not more imperishable than these tender roses at its foot. So long as Gausta stands, and the Riukan sends forth its thunder-song, will the memory of Mari-tien live, and its tales of joy and sorrow be related. So long as the ice sea guards its dark secrets, so long will the little island be green, whose turf has been watered by the tears of faithful love.

When the work of the day was over, and when Astrid had retired to her chamber, it was a great pleasure to Harold to read or relate stories to Susanna, while she sat knitting, or her spinning-wheel hummed in gay rivalry with those of Larina and Karina; while the flame of the fire danced on the hearth, and threw its warm, cheerful gleams over the group. It delighted Harold to have Susanna for a listener, to hear her exclamations of childish terror and astonishment, or her hearty laugh, or to see her tears as she listened to his now merry, now sorrowful recitals.

Susanna's feelings were deeply moved by the story of Mari-Stien, this path over the mountain on the brink of the precipice of the Riukan, which even at this day the traveller treads with fear, and which was discovered by a young maiden, strong in the courage of love. It was by this path that the beautiful Mary of Westfiordale went with light, fearless step to meet the friend of her childhood, Ejstein Halfoordsen. But the avarice of her father separated them, and Mary's tears and prayers prevailed upon her lover to fly, to escape the plot formed by a treacherous rival against his life. Years passed, and Mary was firm in her constancy. Her father died; Ejstein had by his valor and nobleness made his former enemy his friend; and after their long separation the lovers were to meet again, never more to be parted. Ejstein hastened by the shortest way, over the Mari-

Stien to meet his beloved. Long had she watched for him. She saw him coming, and his name burst from her with a joyful cry. He saw her—stretched his arms eagerly towards her, as his soul rushed to meet her, and forgot that he had not wings—he fell—and the Riukan whirled him into its foaming depths.

For many years after this, a pale form, in whose beautiful eyes a quiet madness spoke, wandered daily on the Mari-Stien, and seemed to talk with some one in the abyss below. She ever returned from her wanderings with a mournful pleasure in her eyes, and said, 'I have spoken with him, and he begged me to come every day and tell him that I live. It were wrong to deny him this, he is so good, and loves me so truly.'

Thus she went till silver hair floated round her wrinkled cheeks; thus she went till a merciful voice summoned her to joy and rest in the arms of her beloved.

Less mournful, but not less charming to Susanna, was the old Saga of Halgrim.

Stormannadauen (the Black Death) had raged through Norway, and swept away more than two thirds of its inhabitants, desolating wide tracts of country and populous districts. In the valley of Ulwig, in Hardanger, a young peasant, named Halgrim, alone remained alive. He rose from the sick bed on which he lay, surrounded by the dead, and went forth to seek for living men.

It was spring—the larks sang loudly in the clear, blue air—the birch trees had clothed themselves in fresh green; the river, with its melting snow-reefs, wandered singing down the mountain—no plough furrowed the now loosened soil. No horn, calling the cattle home, was to be heard from the heights. All was still and dead in the dwellings of men. Halgrim went from valley to valley, from hut to hut. Death met him every where; every where he recognized the bodies of his former friends. Then he began to believe that he was alone upon earth; despair seized his soul, and he resolved that he too would die. But as he was in the act of throwing himself from a rock, his faithful dog sprang up the cliff to his side, caressed him and ex-

pressed his anguish by the most plaintive moans. Halgrim drew back from the brink of the precipice; he embraced his dog, his tears flowed, and despair dwelt no longer in his heart. He began his wanderings anew. The memory of love led him to the parish of Gravers, where he had first seen Hildegunda and won her love. It was evening, and the sun was going down, when Halgrim descended into the valley, where all was still, and dead, as in those through which he had already passed. Dark stood the pine trees in the black shadow of the wall of rock, and silently the river glided by its deserted banks. On the other side of the river a little wooded point of land ran out into the blue waves, and the last rays of the sun rested on the green tops of the birch trees. Suddenly it seemed to Halgrim that a faint wreath of smoke rose over the thicket. But he dared not trust his eyes. He stood fixed and breathless—it was only for a moment—a blue pillar of smoke rose slowly in the calm evening air. With a cry of joy Halgrim rushed forward, waded through the stream, and soon stood on the opposite bank. Barking and whining, the dog ran before him to the hut from which the smoke was rising. On the hearth burned a clear fire, and at the door stood a young maiden—one cry of inexpressible joy, and Halgrim and Hildegunda were in each other's arms. Hildegunda too was the only one alive in her valley after the fearful visit of the Black Death.

On the following day they went to the church to be united, but there was no priest to marry them, no one to witness the plighting of their faith; they stood together before the altar of God, and gave one another their hands, while Halgrim said, in a solemn voice, 'In the name of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost!'

And God blessed the union entered upon in his name. From this fortunate pair sprang a race who repopled the desolated region, and to this day, the names of Halgrim and Hildegunda are in use among the inhabitants of these valleys.

By Harold was Susanna also made acquainted with the ancient kings of Norway;

with the deeds of Olof Haraldsen,⁴ the Blood-baptizer, with those of the heroic Olof Trygvason, and heard with admiration of king Sverre, with the little body, and the great, kingly soul.

It gratified also her womanly pride to see women acting so distinguished a part in the ancient history of Norway. She heard with delight of the proud Gida, whose ambition sent forth to conquest the fair-haired Harold, the first monarch who held all Norway under his sway. And though the deeds of Gunilda,⁶ 'the king's mother,' excited her horror, yet it gave her pleasure too, to see a woman, by the supremacy of her mind, governing seven kings, and influencing the destinies of a nation. The civil wars offered still darker pictures, when blood-storm after blood-storm hurried through the land, and, at length, bore down her freedom in their frantic rage.

Now the wild strawberry blooms among the wrecks of former cities, and over the blood-drenched fields wave golden harvests. A milder race now treads the soil of Eric the Bloody,⁷ looking forward to a bright and hopeful future, yet still listening delighted in its peaceful valleys to the strange, wild traditions of the olden time.

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A constant subject of discussion and dispute between Harold and Susanna was their lady, the pale Fru Astrid. Whenever the conversation was of her, Harold's face assumed a very serious expression, and to Susanna's urgent entreaties, that he would tell what he knew of her, he would only reply, 'She must have known many misfortunes.' But when Susanna overwhelmed him with questions in regard to these misfortunes, in what they consisted, whether there were any way in which one could help her—to do this, Susanna would have traversed the whole earth—then Harold began to relate a story.

Tales of women, who have been distinguished and powerful in their valleys, are not uncommon in Norway. We read of a lady of Hallingdale, who was so magnificent, that she was drawn by elks. We hear,

too, of the rich Lady Belju, also of Hallingdale, who built the church of Naes, and had the rock of Beja split by means of fire and butter, so that a road might be made over it. This road is called, to this day, that of the Butter Rock. We hear of the ladies of Skolberg and Skoendale — of their dispute concerning a pig — and of the false oath which one of them took in the lawsuit that followed. Of all these dames the Saga asserts, that the preacher did not venture to ring the church bells until the powerful lady had arrived.

We read, too, the story of Eldhjerna, who, in grief for the crimes of her seven sons, renounced the world, and retired to a lonely valley, where she endeavored, by alms and fasting, to expiate the crimes of her children.

But for the story that Harold related to Susanna concerning the Lady Astrid, its like had never been heard in the valleys of Norway. It contained so many strange and terrible events, that the credulous Susanna, becoming every moment paler and paler, was chilled with horror; but just at the most terrible part of the catastrophe, a sudden suspicion would cross her mind, that her terrors were wasted upon a mere fiction. And when she expressed her suspicion, and Harold's face and hearty laugh confirmed it, she would start up, and leave him, with the assurance that she would never ask him another question, would never believe another word he said.

This lasted — till — the next time. Then, if Harold promised to tell the truth — the exact pure truth, then would Susanna allow herself to be again deceived, would again listen, turn pale and weep, till the increasing wonders of the story once more awakened her distrust, which she would again express, and again Barbara would start up, scold, threaten, shut the door violently behind her, and Harold again — would laugh. On one point, however, Harold and Susanna were entirely united — both served their lady with the warmest zeal — and this, without their being themselves conscious of it, made them daily esteem each other the more; but this increased esteem had no effect in allaying the fierceness of the war which they waged in behalf of their respective countries.

Thus with continual changes from strife to peace, passed away, unmarked, the months of autumn, with their darkening days and their increasing cold; and the time arrived when important cares occupy the time of the women in the highest as well as the humblest dwellings. The time of light, of pies, of dance, sports, and children's pleasure — in one word,

CHRISTMAS.

THE sun will warm and illumine the whole earth, therefore does the earth rejoice in his coming.

God be praised for the sun! So many friends, so many pleasures desert us in our wanderings through this earthly life — but the sun remains ever true to us, and lightens and warms us from the cradle to the grave. It is the sun that unites Christians and heathens in a common worship, while it lifts the hearts of both to Him by whom the sun was created. The highest festivals, both of Christianity and of northern heathenism, take place at that time of the year when the sun is newly born for the earth, and nature revives under his power. This festival time is celebrated with great zeal and many interesting observances in the Scandinavian countries. Not in the houses of the rich alone does the fire glow and the mirth of children resound; from the meanest hut issue sounds of joy, light visits even the prisons, and the poorest taste of plenty. In the country the doors stand open; the hearth and the table are free to every wanderer. In many parts of Norway, no traveller is allowed to pay for food or lodging at the inns. At this season, earth seems to feel the truth of the heavenly words, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Not to man alone, but to animals also does Christmas bring pleasure. All the inhabitants of the farmyard, all the house animals, share in its festivities; and the birds of heaven rejoice too, for on every shed are raised high poles, on the top of which, rich sheafs of oats invite them to the feast. Even the poorest day

laborer, who has himself no corn, asks and receives a bundle of grain from the farmers, and raises it on high, that the birds may hold festival over his empty shed.

Susanna had a great deal to do in Christmas week, and was often kept up very late at night, partly by her household occupations, and partly by some Christmas gifts which she was preparing, in the hope of occasioning some pleasant little surprises. And this was perhaps the reason, that the morning of the day before Christmas she overslept herself. She was awakened by the loud singing of a bird under her window, and her conscience reproached her, that, in the cares of the preceding day, she had forgotten the birds, for whom she used to throw grains of corn and crumbs of bread upon the snow; and now they had come to remind her of it. Ah, were all such admonitions like the song of birds! With sincere regret for her forgetfulness, Susanna hastened to dress, and to draw aside the window-curtain. But see—before her window stood a tall, slender fir tree, on whose green top, cut into the form of a wreath, stood a large bunch of golden oat sheaves, and round it fluttered, pecking and chirping, a host of sparrows and bulfinches. Susanna blushed, and thought, ‘Harold.’ The servants of the house laughingly answered to Susanna’s questions about the fir tree, that it was indeed the steward who had planted it. But the steward himself pretended to know nothing of the matter; was very much surprised by the sight of the tree with the oaten tuft, and could not imagine how it came there. ‘It must,’ said he, ‘have sprung up of itself in the night, and this can only proceed from the strength of the excellent Norwegian soil—every bit of it is pulverized primary rock. Only such a soil could bring forth such wonders.’ In the forenoon Harold went with Susanna to the farmyard, where, with her own hands, she distributed oats to the cows, bread to the sheep, and to the poultry corn, in fullest measure. In the community of the chickens a great variety of character might be observed. Some seized greedily upon the corn, while they drove the rest forcibly back; others

remained at a modest distance, and picked up contentedly the grains that fortune sent them. Some of them seemed more anxious to provide for others than for themselves. Of this noble nature was a young cock, with a high crest and brilliant plumage, and of a peculiarly proud and lofty bearing; he yielded his share to the hens, hardly reserving to himself a single grain of corn, but looking down with an air of majesty upon the crowd that pecked and cackled at his feet. On account of this noble behaviour, Susanna had called him the knight, and this name he always retained. Among the geese she saw with vexation, that the poor grey was still more oppressed than ever by his white tyrant. Harold proposed to have the grey goose killed, but Susanna insisted, warmly, that if either of the rivals were to be sacrificed, it should be the white one.

In a house where there are no children, where neither family nor friends assemble, where the mistress of the mansion sits in darkness with her sorrow, can Christmas ever bring but little joy. But Susanna had made her preparations to diffuse happiness. She had rejoiced in this thought the whole week through, in the midst of her many occupations; and the more, that her life would have been gloomy, indeed, if the hope of giving pleasure to some one had not always glimmered, like a little star, over her path. Larina, Karina, and Petro were this day to taste the fruits of Susanna’s night-watching; and when the evening came, and Susanna had spread the Christmas table, and had seen it set out with lutfisk,* roast meats, chickens, plates of butter, tarts, and apples, and lighted with many candles; when the people of the farm assembled round the table, with eyes that glistened with delight and appetite, when the oldest of the company began a song of thanksgiving, and all the others joined in it with folded hands and solemn voice, then did Susanna feel that she was no longer in a strange land. She joined in their song, and seated herself at the table, a cheerful hospitable hostess;

*Codfish, which has been soaked in lye for several weeks. This is a common Christmas dish in Norway and Sweden.

animated the strong to the performance of prodigies, and placed the most delicate dishes before the weak and timid.

Fru Astrid had told Susanna she wished this evening to remain alone in her room, and would take only a glass of milk. But Susanna was resolved to surprise her into pleasure, and to this end had laid a little plot against her peace. At the time when the glass of milk was to be carried to her, a beautiful boy, dressed to represent Susanna's idea of an angel, and with a crown of light upon his head, was to enter her door softly and beckon her forth. The lady could not surely resist so beautiful a messenger, and he was to conduct her to the principal room, where, in a grove of fir trees, a table was to be spread with the choicest productions of Susanna's skill; and behind the fir trees the people of the house were to be assembled, and sing to the well known melody of the country, a song in praise of their lady, and full of good wishes for her future happiness.

Harold, to whom Susanna had communicated her plan, shook his head doubtfully at first, but afterwards agreed to it, and even lent his aid in its execution, by procuring the fir trees and assisting at the toilet of the angel.

Susanna was delighted with her beautiful little messenger, and followed him softly, as, with some anxiety for his head and his brilliant crown, he tripped lightly towards Fru Astrid's apartment. Harold opened the door softly for the boy. Within, they saw the lady seated in an arm-chair, her head bent down upon her hands. The lamp upon the table threw a dull light upon her mourning dress. Roused by the opening of the door, she looked up and gazed with a wild look upon the apparition. Then she rose, hastily, pressed her hands upon her breast, uttered a faint cry of terror, and sank lifeless to the ground. Susanna pushed her angel hastily aside, and rushed to her lady, raised her in her arms, with a feeling of indescribable anguish, and bore her to the bed. Harold on his part occupied himself with the poor angel, whose crown having lost its balance, the hot tallow was streaming over his fore-

head and cheeks, while he uttered the most piteous cries.

Susanna soon succeeded in bringing her lady back to life; but for some time her senses seemed bewildered, and she uttered confused and disconnected sentences, among which Susanna could only distinguish the words 'apparition — unhappy child — dead.' Susanna inferred that her pretended angel had terrified her, and cried out in a voice broken by sobs, 'Ah; it was only John Gutormsen's little son, whom I had dressed up as an angel to give you pleasure.' Susanna saw now but too well how unfortunate this idea had been, but Fru Astrid listened with eager interest to Susanna's explanation of the appearance which had thus shaken her. At last her convulsive state yielded to a flood of tears. Susanna, beside herself with grief, that, instead of joy, she had been the cause of sorrow to her lady, kissed, weeping, her dress, her hands, her feet, with earnest entreaties for forgiveness.

Fru Astrid answered in a gentle but reproving tone, 'you meant it well, Susanna; you could not know what sorrow you would cause me. But never think again — never attempt again to give me pleasure — I can never more be cheerful — never more be happy — a stone lies upon my breast that can never be lifted from it, till the stone is placed over my grave. But go now, Susanna, I must be alone — I shall soon be well again.' Susanna begged that she might bring her a glass of milk, and Lady Astrid consented; but when she had brought it, she must again depart — her heart full of sorrow. When she rejoined Harold, she poured out to him all her grief for the unfortunate issue of her project, and described to him the violent agitation, and repeated the gloomy, despairing words of the Oefwerstinna. Harold became pale and thoughtful, and, seeing this, Susanna was still more depressed. She had yet another little mine of pleasure still unsprung, and from its explosion she had promised herself great delight — but now this too failed of its effect. It is true, Harold laughed, when he drew the waistcoat from the loaf of wheaten bread — it is true, he

thanked Susanna, and pressed her hand, but he had plainly so little pleasure in his Christmas gift, his thoughts were so evidently occupied with something else, that every gleam of Christmas joy now vanished for Susanna. As she sat alone at her window, and saw light streaming from every cottage in the valley; when she thought of the happy family groups within, old people, children, brothers and sisters, friends, all assembled round the Christmas hearth, then she felt painfully that she was alone in a strange land; and when she remembered how happy she used to make her Hulda on this evening—how well all her little plots to give pleasure had then succeeded, she drew forth a handkerchief, which had once covered the neck of that dear sister, and covered it with hot tears and kisses. She passed a great portion of the night on the threshold of her lady's door, while she listened anxiously to the unceasing footsteps within. But though she heard many deep-drawn sighs, Susanna heard no expression of pain which could justify her in intruding upon the solitude of her lady.

We will now turn to a more cheerful picture.

There exists in Norway a pleasant custom, called 'tura-jul;' Christmas rounds. That is, in Christmas week, visits are exchanged, and in the hospitable houses there is music, dancing, and feasting. This custom has reached even the remote and secluded Heimdale. The clergyman of the parish, the kind and hospitable pastor Middelberg, had invited his friends and acquaintances in the neighborhood, to an entertainment on the second day of Christmas week; in this invitation the inmates of Semb were included.

Fru Astrid excused herself, but desired Harold and Susanna to go. It had snowed within a few days, so that the sleighing was excellent; and Harold, whose cheerfulness was now restored, seemed to take great delight in the prospect of driving Susanna, in a little sleigh with jingling bells, to the parsonage. The Oefwerstunna, too, had recovered her usual appearance and manner; so that Susanna was consoled for the misfortunes of

Christmas eve, and could give herself up, with unclouded spirits, to the delights of her winter ride, and these were many and great to the fresh, open heart of Susanna, whose life had known so few pleasures of any kind. The air was so clear, the snow so dazzling, the woods and mountains so magnificent, the horse so spirited, and Harold drove so wonderfully well.—Susanna was continually exclaiming, 'Oh, how beautiful! how splendid.'

Harold, too, was remarkably pleasant and entertaining; very careful that Susanna should sit comfortably, and that her feet should be warm. He pointed out to her all the wonders and beauties of the region through which they passed; he related to her many interesting facts regarding the roads, the mountains, and the different kinds of stone; he talked of primary rocks, of transition strata, of what had existed before the flood, and what had been formed since the flood, till Susanna was lost in astonishment at the extent of his knowledge, and felt herself impressed with a feeling of reverence for the possessor of so much learning. It is true, she forgot this, a little time after, when a dispute arose between them in regard to the sun, which, according to Harold, shone much brighter in Norway than in Sweden, an assertion which Susanna warmly opposed, and affirmed exactly the contrary. But on the whole, the ride passed off very harmoniously, and very creditably for Harold.

When they were within a mile of the parsonage, they saw little sleighs coming forth on all sides from the passes, and hastening in the same direction with themselves over the field of snow. Smoke came from the nostrils of the panting horses, and merrily jingled the bells in the clear air. Susanna was enraptured. Nor was she less delighted with the kindness with which she was received by her hosts at the parsonage. She, the stranger serving-maiden, and they, such rich, distinguished people! Susanna was besides very curious to know how things looked and went on in a respectable parsonage house in Norway, and she was therefore well pleased when the kind Madam Middelberg invited her to go over the house, and

Thea Middelberg, the eldest daughter, carried her every where, from the cellar to the garret. Susanna formed a very high opinion of the arrangements of the parsonage house; she found many things to learn, but many too that she thought might have been done better in her Swedish method. When Susanna returned to the company, she found much to observe and reflect upon. She was in a state of delighted excitement. It seemed to her as if the picture of happiness and social intercourse, of which she had sometimes dreamed, were now suddenly realized. She thought that among such kindly natures, such simple manners, life must be beautiful indeed. The intercourse between parents and children, between masters and servants, was so affectionate, so patriarchal. She heard the servants of the house call the pastor and his wife father and mother; she saw the eldest daughter assist them in waiting on the guests, and so readily and gayly, that it was plain her heart was in the service; she saw frank good-will in all faces; simplicity, and freedom from restraint in the manners of all, and her heart felt light and happy, while pleasant tears sprang to her eyes. 'Do you love flowers?' asked the kind Thea Middelberg, and when Susanna said 'yes,' she broke off the prettiest rose that was blooming in the window, and gave it to her. But Susanna found the greatest pleasure in the two youngest children; she thought the sweet 'mora mi' (my mamma) the most melodious sound she had ever heard; and Susanna was right, for never were lovelier words heard upon the earth than these, 'mora mi' spoken by the caressing voice of childhood. The little Mina, a child about Hulda's age, was especially dear to Susanna, who only wished that the wild little creature would sit longer upon her lap. Susanna herself won unexpectedly the favor of her hosts, by rising from the table at a critical juncture, and arresting, with quick firm hand, a threatened downfall. She afterward continued to lend her efficient aid wherever it could be useful. This pleased greatly, and the young Swede was regarded with ever-increasing kindness. She was sensible of this, and found still

greater pleasure in a company so kindly disposed towards her.

Towards the end of the plentiful repast, healths were drunk, and songs sung. Susanna must touch glasses right and left, before and beside her, and inspired by the universal spirit, joined in the popular song of 'the sea-girt, brave old Norway,' and seemed to have forgotten all her spirit of hostility against Norway and the Norwegians. And how heartily did she join in the last toast, which the host proposed with beaming and tearful eyes, 'to all that is dear to us.' Susanna thought of her little Hulda.

But we pass now to the circumstance that made this day a memorable one for Susanna. After dinner and coffee were over, the company divided, as is usual in Norway. The women seated themselves on the sofas, and in the arm-chairs, and talked of the events that had happened lately in the neighborhood, of their domestic affairs, of their Christmas preparations, now happily concluded, or whatever else might happen to interest them. The young girls formed groups at the windows, and laughed and chatted gayly.

In the next room the men were assembled, with pipes and politics.

Susanna sat near the open door of the room which was occupied by the men, and taking little interest in the conversation of those near her, she could not avoid listening to what was passing in the next room, where she heard a loud coarse voice abusing Sweden and the Swedes in the most injurious manner. Susanna's blood boiled, and her hand was clenched involuntarily. 'Ah, my God,' thought she, 'why am I not a man!' The patriotic burgomaster's daughter longed to rush upon him who had dared thus to defame her country. As she could not hear all this coolly, and almost dreaded her own anger, she was in the act of rising to find another seat, when she was arrested by a clear manly voice, which was raised in defence of the calumniated land, and truly delightful was it to Susanna, to hear her country thus defended, with as much intelligence as zeal.

She heard the accusations of the rough

voice repelled by the less noisy, but more powerful voice of his adversary; and her delight was at its height when she heard this clear sweet voice, now master of the field, recite these verses, addressed to the country of Gustavus Adolphus, on the occasion of his death.

Bowed are the honors of thy stately head;
Dimmed is thy light; withered thy garlands lie;
Yet weep not hopelessly o'er thy brave dead,
Thou mourning mother! Glory cannot die,
Thy hero passed to no ignoble grave,
He fell not ere a deathless fame was won;
And earth shall count among her true and brave
The warrior king, Gustavus, Sweden's son!

Yes, this was indeed a happy moment for Susanna; but this voice that spoke so well—the voice that defended Sweden—it was this voice that affected her more than all the rest, for it was Harold's. Susanna could hardly trust her ears, she must have the evidence of her eyes too, and when she could no longer doubt that the noble defender of her father-land was Harold, she was so surprised and so happy, that, in the overflowing of her feelings, she might have committed some folly, if, just at this moment, one of the elder ladies of the party had not led her to a more quiet corner of the room, in order to question the Swedish stranger at her ease, about every thing that she wanted to know.

This lady belonged to that class known in every part of the world, which bears a resemblance to the parasitical plants, that draw their nourishment from the trees round which they twine themselves. As this lady wore a brown dress, and brown ribbands on her cap, we will give her the name of Madam Brown. Susanna must now render account to Madam Brown of her family, her home, why she came to Norway, how she liked living there, &c. &c. To all this Susanna answered very openly; but when the conversation turned upon her present situation, and her lady, she became rather more reserved. But on this subject, Madam Brown was more desirous of giving than of receiving information. 'I knew the Oefwerstinna,' said she, 'when she was young; she was a beautiful young lady, but always rather proud; I did not mind this

myself, we were always very good friends; I have been told I ought to pay her a visit at Semb, but I don't know, I have not seen her since she has become so strange. How can you live with her, my dear child? She must be so dreadfully gloomy!'

Susanna answered with warm praise of her lady, and said that she was very sad, and she feared had been very unfortunate, but that this only bound her to her the more strongly.

'Unfortunate,' began Madam Brown, again, 'yes, if that were all,—but!'

Susanna, astonished, asked what she meant.

Madam Brown answered, 'I do not say or believe any harm of her, and always defend her, but there is something very strange about her, at any rate—would you believe that there are people malicious enough to talk of—to suspect—a murder?'

Susanna could neither speak nor think; she stared at the speaker.

'Yes, yes,' continued Madam Brown, 'so they say; it is true, that the Oefwerste, who was a violent man, was most guilty in the affair; but then she must have known of it—so they say. You must know she had a boy with her—the son of her sister. The mother died after she had given the boy to the care of her sister and brother-in-law. What happens, then? One day the boy disappears, and is never heard of again; no one knows what became of him; but his cloak was found upon a rock, near the sea, and some drops of blood upon the stones. The boy had disappeared; and his property was very convenient to his relations, for the Oefwerste Hjelm had spent every thing that he and his wife possessed. But God, in his justice, punished the Oefwerste; for he remained five years lame and dumb, and his wife has not known a happy hour from that time.'

Susanna turned pale, and as zealously as she had before defended the honor of her country, did she now maintain the innocence of her lady. But she was interrupted by the friendly host, who invited her to join the rest of the young people in playing and

dancing. Susanna was so much agitated by what she had heard, and longed so anxiously to return home to her lady, whom she loved more than ever, now that she had heard her so cruelly calumniated, that she begged to be excused from taking part in the Christmas games, and announced her intention of returning home. She would not, however, take Harold away; and determined, fearlessly, to return home alone. 'She could drive, and she could easily find the way.' But no sooner did Harold perceive her intention, than he prepared to accompany her; and it was of no use for Susanna to say any thing against it. Host and hostess, in their hospitality, opposed their departure warmly, and threatened them with the 'Aasgaardsreja,' which would meet them on the way, and carry them off, if they persisted in their unwise resolution. But they did so; and were accompanied by the hostess even to their sleigh. Susanna thanked her warmly for her kindness, promised the amiable Thea that they would often see one another, and kissed tenderly the little Mina who hung upon her neck.

No sooner was Susanna in the sleigh, among the hills and woods, than she relieved her heart by repeating to Harold the story that she had just heard; and equal to the horror she had felt, was Harold's anger at these shameful calumnies, and the baseness of her, who propagated these vile creations of her own black heart. He fell into such a passion with old Madam Brown, and made so many threatening demonstrations, and the horse therewith made so many springs and plunges, that Susanna was glad to turn the conversation upon some other subject. She asked him, therefore, what the Aasgaardsreja was, and why their hostess had thought to frighten them with it?

Harold now resumed his usual manner, and declared that this was no matter of jesting. The Aasgaardsreja, said he, 'consists of those spirits that are not good enough to deserve heaven, and yet not bad enough to be sent to hell. In this troop ride those addicted to intemperance, to polite falsehood, or to any of the milder forms of sin. In expiation of their offences, they must wander

about till the end of the world. At the head of the troop rides Reisa-Rova, who is to be known by her long train. She is followed by a numerous band of both sexes. The horses are coal black, and their eyes shine in the dark like fire; they are guided by bridles of red-hot iron; and, as they rush over land and water, the wild halloo of the riders, the snorting of the horses, the rattling of the iron bits, is heard to a great distance.—Where they throw a saddle upon the roof, there must a man die; and where they know there will be violence or murder, there they enter, seat themselves on the door-posts, and laugh, and knock, and rattle upon the doors. When one hears the Aasgaardsreja coming, he must immediately throw himself on the ground, and pretend to be asleep; otherwise he will be borne along with the troop, and thrown down at some place at a distance from that where he was taken up. Those who are thus carried off, remain sick and melancholy for the rest of their lives. But he who, on the approach of the train, throws himself down in this way, will suffer no injury, unless some of the company should spit upon him, as they pass; in this case he has only to spit again, after the troop has gone by, and no harm will come of it.

Harold added, that this troop was usually out on Christmas night, and that nothing was more possible than that they might meet it themselves that night. In this case, Susanna had nothing to do but to spring quickly from the sleigh, throw herself upon the ground, and hide her face in the snow till the wild band had gone by.

Susanna declared she did not believe in the story; but Harold said so seriously, that she would one day be convinced of its truth, and Susanna was naturally so well inclined to believe in the marvellous, that she often, particularly in the narrow passes, cast a look upwards, half fearing, half hoping that the black horses, with their fiery eyes and glowing bridles might show themselves. But only the bright stars looked down upon her, now and then dimmed by the northern lights, that waved their shining, fleeting veils over the vault of heaven. Arrived at Semb, they

saw the usual faint gleam of light from the lady's window. Susanna's heart was moved, and with a deep sigh she said, 'Ah, what a wicked world this is! To add to the heavy burden, and make misfortune a crime! What, what can we do for her, to defend her from the attacks of malice?'

'Madam Brown, at least, shall not spread her lies any further,' said Harold, 'I will go to her to-morrow morning, and compel her to swallow her own words, and frighten her from ever letting them pass her lips again.'

'Ah, that is good!' cried Susanna, enraptured.

'If an accident happens to a child,' cried Harold, passionately, 'immediately to suppose a wilful murder! could any thing be baser or more absurd? No, these snakes shall not hiss about the unhappy lady! It shall be my care to crush them!' And Harold pressed Susanna's hand in parting, and left her.

'And it shall be my care,' thought Susanna, with tearful eyes, 'to love her, and to serve her truly. Perhaps when order and comfort are spread about her, and one little pleasure after another is added to her life, who can say?—perhaps she may even become reconciled to life.'

QUIET WEEKS

WHEN o'er the sullen face of heaven
Dark clouds are by the north wind driven,
When woods put on their mourning weeds,
And the bright stream no longer leads
Its dimpled waters through the plain,
And earth submits to winter's chain;
Then brighter for the cold without,
The cheerful fires within shine out;
More closely bind the gentle ties
Of love and kindly sympathies—
And though stern winter rules the earth,
Spring dawns beside the social hearth.

VELHAVEN.

HAST thou heard, in deep caverns, the falling of the water-drop, as with its heavy, unceasing, wasting fall, it wears away the ground? Hast thou heard the murmuring of the brook, that flows gaily between green

banks, while nodding flowers and the bright lights of heaven are mirrored in its waves? Then hast thou seen the images of the two kinds of quiet life, which are as different from one another as heaven from hell. Both are lived upon this earth, and both were lived at Semb in Heimdale during the following month, the first by Fru Astrid, the second by Susanna; but at times the wearing drops were blown aside by a transient breeze, and at times the waters of the dancing brook were somewhat turbid.

January passed away with its increasing sunshine, and its wintry magnificence. The brinks of the waterfalls were planted with flowers, palms, vines, and fruit-trees, of ice. The finches with their scarlet breasts shone like dancing flames upon the white snow. Woods and plains were brilliant with dazzling crystals—the freshness of the air, the song of the thrush, the blinding splendor of the snow-fields—all announced the reign of winter. There was felling of wood in the forest, whence songs from Tegnér's Frithiof resounded—there was riding in sledges in the valley, there was walking on snow-shoes on the mountains. Every where was the fresh, stirring life of winter.

The strife at Semb, between Sweden and Norway, had lost much of its vigor since Christmas. It is true, Harold made several attacks upon Swedish ice and Swedish woods, but Susanna did not seem to think them made in earnest, and would not allow herself to be drawn into a contest, and the last attempt upon the Swedish wind failed so entirely, that Harold resolved to give the matter up, and looked about for some other subject of contention to keep himself warm through the winter.

February and March came on. This is the severest part of a northern winter. In January he was still young; but now he is grown old, and grey, and burdensome, particularly in the huts of the improvident. The stores in the cottage and the cow-yard are nearly spent. It is hard for hungry children to draw home wood from the forest, when it is to cook for them only miserable water-gruel, and perhaps not always even that.

April came, this is called a month of spring; and the larks sing among the clouds. But often in the deep valleys, the greatest want and suffering prevails. Then the poor peasant often scatters ashes and sand upon the snow that covers his acres, that it may melt the sooner, and that he may plough up his ground between the snow-walls that fence it in. Susanna was during this month well known in the cottages of the valley, and found abundant employment for her sympathy and ready kindness.

Harold, not to lose so good an opportunity of inspiring Susanna with horror of himself, and his character, appeared quite unmoved by the accounts she gave of the suffering which she had witnessed, and rejected, with a decided 'No!' all her projects for its relief. He talked much of severity, of wholesome lectures, etc., and Susanna was not slow in calling him 'The most cruel, unchristian man—a perfect misanthrope—wolves and bears had more heart!' Never would she ask him for any thing again. She might as well talk to stocks and stones! And Susanna would go away and weep bitter tears. But when she found that want was quietly relieved by the hand of the misanthrope, when she found that in many cases her own plans were followed, then would she weep indeed, but her tears were tears of pleasure; and all her resolutions of unfriendly reserve were forgotten in a moment. By degrees Harold forgot his harshness. The interest of the subject was too great to allow him to maintain it. And before they were aware of it, both were heartily engaged in promoting the same objects but with some difference in the manner. Susanna had begun by giving away every thing she possessed. As she had now nothing more to give, she began to listen to Harold's views of the subject. He thought that, in general, for the poor about them, alms were less necessary than prudent counsel and friendly sympathy, that should give life to the desponding heart, and strength to the weary hands that were ready to sink, and encourage to hope and to labor again.

Among the class of people who work for

their daily bread, are some who can help themselves, others whom no one can help; but by far the greatest number are those who by wise counsel and assistance may be taught to help themselves, and attain to comfort and independence.

Harold thought it very important to turn the attention of the people more exclusively to the raising of cattle, for he was convinced this was the only means by which these regions could become prosperous. And as soon as the snow melted, and the ground was free from ice, he went out with the servants and laborers, and occupied himself busily in clearing the fields of the stones with which these regions are thickly sown. He laid out new pastures, in order to provide better food for the cattle, and Susanna's heart beat with pleasure when she saw his perseverance, and how he put his own hand to the work, and animated all by his example and cheerful spirits. Harold had now often his favorite dishes for dinner, and even Susanna herself began to find some of them very palatable, and among these may be mentioned barley soup and little herrings.*

Harold was so busy, in the spring, with his works and his workmen, that he had very little time to pass with Susanna, either in peace or discord. But as it occurred to him that he might possibly in time have weak lungs, he visited the dairy every morning to receive a glass of new milk from her hand. He would present her in return with a fresh spring flower, or sometimes, by way of variety with a thistle, (which was always thrown indignantly into a corner,) and then observed attentively the arrangements of the dairy, and Susanna's motions as she strained the milk from the pails into the milk-pans, and then placed them on the shelf. During this contemplation, he lost himself in the following soliloquy:

'Well, that is what one may call handiness! How well she looks when she is at

* This dish, with which in Norway every dinner begins, is thus served—every guest has a plate of soup and a little dish of herrings placed before him, and takes in turn a bit of herring and a spoonful of broth.

work, and with such a cheerful, pleasant air; every thing she touches looks pretty; every thing thrives under her care; if she were only not quite so passionate and violent in her temper! But it does not come from her heart, for there never was a better heart. Men and animals love her, and feel themselves happy near her. Ah, fortunate will be the man—who—.”

Shall we not take a look into Susanna's heart too? There, matters stand thus. Harold had, partly by his teasing and mischief, partly by his kindness, his stories, and the real worth which Susanna could not but acknowledge, so wound himself into all her thoughts and feelings, that she could not possibly banish him from them. In anger or in gratitude, in blame or in approval, she must be always thinking of him. Many an evening she lay down wishing that she might never see him again, but rose in the morning longing to meet him. Her feelings were like April weather.

A MAY DAY.

FAIRER the first faint blushes of the dawn,
Than the full splendor of the noonday light;
Dearer the first pale flowers in early spring-time born,
Than all that summer boasts of fair and bright.

It was in the beginning of the month of May; a heavy shower of rain had just ceased. The wind came from the south, was fresh and mild, and drove white fleecy clouds before it over the bright blue sky. In the yard, at Semb, which had been deserted during the shower, all was now life and motion. The ducks were plashing in the puddles, bathing, and washing their soiled plumage.

‘The knight’ scratched in the earth, and then began to call aloud, to make it known that he had something good to give away, and when two small speckled hens obeyed the summons, he let one grain of corn after another fall from his beak, which the hens accepted, without further ceremony or compliment.

The turkey-cock was in a great embarrass-

ment. His white dames, supposing the invitation of the cock to be general, ran upon their long legs as fast as they could, and thrust their heads in between the two hens, intending to take their share in the entertainment. The knightly cock drew back in some surprise, and rather haughtily, but was too much of a gentleman to affront the forward dames; but the two speckled hens turned their backs upon them. The deserted turkey-cock gabbled desperately, and swelling with rage approached his black help-mate, who was silent, and looked up piteously to heaven.

Under the kitchen windows, a black cat and her family were diverting themselves, with a thousand gambols; while over them the mice peeped down curiously from the gutter, drank the rain-water, snuffed the fresh air, and then crept quietly back under the tiles.

The flies stretched their legs and began to promenade in the sunshine.

In the yard stood a high ash-tree, from whose top swung a magpie's nest. A crowd of magpies, competitors for the air-palace, assembled about it, fluttering and screaming, each endeavoring to take possession and to drive the rest away. At last two remained conquerors in the nest. There they laughed and caressed each other, rocked by the south wind. The expelled magpies consoled themselves by flying down to the feeding-trough of the house dog, and eating from it, while the proud Alfiero, sitting in front of his kennel, observed them with haughty composure.

The melodious whistle of the starlings, was heard from the roof where they had grouped themselves. The grasses shook the rain-drops from them in the wind, and the star-flower, so dear to the singing birds, raised again its little head to the sun, and was greeted by the song of the lark.

The geese waddled cackling over the grass-plot, biting off the young green shoots. It appeared that a change had taken place in their society; the tyrant, the white gander, had, by accident, become lame, and had lost his power and his consequence. Now had

the grey an opportunity to show his noble character, his generous spirit; but no; the grey goose showed nothing of all this. Whatever the white one had formerly inflicted upon him, the grey now retaliated in full; he stretched out his neck, and screamed at him, and kept him at a distance with cries and violence; and the lady geese still gave themselves no trouble about the matter; and the white gander must submit to see his rival rule in the assembly, while he himself must limp behind, helpless and despised. Susanna, who saw this, lost all her preference for the grey gander, while at the same time, she felt no great sympathy with the white one. She found that one was no better than the other.

Susanna had just returned from a visit that she had made to a cottage, where she had before assisted the housewife in setting up a web, and now helped her to take it down. Her face glowed with pleasure, at the recollection of the scene which she had just witnessed at the cottage. The cow had that morning calved, and the milk flowed free and plentifully, to the inexpressible delight of four pale boys. Their pleasure was divided between their delight in the milk, and their astonishment at the little active, black and white calf; this astonishment was, in the youngest, mingled with some fear. The weaving, too, had succeeded beyond expectation. Susanna helped the mother to cut out the clothes in the best manner, and her cheerful words and hearty sympathy were the cream of the milk breakfast. Thinking on this pleasant scene, Susanna entered the yard at Semb, and was greeted by Alfiero, and all the poultry, with sounds of jubilee. Just then, cries and notes of distress were heard among the birds, and she hastened to the garden. Here she saw a pair of starlings, who with loud cries fluttered round the lowest branches of an oak. Something moved in the grass with a faint hopping, and Susanna saw that it was a young starling, who had ventured too soon from the nest, and had fallen. It uttered a faint cry to its parents, who seemed to wish, by their fluttering, to keep off a grey cat who glared

at them from under a cherry tree, with greedy eyes. Susanna drove away the cat, took up the little bird, and warmed it in her bosom. But the parent birds were by no means well pleased; on the contrary, their disquiet appeared to increase. Susanna would gladly have satisfied them, but when she looked up and saw the starling nest high up in the trunk of the tree, many yards above her head, she felt quite helpless. Then the dinner-bell rang, Alfiero howled dismally, and Harold, at the head of his work people, returned from the field. Susanna hastened to acquaint him with her dilemma, and showed him the bird. 'Give it to me,' said Harold, 'I will wring his neck, and we shall have a nice little roast for dinner.'

'No! can you be so cruel?' cried Susanna. Harold laughed, without answering; looked up into the oak to see where the starling's nest was, and then swung himself up into the tree, with great agility, and standing upon one of the lower branches, bent down to Susanna, and said, 'Give it to me; I will take care of it,' and Susanna gave him the bird without further remark. Harold sprang lightly from branch to branch holding the bird in his left hand, and accompanied by the parent starlings, who made a terrible racket about his head. It was, certainly, a surprise to them, to see the young one replaced, unhurt, in the nest, but it was no longer one to Susanna, and when Harold sprang lightly from the tree, he was received with kindest looks and warmest thanks.

At this moment, some travelling merchants entered the yard, with their wagon loaded with wares. Harold said he had some purchases to make, and wanted Susanna's advice.

Susanna was a woman; and women are very ready to give advice; always good, of course. For some time, Harold had been making various purchases, and always consulted Susanna, by which she felt extremely flattered, but could not avoid sometimes thinking, 'But he must be very selfish. He thinks only of himself, and buys only for himself, and never for his sister, whom he

talks so much about, and seems to love so well. But, these Norwegian men; they care more for themselves than for any body else.

This idea was fully confirmed on the present occasion. It was really dreadful to see how much Harold thought about himself, and how every thing was wanted for this dear self. This damask he would have for his table, this muslin for his curtains, &c., &c.

Susanna could not forbear trying him, by exclaiming at sight of a beautiful stuff for dresses; 'How pretty this is! how well it would suit your sister!'

'What? my sister!' exclaimed Harold, angrily. 'No, she must buy her own clothes. I want this very stuff, for my sofa. Charity begins at home, one must take a little care of one's self.'

'Take care of yourself, then, I have no time for it,' cried Susanna, and turning her back upon him and his wares, she left him abruptly.

SPRING INFLUENCES.

HEAVEN sends upon the winds of spring,
Fresh thoughts into the hearts of flowers;
And oft a gentle whispering
Is audible at twilight hours,
Mid the young leaves in quiet sylvan bowers.

VELHAVEN.

MAY was passing away and June approached. From their nests in the airy, leaf-covered grottoes that nature had formed for them, the starlings sent forth their low pleasant whistle, and their lovely warbling. The woods of Norway were filled with song and fragrance. The peasant maiden leads her herds to the Saeter valleys, singing gayly as she goes.

The labors of the spring were now ended. The harvest was trusted to the care of heaven. Harold had now more leisure, and devoted much of it to Susanna. He taught her the names and properties of the plants in the valley, and was as much delighted by the way in which she mangled the Latin names, as by the quickness with which she learned and applied their useful and medicinal qualities.

The valley and its beauties became every

day more familiar and dearer to her. She now went again, in the early mornings, to the spring where the lady mantles and the silver weed grew so luxuriantly, and let her feathered flock bathe and enjoy themselves. On Sunday she sometimes wandered into a thicket of young oaks and wild rose-bushes, which grew at the foot of a mountain called the Crystal hill, which shone with wonderful brilliancy in the light of the setting sun. Sometimes she was accompanied by Harold, who would relate many wonderful tales of Huldren, who lived in the mountain — of the dwarf, who cut the brilliant crystals, on which account they are called dwarf jewels; of the wonders of the subterranean world, such as the rich fancy of the old time created it, and as it still dimly lives in the faith of the northern people. Susanna's lively fancy was captivated by these wild tales. She dreamed herself into the crystal halls of the mountain, fancied the song of the water-spirit in the flowing of the river, and trees and flowers became more beautiful and more living to her, when she thought she heard elves and cobolds speaking from out them. Out of the dull prose of her life and labors, sprang a flower of poetry, half reality, half fable, which spread a beauty and grace over her soul.

Susanna was not the only one at Semb, to whom this spring brought improvement. The pale Fru Astrid seemed to rise from her gloomy depression, and to breathe in new life with the fresh spring air. She went out sometimes, when the sun shone warmly, and she might be seen sitting for hours together, upon a moss-covered stone at the foot of the crystal mountain. When Susanna observed that she seemed to love this place, she brought from the wood clods of earth, with blooming linnea and sweet-scented Pyrola, and planted them, so that the south wind should carry their fragrance to the spot where Fru Astrid sat; she felt a sorrowful pleasure in the thought, that this balmy air would bear witness to her lady of the devotion which she dared not express in any other manner.

Susanna would have been richly rewarded

if she could have looked into her lady's heart, or if she could have read a letter which she wrote about this time, from which we make the following extract.

TO BISHOP S.

'Love is never weary!' Thus did I exclaim to-day, when your letter reached me, and I was filled with the sense of your goodness, your heavenly patience. No, you are not troublesome to her, who has almost become troublesome to herself. And still the same spring of hope, the same firm, beautiful faith! Ah! why do I not better deserve your friendship? But I have to-day a pleasant word to say to you, and I will not withhold it from you.

You would know how it is with me. Better. For some time I have breathed more freely. Quiet days have passed over me; mild stars have looked down upon me; the stream has lulled me with its cradle song; the Spring has shed its beneficent influence over me. Every thing about me is so glorious — so rich in life and beauty — I sometimes forget myself in admiration. It is more than thirty years since I have lived in this country!

At times, feelings arise in me like the fresh breezes of spring. Then I feel a certain confidence in the thought, that through my long sorrows, I have ever striven to do right — to endure patiently unto the end. At times, something that is like a mild ray of hope, descends to me from the blue, spring heavens. Yet perhaps these hopes are but spring flowers, that are to pass away with the spring.

'I sometimes go out into the open air. I sit in a beautiful little oak wood in the valley, and there mild, soothing feelings come over me. The wind bears to me odors inexpressibly sweet. These reveal to me the world of healing, strengthening powers that are at work about me, yet so quietly, so unobtrusively, disclosing themselves only by their perfume and their calm beauty. I sat there this evening at the foot of the mountain. The sun was going down, but it was still warm in the little wood. Near me some sheep were feeding with their tender lambs. They regarded me with surprised but fear-

less looks; a little bell rang clear and low, as they wandered here and there on the green turf. It was so still and calm that I heard the little insects, that hummed in the grass at my feet; and I know not what of pleasure, of delight, came over me. At this moment I felt a pleasure in existence, like the lambs, the insects. I can then still enjoy — kind, bountiful nature! On thy heart might mine perhaps — But that pale, bleeding boy stands before me — the murderer stands there, stands ever between me and the peace of my soul! Could I sometimes hear your voice, could I see your clear hope-inspiring look, then might I perhaps again learn — to look up. But I ask you not to come to me. Ah, I wish no one to approach me! But be no longer so anxious for me, my friend. I am better, I have good people about me who provide for the comfort of my outward life. Let your loving thoughts rest upon me as hitherto — perhaps, one day, light may beam into my heart.'

MAN, AND WIFE.

A NEW CONTENTION.

'I WILL show you what sort of fellow I am.'

SIFUL SIVADDA.

WE have seen that Harold had as little liking for a life that flowed smooth as oil, as Griseldas's husband, of blessed memory. Perhaps he thought his intercourse with Susanna began to partake a little too much of this placidity, and, since he could no longer excite her horror as a misanthrope, he resolved to appear before her in the character of a tyrant to women.

'I expect my sister here in a few days,' said he to Susanna, one evening in an indifferent tone. 'I want her here, for she will sew for me, and put my things in order. Alette is a good-natured, handy girl, and I think of keeping her with me 'till I am married and have a wife to wait on me.'

'Have a wife to wait upon you!' cried Susanna, one may imagine in what tone.

'Certainly. Woman is made to be subject to

man, and I have no idea of teaching my wife any thing else; I will be master in my own house.'

'The Norwegian men must be despots, tyrants, real heathens, Turks.'

'Every morning at six o'clock exactly my wife shall get up and make my coffee.'

'But suppose she will not?'

'Will not? I shall teach her to will. And if she does not do it willingly, she shall do it unwillingly. I shall suffer no disobedience, and shall let her understand that, in good earnest. And, if she does not want to be taught it, I advise her to get up at six o'clock, and make my coffee, and bring it to my bedside.'

'Well, I never heard any thing like that! You are the most — God be merciful to women in this dreadful country.'

'And she shall get me a good dinner every day, otherwise — I shall not take it very well. She shall not give me a dinner of odds and ends more than once a month, on Saturday; and then the cooking must be very rich.'

'If you want rich cooking, you must provide richly.'

'I shall not trouble myself about that, that will be my wife's business. She must provide the stores for the house-keeping as she can.'

'I hope you will never have a wife, or that she will be a perfect Xantippe.'

'I shall know how to provide' against that. And for this purpose she shall, from the first, pull off my boots every evening. All depends upon a man's taking his stand in time, for women are by nature terribly fond of power.'

'Because men are such tyrants.'

'And so trifling too.'

'Because men have taken possession of all important things.'

'And full of whims.'

'Because men are stuffed full of obstinacy.'

'And changeable.'

'Because men are not worthy of constancy.'

'And wilful and passionate.'

'Because men are so unreasonable.'

'But I,' continued Harold, 'will have no wil-

ful, passionate, and imperious wife. It is the men that spoil women, they are too patient, too yielding, too good. But in my house it will be quite another thing. I shall not spoil my wife. On the contrary, she must show herself patient, yielding, and attentive to me. It is on this account that I have sent for my sister; she will not expect me to give her my seat, she will not —'

At this moment a carriage was heard to enter the court-yard and stop before the door. Harold looked from the window, uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, and went like an arrow from the room. Susanna looked eagerly from the window, and watched Harold, as he lifted a young lady from the carriage, pressed her long and closely in his arms, and only left her to load himself with the bundles and bandboxes which she had brought with her.

'This is his tyranny then, is it?' thought Susanna — and satisfied that it was Harold's sister whom he had thus received, she went into the kitchen to make preparations for the evening meal. When she returned to the sitting-room, she found the brother and sister there. With beaming eyes, Harold presented his sister to Susanna, and then began to dance with her, laughing and singing. Susanna had never seen him so gay.

At supper, Harold had eyes only for his sister, whom he waited upon attentively. It is true, that now and then he would play her some trick, for which she would scold him, but this seemed only to heighten his spirits. Fru Astrid did not, this evening, leave her room, and Harold could devote his attention entirely to Alette. After supper he seated himself near her upon a sofa, and while he held her hand in his, reminded her of their childish days, and how they used to quarrel with each other.

'You were intolerably provoking,' said Alette.

'And you intolerably discreet and wise. Do you remember how we used to quarrel at breakfast-time, that is, how I quarrelled, for you said wonderfully little, and carried yourself disdainfully and sagely, because you were a little taller than I.'

'I remember, too, how you would sometimes quit the field and leave your breakfast, that you might complain to our mother that you could not endure my consequential airs.'

'Yes, and how little I used to get by it! I was only obliged to hear, 'Alette is much wiser than you — Alette knows much more than you do.' This tasted rather sour, so I had to eat up your sweetmeats —'

'Yes, naughty boy, that you did, and wanted to persuade me that a mouse had done it.'

'Yes, I was a naughty boy; mischievous, saucy, unbearable.'

'And I an insufferably conceited, moralizing girl. For every trick you played upon me, I gave you a dish of morality.'

'No, not one, sister, but seven or more,' cried Harold, laughing, and kissing Alette's hand. 'But,' he continued, 'they were well deserved. But I, wretch, how glad I was when I left you to go to the University.'

'And I was not very much grieved at it, for I could then have my sewing, and my little affairs in peace. But when you came home three years after, then we turned over a new leaf; then, indeed, was I proud of my brother.'

'And I of my sister. Do you know, Alette, you must break with Lexow, I really cannot lose you. Stay with me, instead of going to that inhospitable, cold Nordland, which, I am sure, you cannot bear.'

'We must ask Lexow about that, brother.'

Thus did the conversation long continue, but became by degrees more serious and more quiet. The brother and sister seemed to be speaking of their future, and this is always a serious subject. But now and then a hearty laugh disturbed the quiet of their consultations. Susanna had withdrawn to the next room in order to leave the brother and sister more at liberty. Her heart was agitated by unaccustomed, mournful feelings. She leaned her forehead against the cool glass of the windows, looked out into the beautiful summer evening, and listened to the low, confiding voices within. The twilight spread its thin veil over the valley, and wood and field, mountain and valley, heaven and earth, seemed to be united in a gentle sympathy. In

the grass the flowers nodded to each other as they slept, and from the leaves that moved softly from side to side, Susanna thought she heard softly whispered 'brother! sister!' With a nameless longing she opened her arms, as if she would embrace some one, and when they closed empty upon her breast sorrowful tears flowed down her cheeks, while she whispered, 'little Hulda!'

Little Hulda! All honor to thy loveliness, to thy golden curls! But I believe Susanna's tears flowed not for thee alone!

ALETTE.

MIRRORED in the gay beauty of thine eyes,
I see the flickering rays the tapers fling;
But oft a soft, clear radiance in them lies,
Like light reflected from an angel's wing.

VELHAVEN.

WHEN Susanna went the next morning to Alette, to inquire how she had slept, she found Harold already with his sister, and round her were spread out all the stuffs, handkerchiefs, table-covers, etc., which Harold had told Susanna he was buying for himself; they had been, in truth, designed as presents to his sister on the occasion of her approaching marriage. She had no sooner entered the room, than, to her great surprise, the brother and sister both begged her to accept the pretty dress which Harold had, by her advice, bought for his sister. Susanna blushed and declined it, but could not resist Harold's earnestness, and took the gift with thanks; but it did not give her pleasure. Tears filled her eyes; and she felt herself poor in more than one regard.

When Harold had gone out Alette poured forth a warm eulogium upon him, concluding with these words: 'Yes, one may be angry with him ten times a day before one knows him well; but this is certain, that where he wishes to be loved no one can help loving him.' Susanna listened silently to Alette's words, and her heart beat with emotions sweet and painful at the same time. Breakfast was announced, and the conversation

was interrupted. Alette was about twenty years old, and had the fine form, the clear complexion, the delicate features with which nature seems to have especially endowed her Norwegian daughters. There was something delicate and transparent in her whole appearance, and her body seemed only a light veil to the living soul. Her manners and conversation were very fascinating, and discovered fine natural powers and much cultivation. She was betrothed to a rich merchant in the North, to whom she was to be married in the autumn, and had now come to pass a little time with her brother, and some other near relations, in Halling dale.

Susanna felt somewhat embarrassed in Alette's company. Beside this delicate, almost ethereal being, she felt for the first time an unpleasant misgiving, that she was stout and — clumsy.

A change had taken place at Semb from the hour of Alette's arrival. Her pleasant manners, and her talents for society, had made her the central point to which all were attracted. Even Fru Astrid felt her influence, and took part in the conversations which Alette knew how to make interesting to her. The Oefwerstinna herself did not contribute less to the pleasure of the society, whenever, in the interest of the conversation, she forgot her sorrows; and then her words disclosed a deeply feeling heart, and thoughtful mind. Susanna regarded her, at these times, with delight and admiration. But often some painful thought would recall the lady from this happy forgetfulness, some dark remembrance would glide in like a ghost between her and pleasure—the words would die upon her pale lips—her hand was carried to her heart—and she no longer heard or remarked what was passing about her, till the interest of the conversation could again chain her attention.

They often read aloud. Alette had in this a peculiar talent, and it was a pleasure to hear from her lips the poems of Velhaven and Vergeland, two young men, who, though personally unfriendly, have united in sincere love for their country, and in rich offerings to her literature.

Susanna, in the meanwhile, found herself every day less happy. Harold now no longer sought her society; he seemed when near Alette almost to have forgotten her. In the conversations to which she now often listened there was much that moved her feelings, much that awakened in her inquiry and conjecture. But when she wished to give expression to her thoughts and emotions, when she wished to take her share in the conversation, and show that she too could think and speak, her words were so ill chosen, her thoughts were so indistinct, that she drew back, mortified and abashed; and the more, that she saw Harold's eyes cast down, and Alette's turned upon her in some astonishment. Then she would inwardly resolve never again to open her lips upon subjects that she did not understand.

But all this grieved her deeply; and in her dejection she bitterly lamented that she had not received a more careful education. 'Ah,' she would sigh from the depths of her heart, 'if I only knew a little more! If I possessed but one single talent!'

AN EVENING IN THE EVERY-DAY ROOM.

WHEN the faint morning dawns, the day must follow,
For light must ever triumph.

It was a beautiful summer evening. The soft air came in at the open window, bearing with it the fragrance of the new-mown hay. At one table, Susanna was making the steaming tea, of which the Norwegians are almost as fond as the English: at the other, sat Fru Astrid, with Harold and Alette, occupied with a beautiful work which had just appeared, 'Snorro Sturlason's Stories of Norwegian Kings, translated from the Icelandic, by I. Aal.' He had just been reading aloud Aal's interesting introduction to the Saga of Erik Röde, and Erik Karlsne, and now continued to read both these histories, which contain the account of the first discovery of America, and of which we here make a short abstract.

'At the end of the tenth century, when Northern Vikings were conducting their piratical expeditions against the South, and christianity with the gospel of peace was advancing to the North, there lived in Iceland a man of note, named Herjulf. His son was called Bjarne, and was a bold young man, who showed an early love of adventure and foreign travel. He soon possessed a ship of his own, and gladly left the land. As he, one summer, returned to his native island, he found that his father had gone to Greenland, and established himself there. Then Bjarne put to sea again; he would, he said, make winter cheer with his father, according to the old custom, and so steered for Greenland.

'After he had sailed three days, a strong northeast wind arose, together with a thick fog, so that Bjarne and his crew no longer knew where they were. This lasted many days. At last the sun appeared again, and they could discover the 'corners of heaven.' Then they saw before them a country overgrown with wood, and covered with little hills. Bjarne wished not to land here, because this could not be Greenland, where he knew the mountains were high and covered with snow. So they sailed on with a southwest wind, till they came to another country, which was mountainous and had high snow-covered hills. But Bjarne thought this also was not Greenland, and sailed further till he came to the land which he sought, and found the habitation of his father.

'During a visit to Eric Tarl, in Norway, Bjarne spoke of his voyage, and of the strange lands he had seen. Leif, son of Eric the red, was filled with longing to visit these unknown regions, bought a ship, which he manned with fifty-three men, and put to sea to seek for the new land. At first, he came to a country full of snow and mountains, which appeared to him 'not at all beautiful.' Then they perceived a wooded land, whose shore was covered with white sand. They sailed still further west, and came to a noble country, where they found grape-vines, and Indian corn, and the beautiful tree 'Masur.'

'They called this land Vinland, built houses, and passed the winter there, which was so mild that the grass hardly withered. The length of the days and nights was more equal than in Iceland and Greenland. And Leif was a strong man, of noble, manly aspect, and wise and prudent in all things. After this expedition, he grew in wealth and in importance, and was every where called the fortunate.

'Of the voyages to the new land which followed that of Leif, that of Karlefsnes is the most remarkable; but whether because heavy maladies visited the young colony, or whether it was that a longing for home drew the Northmen from the country of vines back to their snow-covered land, certain it is that they made no abiding settlement in the new world.'

Many Icelandic historians prove that in every age from the discovery of Leif, down to the time of Columbus, America was visited by the Northmen.

We have proofs and memorials of these voyages not merely in these relations, but also in that remarkable stone now called 'Dighton writing rock,' on the bank of the Taunton river, in Massachusetts, whose hieroglyphics, recently copied by American antiquaries, confirm the truth of these narrations.

Harold now commented upon these figures with great zeal, observing that similar inscriptions were still to be found in Norway engraved upon old walls, grave-stones, &c. 'Do you see, Alette,' cried he, this represents a woman with a little child, probably Karlefsne's wife, who bore a son during her residence in Vinland. And this must be an ox; mention is made in the Saga of Karlefsne, of an ox, who terrified the natives by his bellowing. These figures on the right represent the natives of the country. This is a shield, and these Runic letters—

'A very good imagination is needful for all this;' laughingly interrupted Alette, who was not quite so patriotic as her brother, 'but grant that this is sufficient proof of the discovery of America by our forefathers, what then? Of what advantage has it been to the world? Is it not sad to know that such

important discoveries have been made only to be lost? Had not Columbus, many centuries later, braved, at the same time, the bigotry of man, and the terrors of the unknown seas, we might at this day have known nothing of America, or of this stone, the vestige of our forefathers in the new world.'

'But, my dear Alette,' cried Harold, is it not clear as sunlight, that, but for these voyages of the Northmen, Columbus would never have conceived the idea of seeking a land beyond the great sea? At the time in which Columbus lived, the little ships of the Northmen visited all the coasts of Europe. They made voyages to Spain, and the fame of their Vinland discoveries went with them. Besides, and this is worthy of note, Columbus himself, a few years before he undertook his great voyage of discovery, visited Iceland, rather, as Robertson says, to extend his knowledge of naval affairs, than to increase his wealth.'

'But,' said Alette, 'Washington Irving, in his life of Columbus, speaks, it is true, of this visit to Iceland, but denies that he received there the first idea of his great discovery.'

'That is incredible, after what we see and hear; hear now what Aal says of the time when Columbus stayed in Iceland.'

'The ancient chronicles were held in great honor in Iceland at this time; different copies of the various Sagas passed from hand to hand, and served to beguile the long winter evenings. These ancient tales certainly threw a light over his dim conjectures, and how great must have been their effect upon him, now treading the very ground from which the expedition had been sent forth, and hearing the history of these bold adventurers, from the lips of their descendants.' 'Is not this perfectly natural and probable? Can you any longer doubt, Alette? Be converted, I beg of you; leave Irving for Aal.'

'I am inclined to be on Harold's side, said Fru Astrid, with earnestness of look and voice. Great and important discoveries are seldom made without long preparation; they have often lain smouldering through quiet

ages, till the breath of mind, or perhaps of chance has fanned the glimmering fire into a flame that has given light to the universe. When we look upon a flower, we can go back to the stem, the root, buried in the ground, and to the seed, which contained the future plant in its dark bosom. And shall not all things in the earth tend to a like unfolding? In the obscure voyages of the Northmen, I see the seed borne by the wind, which afterward sent out its roots from the soil of Vinland, till a powerful genius was led by them to complete the work, and discover the new world to the old.

Harold was delighted with these thoughts, which were as a fresh breeze to his sails, and expressed all the admiration with which his bosom glowed for the ancient heroes of the North. 'It was for these men,' he said, 'these men of few words and mighty deeds, to whom danger was sport, and the rushing of the storm, music; it was for them only, to discover new worlds, and regard it as no mighty achievement. Great deeds were to them matters of every day occurrence.'

Alette shook her pretty head at this enthusiasm for the old time. She would not deny that this time had a certain greatness, but yet to her it was not truly great. She spoke of the revenge, the oppression, the base cruelty with which the annals of these times were stained.

'But,' replied Harold, 'the contempt of suffering and death, this noble contempt, so universal among the men of that time, took off the edge of cruelty. Our weak race has hardly an idea of the power which men of that time displayed in the endurance of suffering; they excited their brave spirits to the highest pitch of heroism, feeling in such moments, that they were more than mortal. Thus, the heroes sing in the pangs of death; thus, the Swede Hjelm dies in the arms of his friend, the Norwegian Odd, while he greets the eagles who are hovering over him, eager to drink his blood; thus dies Ragnar Lodbrog, in the cave of serpents; while the hissing snakes drive their fangs into his heart, he recounts his victories, and closes with the words,

Finished are now the hours of life,
Then, laughing, let me die.

How noble and admirable is this strength in torture, in death! Who could die thus?

'The wildest savages of North America,' said Alette, 'know and practice this kind of heroism. My idea of nobleness, both in life and death, is far different from this. The strong spirit of the ancient time, which you, my brother, prize so much, could not support old age, sickness, or the still sorrows that form so large a part of the lot of man. I prize that spirit which can exalt all conditions of humanity, which inspires the dying hero to praise God — not himself — while he expires; which gives to the simple man, whose obscure life conducts him to an unnoticed grave, a strength which enables him to triumph over all the powers of darkness. Ah, I who feel deeply that I am one of the weak of the earth; I, who have no drop of hero blood in my veins, I rejoice that without this stern courage, one may yet live and die nobly. Do you remember, my brother, "the old poet" of Rein? This poem expresses fully the frame of mind in which I would meet my last hour.'

Harold had only an indistinct recollection of 'the old poet,' and the Oefwerstinna joined him in begging Alette to make them better acquainted with him. Alette could not remember the whole poem, but repeated the passages which had best pleased her, introducing them with the necessary explanations.

'It is Spring; the aged poet wanders through wood and meadow, in the regions where he had formerly sung; where he had once been happy, among those whom he had made happy. Now his voice is broken, his strength, his fire — gone. The shadow of what he has been, he wanders through the young world fresh with new life. The birds of the Spring gather about him, bid him welcome, and entreat him to take his harp, and sing the new-born year, the laughing Spring; he answers,

"Oh, ye loved birds, no longer as of yore,
The minstrel's harp shall answer to your strain;
Unstrung the harp — its silver chords no more
Send forth their melodies to wood and plain,

Yet not in gloom and silence will I part;
Heaven's music lingers round the minstrel's heart."

'He wanders on through wood and meadow. The brook, murmuring between green banks, whispers to him its delight in its liberty, and hails the Bard as the messenger of Spring and of freedom. He wanders on — dryads flit about him in the dance; the flowers offer him garlands, and beg him to celebrate their feast; the zephyrs who were used to play among the chords of his harp seek it among the bushes, ask if he have forgotten it, seek again, but in vain — They are then departing, but he entreats:

"Leave me not yet, dear friends; in brighter hours,
Together we have hailed the dawning Spring;
Bloom yet along my pathway, gentle flowers,
Though the voice fail, that would your praises sing.
Play round me, zephyrs, as in days gone by,
Though the old bard no more may share your mirth,
Powerless is now his hand and dim his eye;
His spring renews itself no more on earth.
Yet not in darkness shall his spirit part,
Heaven's sunshine rests upon the poet's heart."

'He wanders further and seeks out every beloved spot. The youth of the land assemble round the old minstrel, "the friend of joy and of youth." They beg him to enliven their feasts with his songs; the old man answers,

"My lays no more will aid the sparkling wine,
Youth and its wild delights for me are o'er,
No more shall festive wreaths my brows entwine,
A paler garland will become them more.
Yet, smiling, let me from the world depart,
The peace of heaven fills the old man's heart."

'And now he calls upon the birds of the wood, the flowers, youth; all that is beautiful in nature to join with him in rejoicing over life, and in praising the Creator; then, thankful and happy, adoring and singing praises, he sinks quietly into the lap of nature.'

Alette was silent. As she pronounced these last words, a gentle emotion trembled in her voice, and beamed from her sweet countenance. Fru Astrid's tears flowed, her hands were clasped convulsively, while she exclaimed, 'Oh, to look forward to death thus! To feel thus in dying!' She drew

Alette to her with a kind of passion, kissed her, and wept quietly, leaning upon her shoulder. Harold too, was moved, but seemed to restrain his feelings, and regarded the group before him with earnest, tearful eyes.

Quietly and unobserved Susanna left the room; she felt a stab in her heart; a snake was writhing in her bosom; driven by a nameless, tormenting disquiet, she hurried into the open air, and, almost unconsciously went up the little foot-path to the hill, from which she had so often, in calmer hours, admired the beauty of the landscape.

During the conversation she had just heard, great and beautiful scenes had risen before her—she felt herself so insignificant, so poor, beside them. Ah, she could never *speak* of the great and beautiful; she felt so warmly, yet her enthusiasm could never warm another heart. The fortunate Alette won without trouble, perhaps without prizing it, a preference, a praise which Susanna would have died to gain. The Barbara spirit awoke in her; and she said, casting a reproachful look towards heaven, 'Am I never, in my whole life, to be any thing but a poor despised servant?' Mild but mournfully the heavens looked down upon the young girl; light rain-drops fell upon her forehead; all nature was silent around her, as if in grief.

This mournful quiet was to Susanna like the tenderly reproachful look of a kind mother. She looked into her heart and found there pride and envy—she felt horror at herself—she looked down into the river, which was rushing below, and thought with longing, 'Oh, might I plunge deep, deep into these cool, cleansing waters, and come back, my soul refreshed and purified!'

But the wish alone had been as the flowing of pure waters over Susanna's soul, and she felt light, cheerful thoughts rising in her heart. A poor servant! she repeated, and why should that be so despised a lot. Has not the Most High served upon the earth—served all—the meanest—yes, even me? 'Oh,' and her spirit became ever calmer and more exalted, 'let me, then, be

a true servant! let me desire no other praise! Beauty and the gifts of genius are not mine,—but I may still love and serve; and this will I do with my whole heart, and with all my strength; and though man may despise me, God will never abandon the humble, faithful servant!'

As Susanna turned her tearful eyes to the ground, they fell upon a little moss plant, one of those neglected children of nature, which quietly and unnoticed pass through the changes of their peaceful life. The little plant was of a vivid green, it was hung with rain-drops that glistened in the sun which had just burst from behind a cloud.

Susanna looked at the moss, and as she gazed it seemed to say to her, See, though I appear so insignificant, yet do the dews of heaven and the sunshine descend upon me, as upon the roses and lilies of the garden. Susanna understood the language of the little flower, and, grateful and calm, she repeated many times to herself with a quiet delight, 'A humble faithful servant!'

When Susanna returned to the house, she found the Oefwerstinna ill. She had been much agitated, and there was reason to fear a recurrence of her spasms.

Susanna earnestly begged, and at last obtained permission to watch this night by her bed, at least until she should be asleep; Fru Astrid had, it is true, another servant with her, but she was old and dull, and Susanna placed no great confidence in her.

The Oefwerstinna went to bed—Susanna seated herself on a low stool near the window, busied with her thoughts and her knitting. The window had been open during the day, and many gnats had come into the room. The Oefwerstinna was annoyed by them, and complained that they prevented her from sleeping. Susanna quietly bared her white shoulders, her arms, her neck, and as the gnats lighted upon her in swarms, and left her lady undisturbed, Susanna sat still and let the gnats enjoy themselves, finding herself a higher pleasure than one can well imagine.

HOPES AND FEARS.

True delicacy discovers itself most plainly in little things; though, indeed, what we commonly call trifles are not always so insignificant.

J. E. Lons.

It is with our faults as with the Charlock; where it has once taken root, it is almost impossible to extirpate it; and nothing is more discouraging to the farmer, than, while he sees the weeds that he has torn up, yet lying about him, to find new shoots springing from the roots that are still concealed in the ground. Well may he wax impatient with the weedy soil; and, when this soil is the dear *I*, the only pleasure we can know is in travelling as fast and as far as possible from ourselves.

Susanna often experienced this feeling, while she daily labored to repress the emotions which were excited in her at this time. But the thoughts and resolutions that awoke in her heart on that evening in the mountains, had taken too strong a hold easily to give way; and, bearing the motto, 'a humble, faithful servant,' she struggled on through the dangers and snares of the day. Her manner became calmer; she quietly abstained from taking part in conversation which was above her powers; she endeavored to renounce the desire of receiving attention and regard from others, and strove only to provide for the comfort and pleasure of all; to fulfil their wishes, if possible to anticipate them. And this active goodness has more effect than one might think, upon the happiness of every-day life. A loving heart can give life and soul to dead and senseless things. But hard to those who serve is this life of labor and care for others, when no kind acknowledgment, no sunbeam of love cheers the long, laborious day.

In the beginning of August, Harold left them, to return in about a fortnight with Alf Lexow, the lover of Alette. During his absence Alette was to make a visit to her uncle in Hallingdale; but, in compliance with Fru Astrid's wishes, she remained another week at Semb. During these days Alette and Susanna were more together;

for Alette was involuntarily touched by the kind offices which Susanna performed so unweariedly, and so unostentatiously. She found in her, too, such an open heart, such warm sympathy, that she could not deny herself the pleasure of sharing with her the many feelings that throng the heart of a happy bride. Happy, yes, Alette was so, indeed; for she had loved Alf Lexow long and well, and she was in a short time to be united to him for ever. And yet a shade of sadness would pass over her beautiful features, when she spoke of this marriage, and of her journey to Nordland. Susanna had several times asked her the cause, but she had laughingly parried her questions; but, one evening, when they had been conversing more confidentially than usual, Alette said, 'It is a strange feeling, to be preparing every thing for one's marriage, with the feeling that one is not long to survive it. This removal to the north will cause my death, I am sure of it. No, do not look so shocked! It is nothing so fearful. I have long felt that I was destined to an early death; I ought, therefore, to be reconciled to the thought.'

'Ah!' exclaimed Susanna, 'the happy—those who love and are loved—should never die! But whence this strange foreboding?'

'I do not myself know,' replied Alette, 'but it has followed me from my earliest youth. My mother was born under the beautiful sky of Provence, and passed the greater part of her youth in that sunny land. Her love for my father made her regard our Norway as another father-land, and here she passed the rest of her life, but could never endure the cold climate; she longed in secret for her own warm land, and in this longing, died. I have inherited these feelings; and though I have never seen the orange groves, the warm blue sky of which she spoke to me so often, yet have I loved them from my childhood. I have inherited, too, the sensitiveness to cold, from which my mother suffered. My lungs are not strong, and the long, dark, northern winter, a residence on the sea-shore, in a climate far colder than that to which I have been

accustomed, the sea-fogs, and the storms, ah! I cannot withstand them long. But, Susanna, you must promise me never to utter before Harold, or Lexow, a word of what I have confided to you.'

'But if they knew it,' said Susanna, 'you would surely have no need to go there; your husband would, for your sake, seek a milder climate.'

'And feel himself an alien there, and die of longing for his beloved Nordland! No, no, Susanna, I know his love for his home, and I know that this wintry climate, which I so much dread, is life and health to him. Alf is heart and soul a Nordlander. He has identified himself with the region where his fathers have dwelt, and the chief aim of his exertions, the darling project of his heart, is, to elevate the character of the people, to increase their prosperity. No, no, he shall not, for my sake, be torn from his home, from the field of his noble labors. Rather will I, if it must be so, find in his Nordland an early grave.'

At Susanna's request, Alette now related to her many particulars with regard to this land, which she thought so terrible, and we will now, with them, cast

A GLANCE UPON NORDLAND.

All here is cold and hard.

BLOMB.

Yet the spirit of God rests upon the Northland.

FOR many months of the year the inhabitants of Nordland are deprived of the light of the sun, and the difficulties and dangers of the roads shut them out from all intercourse with the more southern world. The spirit of the north pole rules sternly over this region, and if, in the still nights of August, he send his breath over more southern Norway, then the grim face of hunger glares upon crowds of wretched men, whose industry cannot shield them from his terrors. The sea breaks, on these coasts, against pallisades of rocks, round which the polar birds swarm with loud cries, and hootings. Storms alternate with thick fogs. The cliffs

along this shore assume strange forms. Now they rise into towers, now are they like animals, and now they represent the profiles of gigantic men. It is no marvel that the superstition of the people should see in them monsters and giants, transformed into stone, or that our ancestors should have placed their Jotunheim in this desolate wilderness.

And even to this day some dark remnants of the ancient superstition linger round these regions. It is frozen into the minds of men; it is petrified in the fearful forms, from which it first received its life. In vain has the light of the gospel sought to scatter the shadows of a thousand years. Ancient night still holds her empire. In vain does the holy cross rise from every cliff. A belief in sorcery and witchcraft is universal among the people. The old witch sits, full of malice, in her cave, and raises the storm that is to overwhelm the mariner; and the ghost Stallo, a tall figure clothed in black, with a staff in his hand, wanders through the wilds, and challenges the lonely traveller to combat for life or death.

Along the coast, among the rocks, and upon the hundred islands which lie along the shore, live a race of fishermen, who skim over the sea, rivalling the sea-gulls. Day and night, summer and winter, their boats swarm upon the waves; through the raging storm, over the foaming breakers, they glide fearlessly with their light sails, to win from the sea its treasure of silver herrings. Many of these adventurous seamen are every year engulfed in the waves; yet, still, the greater number contend with the elements, and conquer. In this constant struggle, great power is developed, many heroic deeds are performed. The people are hardened against all fear of danger, or death; but they are hardened, too, to all the softer charms of existence.

Upon the borders of Nordland and Finland lies the city of Tromsø, the 'pride of the north.' It was here that Alette was in future to live; it was here that love was preparing for her a warm, peaceful dwelling; and, as Alette had before described to Susanna all that made her shrink from a residence in the north, she

now confided to her all that drew her thither with such gentle, but powerful attraction; and Susanna understood this well, when Alette had read to her the following letter :

TROMSOE, *May 28th.*

'If you were but here, my Alette! I miss you every moment, while I am preparing my dwelling to receive you. I am continually wishing to ask you, 'How will you have this, Alette?' Ah, my own beloved, that you were here at this moment! You would be enraptured with this 'land of ice and bears,' at the thought of which I know you inwardly shudder. The country is not here wild and gloomy, as in Heligoland. The rocky shores of our island are crowned with woods, and the waves of the sea play round them in quiet gulfs and havens. Our well-built town lies pleasantly on the southern side of the island, only separated from the continent by a small arm of the sea. My house stands upon the bay-road which runs along the large, convenient harbor. At this moment twenty boats lie here at anchor, and the flags of many nations are fluttering in the wind. Here are Englishmen, Dutchmen, and, above all, Russians, who come to our coasts to exchange their wheat and furs for our fish and eider-down. Besides these, the natives of more southern lands bring hither many articles of luxury and fashion, which are eagerly purchased by the inhabitants of Kola, and the countries bordering the white sea. Long live commerce! My soul expands at the thought of its living power! What has not commerce done, since the beginning of the world, for the emendation of life—for the friendly intercourse between different lands, and people—for the amelioration of manners? It has always heartily pleased me, that the wisest and mildest law-giver of antiquity, Solon, was a merchant. 'His soul was formed,' says one of his biographers, 'by commerce, by wisdom, and by music.' Long live commerce! What does not live through her? What, indeed, is all that is most dear and beautiful in life, but commerce—exchange, gift for gift? In love, in friendship, in the

great life of the people, in the narrow circle of the family; wherever I see prosperity and happiness, there I see commerce.

'You must not believe, Alette, that, in our devotion to business we neglect the nobler and gentler pursuits. From among the thousands who compose the population of this town, we may choose an agreeable circle for friendly intercourse. We have a theatre, and many of the pleasures of civilized life. I was yesterday at a ball, where they danced the whole night—by daylight. The good music, the tasteful dress, and good dancing of the women, above all, the hearty, but well-bred gayety, astonished several foreigners who were present, and compelled them to ask if they were really under the seventieth degree of latitude.

'But the winter!' I hear you say, 'the summer may pass well enough, but the long, dark winter!' Well, the winter too, my Alette, passes happily away, with people who love each other, when it is warm at home. Do you remember, last summer, how we read together at Christiansand, in the morning paper, this extract from the Tromsøe Gazette? 'We have had snow-storms for several days together, and at this moment the snow-plough is at work, opening a path to the churches. The death-like stillness of night and winter extends over meadow and valley; only a few cows wander about, like ghosts, over the snowy tracts, to pluck a scanty meal from the twigs of the trees that are not yet buried in the snow.' The little winter sketch pleased me, but you shuddered involuntarily at that expression, 'the death-like stillness of night and winter,' and bowed your sweet, dear face, with closed eyes, upon my breast. Oh, my Alette, thus will it be when, in future, the terror of the cold and darkness seizes thee, and upon my breast, listening to the beatings of my heart, the words of my love, wilt thou forget these dark images of storm and gloom. * * * * Close thine eyes, slumber, beloved one, while I watch over thee. Thou shalt one day look upon night and winter, and own that their power is not so fearful. Love, that geyser of the soul,

can melt the ice and snow of the most frozen regions ; wherever its warm springs well up, there glows a southern climate.

'While I write, I am listening to music which makes upon me an impression at the same time mournful and pleasing. Some Russians are singing their national songs as they pass down Tromsø Sound, in the stillness of the evening. They sing together in the most perfect harmony. The music is in the minor key, yet is not mournful. They row within the shadow of the shore, and at every stroke the water glows, and drops of fire rain from the oars.

'My heart, too, glows ! I look upon the brilliant sea, I listen to the melody of the song, full of pleasure and of sadness, and stretch out my arms to thee, Alette, my Alette.'

'Oh,' cried Susanna, how this man loves you, and how you must love him ! Oh, you must surely live long, to be happy together !'

'And if not long,' said Alette, 'at least a short time ; yes, I hope I may live a short time, to make him happy, to thank him for all his love, and then—'

Alette stooped, and plucked a beautiful water-lily, which grew in the river on whose bank she stood ; she showed it to Susanna, as she continued, with a thoughtful smile,

'The flowers of love and hope we gather here,
Shall yet bloom for us in the home of God ;
They shed not their last fragrance o'er our bier,
They lie not, withered, on the cold grave-sod.'

THE RETURN.

To meet, to part—to greet and say farewell,
Such is the lot of life.

BVERREGARD.

ALETTE left them to fulfil her promise to her uncle in Hallingdale, but returned a few weeks after with Harold and Alf Lexow. She was now, however, to make them only a short visit, and then to depart, with her uncle's family and her future husband, for Trondhjem, where her marriage was to be

celebrated at the house of a rich aunt. Harold was to accompany them.

Alf Lexow was a man of middle age, of open and agreeable manners. His face was small, and marked by the small-pox, but otherwise handsome, and full of spirit and kind-heartedness. He was one of those men whom we like, and place confidence in, at first sight. It was a great pleasure to Susanna to see the loving and confiding intercourse of the lovers. She was herself happier, for Harold now left Alette to her lover, and sought Susanna's society as before.

Alette was sensible, agreeable, and highly educated, but she liked best to hear herself talk. So did Harold, in truth, and it was impossible to have a better listener than Susanna. Their contentions were now at an end, but there was something in Susanna now, that attracted Harold to her still more than the love of dispute had formerly done. He found a great change in her manners ; they were more quiet, and at the same time much softer than they formerly had been. Beside, she was always so kind, so attentive, so thoughtful of every thing that could give pleasure to others. He saw too, with what quiet solicitude her thoughts followed Fru Astrid, who now, on the approach of autumn, seemed to sink back into the gloom and silence from which she had of late been awakened ; except at dinner time she now seldom left her room.

Harold wished that his sister and brother-in-law should, before their departure from the valley, be present at one of the parties, the games and dancing, then customary in the valley ; and had prepared a rural feast which he invited them, together with Susanna, and thither we will now accompany them.

THE HALLINGER.

This peculiar, wild, moving music is our national poetry.

WÆRGLAND.

On a beautiful evening in September, two young peasant maidens, in festive attire,

passed through the little wood of Heimdale, and approached a green open spot, surrounded by trees, where a crowd of people, all in peasant dresses, were assembled. This was the dancing-ground; and as the young maidens approached it, one of them said, 'Really, Susanna, this dress becomes you wonderful-

Your beautiful light hair, with the red ribands braided in, looks brighter than ever. I do not believe the dress is half so becoming to me.'

'Because you look like a disguised princess, and I like a true peasant maiden.'

'Susanna, I perceive you are a flatterer. Let us see whether Harold and Alf will recognize us, in our Tellemarkan disguise.'

They were not left long in doubt, for they had no sooner entered the dancing-ground, than two peasants, in the Hallingdale dress, came dancing up to them, singing in concert with all the others, the peasant song,

I'm the son of Gulleig Boe,
An honest young fellow and gay,
And I will choose you for my love,
If you do not say me nay.

Susanna recognized Harold in the young man, who, thus singing, took her by the hand and led her to the gay springing dance. Alette danced with Alf, who sustained the part of a Hallingdale peasant admirably. Susanna had never looked so well or so happy; indeed, she had never, in her life, enjoyed such pleasure. The beautiful evening, the sound of the music, the animation of the dance; Harold's looks, which expressed such kindness; the cheerful, happy faces which she saw around her, — yes, never before had she known such enjoyment. All present seemed inspired with the same feelings of delight, as they whirled round in the exciting dance, — shilling after shilling fell upon the little gayly painted violin, which was played by an old man, of an expressive countenance, with the most spirit-stirring energy.

After the first dance, they rested for a short time. They ate apples, and drank Hardanger beer from silver cans. Then arose a universal call, which summoned Harold and another young man, who was also remarka-

ble for his agility and strength, to dance the Hallinger. They did not suffer themselves to be urged long, and stepped into the midst of the circle.

The musician tuned his instrument, and with his head sunk upon his breast, began to play with a life and expression, which might be called inspired, one of the most genial compositions of the wild Maliserknud. Was it composed in the army, in the nightly bivouac, under the free blue sky; or in bondage, — among evil-doers?

The dancing of the young men received universal applause, but the greatest admiration was bestowed upon Harold, whose performance had even excited astonishment.

There is perhaps no dance that expresses, better than the Hallinger, the spirit of the people who invented it. It begins creeping along the ground with short sliding steps, and with motions of the legs and arms, in which great strength is indolently displayed. There is something bearish, awkward, slothful, half dreaming, in its movements. But it awakes, it becomes animated. Then the dancers stand erect, and make displays of strength, in which power and agility seemed to contend with indolence and awkwardness, and to conquer. He, who but now seemed bound to the earth, springs on high, and moves through the air as if on wings. Then, after many neck-breaking movements, and evolutions which make the head of the unaccustomed spectator swim, the dance retakes its former quiet, careless, heavy character, and the performers end as they began, stooping listlessly towards the earth.

At the end of the dance loud applause resounded from all sides, which was principally bestowed upon Harold. And now, all united in the Halling-Polska. Harold refreshed himself with a glass of beer, and then hastened to Susanna, and asked her to join the Halling-Polska. Susanna had danced it sometimes at home, and gladly accepted Harold's invitation. This dance, too, is highly characteristic. It expresses the highest joy of the Northlander; it is the Bersaerker's delight in dance. Resting on the arm of the woman, the man throws himself high into

the air, then he seizes her in his arms, and whirls about with her in wild circles, then they separate, then unite again, and whirl about as in an excess of life and joy. The measure is exact, bold, and full of life. It is a dance-intoxication; in which every care, every sorrow, every burden of existence is thrown aside.

Thus did Harold and Susanna feel at this moment. Young, strong, active, they swung round securely and lightly, and their eyes being fixed steadily upon each other, they felt no giddiness from the continued whirl. They moved round, as in a magic circle, to the wild, exciting music. The understrings* sounded out strong and wild. The enchantment that lies in the clear depths of the waters, in the mystic recesses of the hills, in the dim grottos of the woods, which poets have celebrated as mermaids, mountain-kings, and wood-nymphs, and which draw down the soul so powerfully into strange, unknown depths, — this dark song of nature is heard in the lower strings, in the sportive, and at the same time mournful, tones of the Hallinger. They sank deep into Susanna's soul, and Harold seemed to feel their magic; quitting the wild movements of the dance, they moved round slowly, arm in arm. 'Oh, thus through life,' whispered Harold's lips, almost involuntarily, as he gazed into Susanna's beaming, tearful eyes; and, 'Oh, thus through life,' answered Susanna's heart. At this moment she was seized by a violent trembling, which obliged her to quit the dance. She sat down; the earth seemed turning round about her. When she had taken a glass of water, which Harold brought her, she could answer his kind, anxious inquiries after her health. Susanna attributed her illness to the violence of the dance, and said that she felt now quite well again. At this moment Susanna's eyes met those of Alette. She was seated at a little distance, and was observing Harold and Susanna, with

a serious, and, as Susanna thought, displeased expression. Susanna felt wounded, and when Alette came to her and asked her rather coldly, how she was, Susanna answered coldly and briefly.

The sun was now going down, and the evening began to be cool. The dancers were therefore invited, by Harold, into a large hut, which had been decorated with branches of trees and flowers. At Harold's request, a young girl played upon the Langoleik,* and sang, with a clear, pleasant voice, the Hallingdale song. 'The Shepherd's life,' which so prettily describe the days of the shepherd maiden, with her flock, which she pastures and tends during the summer, happy and free from care, though almost separated from the rest of the world, *almost*, for Havor, the goatherd, is heard blowing his horn in the mountain, and soon sits beside her on the rocks.

And the youth his mouth-harp strikes,
And he plays on his flute so clear.

Thus the evening comes on, and 'all my dear creatures' are now called by their names.

Come Laikeros, Gullstjerne, fine,
Come Dokkeros, darling mine,
Come Bjolka, Quitteline.

And cows and sheep follow the well-known voice, and assemble at the little hut, joyfully bleating and lowing. Now the milking begins, and the herd's maiden sings,

When once I have milk in my pails,
Then I lay me down and sleep on,
Till the day dawns over the mountains.

After the song, the dance recommenced with new spirit. An iron hook was driven into the roof of the hut, and the dancer who should succeed, during the whirls of the Halling-Polska, in bending this hook by a blow with the heel of his shoe, was to be considered as victor in the dance. Susanna seated herself upon a bench to observe the violent springs of the competitors. A large

* The understrings of the Hardanger-Fela are four metal strings, tuned to accord with the upper catgut strings. It is by means of these, and the peculiar form of the instrument itself, that this violin gives out these peculiar, deep, melancholy tones.

* Langoleik, a four-stringed instrument, on which the peasant maidens of these regions play; often with considerable skill.

branch of a tree, which stood between the bench and a window, prevented her from seeing two persons who stood there in earnest conversation. But she sat as if spell-bound, when she heard Alette's voice say,

'Susanna is certainly a good girl, and I am much attached to her; but still, Harold, it would grieve me very much if you were to become seriously interested in her.'

'And why?' asked Harold.

'Because I think she is not a suitable wife for you. She has a violent, unreasonable temper, and —'

'But that will change, Alette. It is already much changed. I have no fear of her temper. That I will soon remedy.'

'Greater magicians than you, my brother, have found themselves mistaken in such a belief. Besides she is too uninformed, too ignorant, to be your companion through life; she could not enter the society in which you must one day move. Dear Harold, listen to me, do not be hasty. You have long thought of travelling into other countries, to extend your knowledge of agriculture; execute this plan now; travel, and look about you in the world, before you bind yourself for life.'

'I believe you are right, Alette, and I will follow your advice, but —'

'Besides, there is still time enough to think about your marrying. You are young, you have time to look about you, and to choose. You may easily, if you will, make a match suitable in every respect. Susanna is poor, and you are not rich enough entirely to overlook —'

Susanna would hear no more, indeed she had learned quite enough. Grief and wounded pride drove the blood to her head and chest so violently that she felt as if she should suffocate. She rose hastily, asked an acquaintance to tell Harold and Alette that a violent headache had obliged her to leave the dance, and hastened by the little footpath back to Semb. The evening was beautiful, but Susanna was blind to its splendours; she saw not the twinkling of the bright stars, nor how they were reflected in the cups of the lady-mantles, now full of clear, crystal water. She heard not the flowing of the river, or the song

5*

of the thrush. Never had Sanna and Barbara waged fiercer war in her breast. 'They despise me!' cried Barbara, they 'throw me from them, they trample me under their feet! They think me unworthy to be near them, the proud, heartless people! But have they a right to hold themselves so much above me, because I am not so elegant as they are. because I do not know so much as they do — because I am poor? No, that they have not, for I can earn my bread, I can take care of myself through the world, as well as anybody. If they will be proud, I will be prouder. I need not humble myself before them! One person is as good as another!'

'Ah,' now began Sanna, and tears forced themselves to her eyes, 'one person is not as good as another. Education and refinement make a great difference between people. It is not pleasant for a man to feel ashamed of his wife's ignorance, and it is not to be expected that any one should undertake to teach a person of my age,—he cannot look into my heart and see how gladly I would learn. And—and Harold, who I thought felt so kindly to me, whom I love so much, whom I would serve with my whole heart and life—how coldly he speaks of me; he who lately—so warmly—Harold, why would you delude my heart? Do you care so little what it feels and what it can suffer. But,' and here Barbara began again, 'you think only of yourself. You are selfish, like your whole sex.—And he seems to feel so sure of me. He does not ask whether I will,—no, only whether he shall be graciously pleased to—Let him try, and he shall find he has deceived himself! Let him try! he shall find that a poor girl without friends, without relations, alone in the wide world, can yet reject the man who thinks he condescends to her. Be at ease, Miss Alette, the poor despised Susanna is too proud to force herself into your proud family; for, in truth, she thinks herself too good for it.'

But Susanna was very angry and very unhappy, as she uttered these words. She had now reached Semb. A gleam of light shone from the window of the Oefwerstinna's sleeping room. Susanna looked up at the win-

dow, and stood stupefied with astonishment, for in the window stood Fru Astrid, but no longer the gloomy, sorrowful lady whom she had hitherto known. Her hands folded on her breast, she looked up to the bright stars with a face glowing with gratitude. But there was something wild and overstrained in her expression, which determined Susanna to go to her immediately.

On Susanna's entrance the Oefwerstinna turned quickly towards her; she held a letter in her hand, and said eagerly, and with a sort of restless delight,

'To Bergen, to Bergen, Susanna, to-morrow I go to Bergen. Prepare every thing for my departure, as quickly as you can.'

Susanna was confounded. 'To Bergen!' stammered she, 'and the road there so difficult, so dangerous at this season!'

'And if death were to meet me on the road, yet would I go,' said Fru Astrid, with impatient energy. But I wish no one to accompany me. You can remain here.'

'Oh, my God!' cried Susanna, 'I spoke not for myself. Could I die to save you from one danger, one sorrow, God knows I would do it with pleasure. Let me go with you to Bergen!'

'I have been very unhappy, Susanna,' said Fru Astrid, without noticing this burst of enthusiasm. 'Life has been a burden to me. I have questioned the justice of Providence, have doubted that our destinies were guided by the hand of a father, but now — now I see — now all is right. But go, Susanna, I must calm myself, and you too appear to need rest. Go, my child.'

'Only one request,' said Susanna. 'You will let me go with you to-morrow? Ah, do not refuse me; I should follow you, at any rate.'

'Well, then,' said Fru Astrid, 'there is no use in saying no.'

Susanna seized her hand and kissed it, and would have poured forth all the love, all the grief that filled her heart, but the Oefwerstinna drew away her hand, and again, kindly, but decidedly, bade her go.

When Fru Astrid was again alone, she turned her eyes upon the letter which she

held in her hand. Upon the envelope of the letter these words were written by an unsteady hand,

'To my wife after my death.'

The letter was as follows.

'I feel that some great change is soon to befall me. I shall either die or lose my mind. Let me first thank my wife for the angelic patience which she has shown me through life; let me tell her, that it is to her I owe it that I have still any faith left in virtue and a just Providence. I will now reward her in the only way left to me. Know, then, my wife, that the boy whom you have so loved and mourned is not dead. Let it lessen your horror of my deed, when I assure you, that solicitude for your welfare was my chief inducement to commit it. I was ruined — I could not bear the thought of seeing you destitute. — I sent the boy away, and gave out that he was dead. He has suffered no injury, he has, ' here followed some illegible lines, after which was written, more plainly, 'I am bewildered, and cannot say what I would. — Speak with Serjeant Rönn, now at the custom-house in Bergen; he will —'

Here the letter broke off. It was without date, the paper old and yellow. But Fru Astrid kissed it, shedding tears of joy and gratitude, while she whispered, 'Oh, what reward! what light! Oh, wonderful, merciful, good Providence!'

AASGAARDSREJA.

THE spectre-ships come sailing through the storm;
Above their decks the keen-eyed vultures hover;
Huge shadowy forms o'ertop the giant masts,
From their broad blades flash back the vivid lightnings—
Sound out, wild horn, sound from the rocky haven—
The shades of heroes seek the shores of Norway!

SUSANNA retired to her quiet room, but her mind was not yet composed. A severe struggle was still going on within her. She must now throw from her all her dearest hopes and wishes; for, almost unconsciously, the images of her lady and of Harold had

blended themselves with every thought and feeling of her heart. She had hoped through her own love to win theirs; by her services, to make herself indispensable to them; and now she saw how wholly unimportant she was to them. She blushed at her self-delusion, and blamed herself that she had been unfaithful to little Hulda, that she had attached herself to strangers, and that her darling plan had faded before new impressions and new hopes. She reproached herself bitterly, called herself weak and foolish, and resolved to fly from Harold, and the place of his abode.

'When I have accompanied Fru Astrid over the dangerous mountains,' thought Susanna, 'when I see her happy and in safety, then will I leave her—her—and him—and this country—for ever. I came here poor, I shall depart poorer, for I shall leave a part of my life in the strange land. But I will carry a pure conscience back to my home. They cannot love me, but perhaps, when I am gone, they will remember Susanna with esteem, perhaps with kindness.'

The quiet stars were mirrored in Susanna's tears which flowed freely, and the stars, and the tears, soothed her spirit, and she found herself strengthened by the resolution she had formed.

She now directed her attention exclusively to preparing what was necessary for her journey, and passed the night, partly in these preparations, partly in putting every thing in order, that she might leave the house with a good conscience.

The journey, however, was not undertaken as soon as was at first intended. It was necessary to procure a competent guide, and good safe horses, for the passage of the mountains; and this occupied the greater part of the next day. It was impossible to set out before the morning of the following day. Harold, who was very much astonished at this sudden resolution, endeavored to prevent the journey, by representations of the difficulties and dangers of the road at this season of the year; for, from the beginning of September, falls of snow, and violent storms are to be expected in the mountain

regions. But the Oefwerstinna, without explaining herself farther, persisted in her resolution, and Harold promised to prepare every thing for the journey, that it might be performed as safely and expeditiously as possible. There are four roads, equally difficult, which lead from this part of Hallingdale to the diocese of Bergen. Fru Astrid decided for the shortest, which lay through Hardanger. It could not, however, be traversed in less than two days and a half. Harold, who knew the way well, and said that in case of necessity, he could himself serve as a guide, made preparations to accompany the Oefwerstinna in her perilous journey.

Harold had wished to ask Susanna the cause of this strange journey, but Susanna was not to be spoken with, she had so much to attend to, both within and without the house, and she was, besides, always surrounded by Larina, and Karina, and Petro. And glad was Susanna that her household affairs gave her so good an excuse for absenting herself from the parlor, and for avoiding all conversation with Harold. She still harbored a certain feeling of resentment against him and Alette.

Among the many noble capacities of man, is that of being able to judge and condemn himself. And if we are justly displeased with any one, if we have been injured or offended by word or deed, we should rely upon this capacity, and let our reliance exert a soothing influence over our feelings. For while we are resenting the offence, perhaps he who has offended us is grieving in silence; perhaps he wakes through the quiet hours of darkness, to accuse himself before the stern tribunal of his conscience, and the nobler he is, so much the greater will be his remorse, for those offences of which the tribunals of the world take no account. He cannot pardon himself, except in resolving to make atonement for his fault, and, in this painful hour, this hope is his only consolation.

Thus would every bitter feeling have vanished from Susanna's heart, could she have known how dissatisfied Harold was with himself, how severely he blamed himself for the words which, without any serious intention,

had escaped his lips during the dance; how much he regretted the promise he had given Alette, and the resolution which he had formed in consequence of her advice.

This regret was increased when he saw, by Susanna's swollen eyelids, that she had been weeping, and observed a restlessness and depression in her manner, quite unlike her usually animated and cheerful deportment. Disturbed and anxious, he asked himself the cause, while he followed her with observant eyes.

Fru Astrid did not appear at dinner; the others sat silent and uneasy, except Lexow, who, in vain, endeavored to inspire the rest with his good humor.

In the afternoon, while they were taking coffee, Susanna was leaving the room, quietly, in order to carry some medicines to a sick peasant-woman, together with some children's clothes, which she had been making for her. Harold, who had been for some time observing the barometer, and who appeared to divine her intention, turned hastily, and said to her, as she approached the door,

'You are surely not going out? It is not prudent. In a few moments we shall have a violent storm.'

'I am not afraid of it,' said Susanna, and was going on.

'But you do not know *our* storms,' cried Harold; 'Lexow, come here! see here!' And Harold pointed to the barometer, as he said, half aloud, 'The quick-silver has fallen two degrees in half an hour—it is still falling—we shall have a whirlwind!'

Lexow shook his head, thoughtfully, and said, 'That looks ill for our journey, tomorrow, but I fancy your storms are only child's play, compared to those we have in some of the northern regions.' And Alf went to his Alette, who looked at him, inquiringly, and anxiously.

Harold hastened after Susanna, and found her at the door, in the act of setting off, with a bundle under her arm. He placed himself in her path, saying, earnestly,

'You cannot go, I assure you there is danger.'

'What danger?' asked Susanna, moodily, and with a determined resolution to act contrary to Harold's wishes.

'Aasgaardsreja!' answered Harold, laughing, 'and it is no jesting matter; it will soon come, sweeping along, and carry you off, if you do not remain at home. No, you must not go now.'

And he took her by the hand, to lead her back into the house.

Susanna, who thought he was jesting in his usual manner, and who was now in no humor for jesting, withdrew her hand, and said, reddening, and proudly, 'I shall go, sir, I shall go, because I wish to, and you have no right to hinder me.'

Harold looked at her, surprised, and then said, in a tone very like Susanna's,

'If I have no right to hinder you from going, you have no right to hinder me from following you.'

'I prefer to go alone,' said Susanna, disdainfully, and went on.

'So do I,' said Harold, in the same tone, and followed her, though at a distance of fifteen or twenty paces. When he came to the kitchen door, he went in and said to the people there,

'Take care of the fire, and put it out as soon as the wind rises; we shall have a hurricane.' At this moment Alfiero came out, howling, leaped upon Susanna, and put his paws upon her shoulders, as if he would prevent her from proceeding, but finding his remonstrances ineffectual, he turned away, sorrowfully, and with his head down, went into his kennel, as if seeking refuge from some impending danger.

The weather was still beautiful; the wind still, the sky clear, nothing announced the approaching storm, except the smoke, which, as it rose from the huts in the valley, was immediately depressed, and, whirling round the cottages, sank to the earth.

Susanna went quickly on her way. She still heard Harold's steps a little behind her, but did not venture to look round. As she, by chance, raised her eyes to the sky, she perceived a little white cloud which took the form of a dragon, and came hurrying, swift

as an arrow, over the valley. Soon after a loud, whistling noise was heard, which made Susanna look towards the mountains, where she saw something that resembled a pillar of smoke rise whirling in the air. At this moment, Harold was by her side, and said, quickly and earnestly: 'Down upon the ground, throw yourself on the ground quickly!'

Susanna would have protested, but she was at the same moment seized by Harold, lifted up, and the next moment she found herself lying on the ground with her face towards the earth. She felt a violent gust of wind, then heard near her an explosion, like the report of a pistol, and afterwards a great crashing and rattling; then followed a noise like a loud rolling peal of thunder; and all was again still.

Quite bewildered with what had taken place, Susanna raised her head and looked round, then rose slowly. A perfect calm now prevailed every where, not even a blade of grass was stirred. But, quite near her, two trees had been torn up, and large stones had been loosened from the mountain, and had rolled down into the valley. Susanna looked round anxiously for Harold, but he was nowhere to be seen. She thought of the Aasgaardsreja; in her terror she called on his name, and, to her great delight, his voice answered her.

She perceived him, at a little distance from her, slowly rising from the ground, near a high wall of rock. He was pale, and appeared to suffer pain. In his care for Susanna's safety, Harold had delayed too long to place himself in the humble posture in which he had thrown her; he had been seized by the whirlwind, and dashed against the corner of a rock, and had thus received a severe blow upon the collar-bone and left shoulder. He, however, assured the anxious Susanna, that it was nothing of any consequence; that it would soon be well again, and added, laughing,

'But was I not right when I said that the Aasgaardsreja was not a thing to be jested about? And we have not yet escaped from them, in a few moments we shall have them

upon us again. As soon as we hear the whistling in the mountain, we must prostrate ourselves. Otherwise it would fare but ill with us.'

Hardly had Harold pronounced these words, when the signal was heard from the mountain, and the hurricane came with the same violence as at first, and passed away as quickly. In a few moments all was again still.

'Now we may breathe for a few minutes,' said Harold, as he rose and looked about him. 'But we must look for some shelter, where we may be protected from this rain of stones. Let us take refuge under that projecting rock, before the hurricane is upon us again. If I am not mistaken some other wanderers are there before us.'

Two persons had indeed sought shelter under the projection of the rock, and Harold soon recognized the elder of the two men as the guide for whom he had sent, to conduct them over the mountain road. He was a fine looking old man, in the Hallingdale dress. The younger was his grandson, a boy of sixteen, who was to accompany him on the journey. On their way to Semb they had been overtaken by the storm.

It was perhaps welcome, both to Harold and Susanna, that the presence of these persons prevented them from being alone together.

From their place of refuge they had a wide view of the valley, and their attention was directed to what was passing there. They saw that the smoke had ceased to rise from the huts, a sign that the fires had been every where extinguished; they saw many horses standing immovable with their heads turned to the quarter from which the hurricane came. In this manner they divided the shock of the wind, and could withstand its force. A little further off a singular scene was passing in the air. Thick clouds were seen to rush from opposite sides of the heaven, and, meeting, fight a pitched battle in the air. It lasted long; but at length, the columns, which were led on by the weaker wind, gave way; the conquerors rushed storming on, and spread themselves over the whole vault of heaven.

But now the storm began to abate, and after the lapse of about three hours, it had so far subsided, as to allow them to leave the shelter of the roof of rock and set forth on their way home. Susanna longed impatiently to be at home, as well on her lady's account as on Harold's, who evidently suffered much pain from the bruise he had received, though he endeavored to conceal his suffering by a gay, laughing manner.

Not without danger, but without further injury, they arrived at Semb, where the greatest uneasiness had been felt upon their account. Towards evening, the wind subsided entirely. Warm fomentations were applied to Harold's shoulder, and he soon declared, that all pain had left him, and though they all endeavored to dissuade him, he persisted in his resolution of accompanying the Oefwerstinna over the mountains.

Poor Susanna felt so much regret for her obstinacy, which had been the cause of Harold's accident, she was so grateful for his care of her, that all resentment against him and Alette vanished from her heart. She now felt only a deep, almost painful desire to show her devotion to them. To do them a pleasure she would willingly have sacrificed her right hand.

THE MOUNTAIN JOURNEY.

FORWARD, still forward! fly swift as the wind!
How the sky lowers over Fanaranktind!

THE party which, early the next morning, set forth from Heimdale did not present a very cheerful aspect; they moved along enveloped in a thick mist, which overhung the valley, shrouded the heights, and shut out the prospect above and around them. In front rode the guide, the old trusty Hallingdale peasant, whose tall, powerful figure gave a feeling of security to those who had intrusted themselves to his guidance. Then came the Oefwerstinna, then Susanna, then

Harold, who carried his arm in a sling. The procession was closed by the young boy, and a peasant, who led two horses, loaded with the baggage of the travellers.

As they ascended higher and higher, by degrees the air became more clear, the travellers rose above the region of mists; they soon saw the blue sky; the sun greeted them with its rays, and lighted up the wild, strange regions by which they were now surrounded. Upon the young open soul of Susanna this scene produced a powerful effect. Her mind became calmer, freer; it seemed to her as if she had left all strife, all sorrow behind her, and now looked forward to a bright calm future. Now, her lady was to be happy, and she herself, with a free heart, and no longer bound by selfish feelings, would easily obey the call of duty and the will of providence. Thus she thought, thus she felt. The road was steep and difficult, but the horses passed safely over it, and after some hours they reached a little Saeter hut, which stood upon the banks of the Ustewasser, one of the inland seas that lie at the foot of the Hallingskarven. This hut lies above the point where the birch trees cease, and its environs were characterized by the peculiar features of the mountain scenery of the North. But its little grass plots, constantly watered from the snow mountains, were of a vivid green, and herds of cattle swarmed upon them. The brooks gleamed like silver threads between the green slopes and the dark rocks. The sun now shone out brightly, and the travellers congratulated each other upon the prospect of a fortunate journey. They rested at this hut, for about an hour, and breakfasted upon the simple viands of the region. Before each guest was placed a dish of little triangular cakes, and a loaf of rye bread, of the size of a plate. Upon the table were placed large square pieces of butter, and a dish of the excellent mountain fish.

The can of Hardanger beer was not wanting, and they were waited upon by a fair-haired maiden in a bright yellow jacket, black petticoat, and a red handkerchief about her neck, with a face as pretty and

nocent as ever pastoral poet bestowed on shepherdess. After breakfast they proceeded on their journey. From the heights of Ustafjell, they perceived two ridges of mountains, that lifted themselves high into the regions of eternal snow. These were Hallingskarven and Hallings-Jokuln.

The caravan wound slowly up the Barfjell. By degrees all trees disappeared, the ground was covered only by some low, black bushes; among these lay patches of the snow lichen, which increased in extent the higher they ascended. The prospect about them was indescribably cold and dreary. But upon Susanna the impression produced by these wild, and to her entirely new scenes, was of an enlivening and inspiring character. To this effect, the old peasant contributed; he related, as they passed through these desolate regions, many tales of the subterranean dwellers in the mountains. He described them as little imps, with ugly, pale, lead-colored faces, dressed in grey, with black caps on their heads. 'They often enticed,' he said, 'men into their dwellings, and there murdered them, or if any one escaped alive from their power, he remained melancholy or frantic the rest of his life, and had no more pleasure upon earth. Some men were persecuted by them, to others they brought wealth and good luck.' The peasant was fully convinced of the actual existence of these beings; he had himself once seen a man in these mountain regions, who, on his approach, sank into the earth and disappeared immediately. One of his friends had once seen a farm with houses, men, and cattle; but, as he approached nearer, they all vanished in a moment.

Harold declared, that imagination had here played her tricks very successfully; but the old man confirmed his assertion by this passage from Lauridsen's Book of the Soul.

'The devil has many helpers; such as erlmen and erlwomen, dwarfs, cobolds, nightmares, hobgoblins with glowing tongues, giants, and ghosts, that appear to people about to die.'

And as Harold, laughing, still expressed some doubts, the old man said, warmly,

'But is it not written in the Bible, that every knee, those in heaven and those upon and under the earth shall bow before the Lord. And what are those under the earth, if not these subterranean goblins? But take care,' continued he, with a roguish look at Susanna, 'take care of yourself when the twilight comes on, for that is the time when they carry on their pranks; they have a particular regard for young maidens, and like to drag them down into their houses. Take care, for if once they have you in their church, (for they have a church, deep down under the earth,) you will never see the light of day again as long as you live. And you may believe, it is not very pleasant to live among the earth-spirits!'

Susanna shuddered, involuntarily; she cast a look upon the wild forms about her, which the old man assured her, were all petrified witches, giants, and giantesses. Harold remarked the impression which this made upon Susanna; but he who had so often pleased himself with exciting her imagination, was now all calm clear reason, and for her benefit, let his light shine into the darkness of superstition.

The higher the travellers ascended, the more waste and desolate became the scene. This whole mountain region is strewed with blocks of stone of all sizes, and these have served as guides in a region where, without some such land-marks, the traveller must infallibly lose his way. For this purpose heaps of stones have been piled upon the larger blocks; and if a stone has fallen, every traveller considers it as a sacred duty to replace it.

In dark or foggy weather, these stones are almost useless, and the journey is then extremely dangerous. The traveller easily loses his way, and freezes to death; or he is overwhelmed by the falls of snow. Those who perish in this way are supposed, after death, to haunt the gloomy mountain passes. The guide showed them a place near the road, where the bodies of two merchants had been found, who had been overtaken by a snow-

storm on the mountains, and had perished there. He related this with great indifference, for every year men are lost in this way, in the mountain regions, and this kind of death is not thought worse than any other. But dreadful apprehensions began to seize upon Susanna. There was, however, no reason to anticipate any misfortune, for the weather was fine, and their journey, though difficult, had, thus far, encountered neither danger nor obstacle. It was continued uninterruptedly till evening came on. As they could not hope to reach any house before dark, they determined to rest for the night at Mons-buheja, because, in this neighborhood, they could find grass for their horses. Our travellers succeeded in reaching this place a little before sunset. They found here a cave, formed partly by nature, partly by the hand of man. The walls were covered with moss, and decorated with the horns of rein-deer, fastened into crevices in the rock. Susanna soon prepared a comfortable couch of carpet-bags, cloaks, and shawls, for her lady, who thanked her with a look, kinder than Susanna had ever received from her before.

Harold, meanwhile, busied himself with the care of the horses, and in looking about for fuel for the nightly fire. About a hundred yards from the grotto, a river flowed between uncovered banks. On the brink of this river, and on the margin of the little snow-brook, they found roots of decayed junipers, and mountain willows, which they collected into a heap, in front of the cave, where they intended to light the nightly watch-fire.

Susanna ascended a little eminence near the grotto, and saw the sun go down behind Haling-Jokulen. It stood like a round ball of fire on the edge of the immeasurable ridge of snow mountains, and cast its many-colored rays of purple, yellow, and blue upon the clouds of heaven, and upon the wide waste of snow. It was in truth a magnificent spectacle!

'Good God! how great, how splendid!' exclaimed Susanna, involuntarily, as, with her hands clasped upon her breast, she bent, as if doing homage to the departing ruler of the day.

'Yes, great and splendid,' answered a low echo near her. Susanna looked round, and

saw Harold standing near her. There they stood, these two alone, illumined by the setting sun, inspired by the same thoughts and feelings, ardent and adoring, in the dreary, solitary waste! Susanna could not repress the deep and solemn emotions that filled her heart. She extended her hand to Harold, and her tearful look seemed to say, 'Peace, peace.' It was as if she would take leave of him, but yet in love. She could at this moment have taken the whole world to her heart. She felt herself raised above all strife, all resentment, all littleness.

Harold, on his part, seemed to have no thoughts of leave-taking; he held Susanna's hand in his, and was about to speak, when Susanna withdrew her hand from him hastily, but kindly; and turned away saying, 'It is time to think about supper.' The fire blazed up cheerfully before the grotto, and from rose-colored clouds, the moon rose slowly in the eastern sky.

Susanna was soon cheerfully busied near the fire. From the cakes of portable soup and the cooked barley which she had brought with her, she prepared an excellent soup, in which pieces of veal were warmed. While this was boiling, she distributed bread, cheese, and brandy to the men, and in particular took good care of the old guide. Harold let her do all this, without offering to assist her. He stood at a little distance leaning upon his gun, and watched her kind, cheerful face, lighted up by the fire, her easy movements, and the dexterity she showed in every thing that she undertook. He thought of her warm heart, of her frank, open disposition, her industry — he thought of those winter evenings when he had read aloud to her, or related legends, and how eagerly, how feelingly, she had listened. At once it seemed to him as if the ideal of a happy life, which had for so many years flitted before his fancy, was now at once become a reality. There it stood, lighted up by the blaze of the night-fire. Alette's warnings flitted by like the scattered shades of night, without form or reality. He saw himself the possessor of a piece of land, which he cultivated and improved; he saw himself the Oberlin of his

valley, surrounded by neighbors and dependents, to whose happiness he contributed; he saw himself in his own house, then, as formerly in the winter evenings, with Susanna—yet not as formerly. For he now sat nearer to her, and she was his wife; and he read to her again as before, and again delighted in her warm, lively sympathy; and now and then his eyes wandered from his book to rest on her, and on the child who lay in the cradle at her feet, and Susanna looked at him as she had looked at him on the mountain, in the evening sunlight. The dancing flames that shone over the snow were the flames of his own hearth, and she, so cheerfully and hospitably busied there, was his wife, who spread comfort and happiness all about her.

‘Of what use is a more refined education?’ thought he; ‘can it give a heart, soul, capacity, like Susanna’s?’ He could not turn his eyes from Susanna; every moment she seemed to him more beautiful. The sweet enchantments of love had cast their spells about him. The preparations for the evening meal were now completed, and Harold was roused from his visions of felicity, by a summons to partake of the good cheer which Susanna’s skill had provided. It is not to be wondered at, if, after a fatiguing journey, and the reflections in which he had just been indulging, Susanna’s cooking appeared to him excellent beyond expression. Susanna’s presence alone was wanting; but she was within the cave, on her knees before the Oefwerstinna, with a bowl of soup in her hand, counting with quiet delight every spoonful that her lady carried to her lips. ‘That is the best soup I ever tasted,’ said Fru Astrid, when the bowl was empty, ‘really, Susanna, you are very notable.’ It was the first time the Oefwerstinna had remarked upon what was placed before her—it was the first word of praise that Susanna had ever received from her lips; and no soup, not nectar itself, is so refreshing as the first word of praise from beloved lips.

When Susanna left the cave she was welcomed by Harold’s eyes; they spoke a lan-

guage irresistibly enchanting to a heart that so thirsted for love as Susanna’s, and in her tender and grateful nature she felt she could be content to pass an eternity upon these mountains, serving, and cooking soup for these two beloved beings, whose hearts had first warmed to her in these cold dreary solitudes.

They now made preparations for the night, which promised to be clear, but cold. The peasants laid themselves down, round the fire. Fru Astrid, anxious on account of Harold’s shoulder, desired him to come into the cave, where he would be protected from the sharp air; but Harold wished to keep watch without, and seated himself near the fire, wrapped in his cloak. Susanna laid herself down softly at her lady’s feet, which she hoped, by this means, to keep warm. Strange shapes flitted before her inward eyes, while her eyelids remained closed. Forms of ice and snow approached her, and would have surrounded her, but suddenly retreated, and were melted, as by warm rays of love; and the sun shone forth in splendor, and sweet happy feelings filled her soul. She slept. Then a new scene rose before her. She was again in Heimdale; she stood on the bank of the river, and looked anxiously to the opposite shore, for there, among the dark pines, something white gleamed faintly, becoming every moment more distinct; and when it came to the margin of the river, Susanna saw that it was a child, and recognized her own little Hulda. But she was pale as death, and tears fell over her snow-white cheeks, as she stretched out her arms to Susanna, and called upon her name. Susanna wished to plunge into the waters that separated them, but she could not; she felt herself chained by an invisible power. As she turned, in inexpressible anguish, to free herself, she saw that it was Harold who thus held her; he looked so cold, so stern; Susanna loved and hated him at the same time. Again the voice of the child called plaintively, and now Susanna saw her little sister sink down upon the stones, on the shore, and the white waves dash over her. With a feeling of wild de-

spair, Susanna awaked, and started up. She looked around her, bewildered. The cave arched itself gloomily over her, and the fire which blazed before it, threw its red, flickering rays upon the fantastically decked walls. Susanna left the cave softly. She must see the sky, the stars; she must breathe the fresh, pure air, to free herself from the haunting terrors of her dream. But no stars shone down upon her, for a thick grey canopy of clouds was drawn over the sky; and the pale moonshine, which struggled through it, cast a mournful light upon the waste region and its dark, fearful forms. The fire burned low, but now and then flared up, as if sleepily, in red flames. The peasants slept profoundly, lying round the fire; Harold did not perceive Susanna, and at this moment, she was glad that he did not. That she might the sooner dissipate the painful impression, which her dream had made upon her, she took a water pitcher, and went with it to the river, to bring water for the next day's breakfast. On the way she saw Harold, who, with his gun on his shoulder, was pacing up and down, before the grotto. She succeeded, however, in reaching the river, unobserved by him, and filled her pitcher with the water mixed with snow. This little bodily exertion did her good; but the lonely wandering was not fitted to enliven her spirits. The scene was indescribably dreary. It was midnight; no sound broke the profound and gloomy stillness, but the monotonous murmur of the brook, and the fitful sweeping of the gusts of wind, that now and then breathed mournfully over the waste, like giant sighs.

The rocks about her were covered with the mourning lichen, and the white snow lichens grew in the crevices of the rocks. Here and there stood forth from the black sod a little pale sulphur-colored flower, used by the Laplanders in their incantations, and which here looked like a ghastly smile upon the face of death.

Susanna could not free herself from the recollection of her dream; wherever she turned her eyes, she thought she saw the figure of her little dying sister. This dream

was perhaps a warning—it might be prophetic—perhaps she was never to leave this wilderness—was to die here, and then—what was to become of her little Hulda? Would not the poor neglected child sink down upon the hard, cold stones of life, and the waves of misery close over her? While Susanna was lost in these gloomy thoughts, she was surprised by Harold; he saw that she had been weeping, and asked, in a voice so tender that it went to her heart,

'Why thus depressed? Has any thing troubled or displeased you? Ah, tell it to me openly as to your friend. I cannot bear to see you thus.'

'I have had a bad dream,' said Susanna, as she dried her tears and stood up. 'Every thing is so wild, so fearful here, it makes me think of all that is gloomy and sad in the world. But there is no use in thinking about it,' said she, more cheerfully, 'it will all look bright when the day dawns. This is the hour of darkness, the hour when the earth-spirits have power.' And Susanna tried to smile.

'But what is that?' cried she, and the smile was suddenly changed to an expression of alarm, as she involuntarily drew nearer to Harold. A low rushing sound was heard in the air, and, at the same moment, a dark moving mass, which looked like a grey cloud, swept over the fields of snow, and approached the place where they were standing. In the dim moonlight, Susanna thought she saw frightful shapes, with horns and claws, moving in the cloud, and the words the 'earth spirits' had nearly escaped her lips.

'It is a herd of rein-deer,' said Harold, who seemed to divine her thoughts, and went forward a few steps, seizing his gun mechanically. But at the same moment the herd took a different direction, and fled with wild speed toward the east. The wind rose, and swept with a mournful wail over the ice desert.

'This is really fearful,' said Susanna, shuddering.

'But to-morrow evening,' said Harold, 'we shall reach Storlie-Saeter, which lies below

the snow region; there we shall meet the green birch woods again, and there we shall find kind people, and a comfortable resting-place for the night. On the day after, we shall again have a fatiguing journey, but we shall pass through so many magnificent scenes, that you will think the trouble nothing, compared to the pleasure, for the landscape will be more beautiful than terrible. There, between the Storlie-Sæter and Tverlie, you will see the wild Leira dash raging down the Høgfjell, and with the speed of lightning, and the noise of thunder, hurrying now round, now over masses of rock, sometimes bare, sometimes wooded, to meet its rival, the impetuous Bæjærja. This place surpasses in wild magnificence all that the imagination can conceive.'

Thus did Harold endeavor to dissipate the cloud upon Susanna's spirits; but she listened to him half dreaming, and said, as if to herself,

'Let me only see her at home again, safe and happy, and then —'

'And then?' Harold took up the unfinished sentence, 'and what then?'

'Then back to my little Hulda!' said Susanna, sighing.

'What, Susanna, will you then leave us? Do you really hate Norway?'

'No, no, not in the least. But one cannot serve two masters; Hulda calls me. I have no peace till I am again with her, and never will I leave her again. I have dreamed of her to-night. She was so pale; so pale — ah! — But you are pale too, dreadfully pale!' continued she, as she looked at Harold with surprise. 'You are surely ill!'

'It is this soft air and this lovely moonlight that paint me of this ashy color,' said Harold, jestingly, for he wished to conceal the true cause of his paleness, which in truth arose from the severe pain which he had suffered from his shoulder during the night.

Meanwhile, they had reached the cave. Harold rekindled the smouldering fire, and Susanna softly entered and took her former position at the feet of her lady.

It was late when she awoke from an unquiet sleep. She was roused by a loud noise

about her. A pale light shone into the cave, and she heard Harold calling from without, 'It is time we were up, that we may reach our night quarters as early as possible. We have a toilsome day before us.'

Susanna looked about for her lady. She was already dressed, and was standing by her, regarding her attentively.

Shocked at her own tardiness, Susanna sprang up, and set about her preparations for breakfast with great alacrity. The soup was again in requisition, and the peasants were supplied with salmon, bacon, oaten bread, and curds soaked in snow-water.

A violent wind had risen since midnight, which seemed to promise our travellers any thing but a pleasant day's journey. It subsided however, somewhat, in the course of the morning, but Harold cast now and then an anxious look up to the grey roof of clouds above them, which became every moment darker. Susanna saw him once cast an inquiring glance at the guide, who only shook his grey head. At the same time all the men seemed cheerful, and Harold seemed to wish, by an appearance of high spirits, to remove the anxiety which his unusual paleness might occasion.

They continued, during the whole forenoon, to ascend into the wintry regions, and the snow-fields stretched themselves out wider and wider. No living thing showed itself in this wilderness, but the tracks of rein-deer were sometimes to be seen, and here and there flies lay upon the snow in a deep wintry sleep. Fortunately, the wind continued to go down, and at last its icy breath was felt only in short gusts. But, now and then, a rattling and roaring noise was heard, like that of thunder. This was caused by the Fjells-kred, or fall of great rocks and stones, which are loosened from the mountains, and fall in vast masses. These slides are very common during and after storms. The guide related many stories of houses and men which had been buried under these falling rocks.

The way became continually more difficult. They were often obliged to ford rapid rivers, and to pass over snow bridges, under

which the river had forced itself a way. Harold, who was as brave as he was prudent and resolute, often averted danger from Fru Astrid and Susanna by encountering danger himself. He was now no longer pale. The exertion, and a fever, which yet no one suspected, flushed his cheeks with a brilliant glow.

At noon they reached the highest point of the mountain. Here two large heaps of stones were piled up, near a lake which was covered with ice in the hottest summer. Here the brooks began to run towards the west, and their way now led downwards. The giant forms of the Basfjern and the Ishaugen, and many other higher mountains, were seen in the distance.

The wind had now died away, but the snow began to fall fast, and the dark, lead-colored sky seemed sinking down upon the travellers.

'We must hasten,' said the old peasant, as he cast a look full of foreboding upon the party who followed him, 'otherwise we shall be buried in the snow upon the mountains, as had nearly happened to the late queen Margaret, when ——'

He broke off abruptly, for his horse suddenly tripped over a sharp projecting rock, and fell to the ground. The head of the old man struck violently against a stone, and he lay senseless. It was some time before they succeeded in restoring him; the blow proved very severe, and the old man's head was so much confused by his fall, that he could no longer serve as a guide. He was placed upon the same horse which his grandson rode, and the young man took charge of him with the utmost tenderness. Harold now rode at the head of the party as guide, but the difficulties of his office increased every moment, for the snow fell frightfully fast, and the thickness of the atmosphere prevented him from distinguishing the friendly heaps of stones, the traveller's sole reliance. He was obliged to make frequent windings and turnings, and often to retrace his steps in order to come upon the right path. At last they succeeded in reaching Bjærøja-Saeter, an unoccupied Saeter-hut on the bank of the broad and rapid Bjærøja.

Here they halted to take counsel. The Bjærøja was so swollen, and ran with such violence, that they saw clearly the impossibility of passing it at this place. The old peasant advised that they should make a circuit which would bring them to a place where the river might be passed with safety. This was close by the Storlie-Saeter, and near the waterfall of that name, the noise of which might be heard at the distance of half a mile. It was true they must make a circuit of more than a mile. But what was to be done? It was dangerous to continue their journey in this storm, but still more dangerous to remain in this wilderness, where the snow often falls several yards deep. The old peasant, however, chose the last, for he found himself in no condition to sit upon a horse, and he begged them to leave him in the hut, with provisions for a few days, for in that time he thought the snow would cease and a thaw begin. He did not wish his grandson to remain with him, but the boy was firmly resolved not to leave his old grandfather. They were therefore provided hastily with every thing that was needful in their wintry solitude. Their horses, too, were led into the hut and supplied with provender.

Susanna bound up the old man's head with the tenderness of a daughter. It was dreadful to her to leave the old man behind. 'And if there should be no thaw,' said she, 'if the snow should continue, and you should be frozen to death here!' 'That has happened to many a better fellow,' said the old man, calmly. 'A man can die but once, and God is as near in the wilderness as by the fire-side. I am an old man; let it be with me as heaven pleases — my best days are over — but the boy — if you reach the dwellings of men in safety, think of him!'

Susanna was touched. She pressed a kiss upon the old man's forehead, and a warm tear fell from her cheek upon his. The old man looked up at her with a grateful, affectionate look — 'God's angel go with you,' cried he, as she left the hut to join the rest of the party.

The little train was once more in motion, passing slowly over fields of snow, bare rocks,

and half-thawed morasses. They struggled through the snow, which was now very deep. The darkness increased every moment; no one uttered a word. They went on thus for more than an hour. Susanna had for some time remarked, with great uneasiness, that Harold seemed to reel in his saddle, but she endeavored to persuade herself that it was a delusion caused by the irregular motions of his horse, or by the thick cloud of snow through which she saw him. Indeed, every thing about her had a bewildering aspect, and seemed wavering and shadowy. A sudden cry from Fru Astrid broke the gloomy silence, and — was this, too, delusion? — Harold's horse stood without a rider. Alas, it was but too certain. Harold had been seized with giddiness, and had fallen from his horse. He had long borne, in silence, the increasing pain in his shoulder and breast, and had endeavored to conceal from himself, as from others, the feverish giddiness which threatened to overpower him. And even now he would not believe that it was any thing serious. He made several attempts, with the assistance of the servant, to remount his horse, but in vain. He could no longer lift up his fevered head. Sinking on his knees in the snow, in silent despair, he leaned his burning forehead against a rock. 'Here then, here we are to die!' said Fru Astrid, in a mournful tone, half aloud, 'and these young people are to be sacrificed for me! My destiny is true to itself.'

A moment of fearful suspense followed. Men and horses stood immovable, as if turned to stone; the snow fell over them, and threatened to entomb them there.

But now a clear, cheerful voice broke the stillness.

'I see, yonder, a projecting rock, which will afford shelter from the snow; we must carry him there.' And Susanna raised Harold up, and supported him, while the servant went on before her, and made a path through the snow.

About forty paces from the place where they stood was a projection of rock, which formed a high arch, and offered a protection

from the snow, which was raised in high walls about the open space.

'Lean upon me—do not fear—I am strong,' said she, as she supported Harold with her gentle, but strong arm. He suffered her to lead him like a child; and, though almost unconscious, felt a sort of pleasure in giving himself up to the guidance of the young girl, who spoke to him so kindly and soothingly.

Harold was placed under the sheltering rock, and Susanna took off the shawl which she wore under her fur cloak, and made a pillow for his head. 'Ah, that is good,' said he, faintly, and pressed Susanna's hand, as his aching head found relief upon the soft cushion.

Susanna now returned to her lady.

Fru Astrid said, 'Susanna, I should like to go there, too. It seems to me one might find a safe resting-place there; but I am so stiff I can scarcely move.'

Susanna lifted her lady from her horse, and supported her to the sheltering arch of rock. Here, the air was almost warm, compared to that in the open plain, for the wall of rock and the banks of snow, shut out the piercing wind. Here Susanna gently placed her lady, who was almost exhausted with cold and fatigue.

Susanna, too, was chilled and weary; but what a summer of life and warmth can love, and a strong will call up in the human heart. It was this inward power which now quickened the pulse of the young girl, and made the blood flow warmly from the chambers of her heart, sending strength and energy through her whole frame. She rubbed the stiffened limbs of her lady, she warmed her with kisses and tears, she warmed her on her own beating heart. She prevailed on her to take some wine, and prepared a refreshing draught for Harold's parched and thirsty lips. She wet her handkerchief with snow-water, and laid it upon his burning forehead. Round both she spread cloaks, to protect them from the cold.

Then she stood silent for a moment, with an anxious and doubtful look. She was

thinking what more was to be done to save them.

Harold had raised himself up, and looked about him with all the sorrow that a manly nature feels, when compelled to renounce its noblest privilege — that of affording support and protection to the weak.

A tear, the first Susanna had ever seen him shed, fell over his cheek.

Fru Astrid gazed with a mournful look upon the tomb-like arch above.

But Susanna's eyes brightened. 'Listen, listen!' cried she.

Fru Astrid and Harold turned inquiring looks upon her.

'I hear a noise,' said Susanna; 'a noise like that of a great water-fall.'

'It is the rushing of the Storlie water-fall,' exclaimed Harold, for a moment animated by hope. 'But how will that help us,' he continued, sinking back again, despondingly, 'we are still half a mile from it — we can never reach it.'

'Yes, we can, we shall,' said Susanna, with firm resolution. 'Courage, courage, my dear lady, courage! Herre Bergman, we shall reach it — we shall be saved!'

'And how?' asked Harold; 'this peasant is a stupid fellow; he would never find his way there.'

'But I will find my way there, be assured of it; and will return here with assistance. Only tell me the signs by which I may know the right way. These, and the noise of the water-fall will guide me.'

'It is impossible; alone, in the cold and the snow-storm, you would, inevitably, perish.'

'I shall not perish. I am strong. No one shall hinder me — and if you will not tell me the way, I will find it out, myself.'

Her cheerful and resolute tone inspired Harold with a sort of confidence; and, as he saw that her resolution was fixed, he endeavored to describe to her the objects by which she was to direct her course; there were mountains and rocks which the snow and the darkness of the night might prevent her from distinguishing.

Susanna listened with fixed attention, and

then said, cheerfully, 'Now I have it!' 'I shall find the way! God protect you! I shall soon come back with assistance.'

When she came out into the open air, she found the servant seeking consolation in the flask of brandy, and the horses standing spiritless and benumbed. She begged him to take good care of them, and charged him, enforcing her charge with threats and promises of reward, to think of Fru Astrid and Harold, and to watch over their safety.

She herself gave her horse grain and water, patted him on the neck, and spoke to him in kind, encouraging tones. She then mounted him to begin her lonely, perilous ride. But it was only with the greatest difficulty that she could induce him to separate himself from his companions, and when he had advanced about twenty steps, he stood still and insisted upon going back. This manœuvre was repeated several times. At last neither blows nor words had any effect; he would not obey. Susanna alighted, and let the horse go. Tears forced themselves into her eyes, as she saw herself abandoned by him; and she raised her hands in prayer to Him who alone saw the lonely, unprotected maiden.

She now set forth upon her way on foot. Could any one have seen Susanna, now toiling through the deep snow, now climbing over rocks, now wandering over morasses in which she feared to sink at every step, he would indeed have been amazed at her courage and her strength. But the angel of God, whom the old man had wished her as a guide, seemed to be with her on the way; for now the snow ceased to fall, and now and then a ray of moonlight struggled forth, and showed her some of the objects which Harold had described to her. The increasing noise of the waterfall sounded in her ears like the trumpet of the resurrection. A firm resolution to persevere to the end, a secret pleasure in the thought of proving her love even by the sacrifice of her own life, winged her steps, and did not suffer her courage to fail for an instant.

Thus passed two hours. Susanna now heard the water roaring at her feet. She

Thought she must be standing on the brink of the precipice. Darkness and snow were all around her. She stood still. It was a moment of terrible uncertainty. Just then the clouds separated, and the half moon shone out in full splendor, just as it was about to sink behind the mountains. Susanna now saw the precipice on whose brink she stood. She saw the broad waters of the Storlie-fall shining in the moonlight, and below she saw the Saeter-hut.

Under the arch of stone where Fru Astrid and Harold were left, a deep, mournful silence reigned for some time after the departure of Susanna. It was broken by the Oefwerstinna, who said, in a solemn voice, 'Harold, I have a request to make of you.'

'Command me!' answered he, 'may I live to fulfil your wish!'

'We seem both,' continued Fru Astrid, 'to be standing near the grave; but you are younger and stronger than I. You, I hope, will be saved. Harold, I must entrust to you an important charge; and I rely upon your honor, on the integrity I have observed in you, that it will be faithfully executed, if I should never myself be able to fulfil it, and you, as I hope you will, should survive me.'

The Oefwerstinna spoke these words with a firm voice; but during the following recital, she was often shaken by varying emotions. She spoke rapidly, and in short, broken sentences.

'I had a sister, I cannot say how I loved her. She was as gentle and mild as I was ardent and impetuous. When I married, she came to my house.—There was no happiness there.—The property which my sister possessed, enabled her to consult the wishes of her heart, and she married an amiable young man, but without property, a lieutenant Wolf, and for some months enjoyed the highest earthly felicity. But this happiness was short. Wolf perished upon an expedition at sea, and his unhappy wife sank under her grief. She died a few hours after the birth of a son, whom she had placed in my arms, solemnly exhorting me to be as a mother to him.'

'And I was a mother to this child. An own son could not have been dearer to me. I was proud of the bright, beautiful boy. I saw in him a happier future. He would realize the ideal of my youth—he would—oh, in my poor and barren life I was still rich in the possession of this child! But my husband saw with displeasure the fondness that I lavished on the boy. He conceived a violent hatred for the child, and my life became more bitter than ever.

'I was obliged to leave home to visit a sick relation. I wished to take the child with me, for I had never yet been separated from him. But my husband wished to keep him with himself, and, to persuade me to consent, called words of tenderness to his aid. These I could not withstand, and in spite of the entreaties of the child, and my own anxiety, which seemed like a foreboding, I left the poor boy behind. I thought myself strong in doing this, but I was only weak. I had promised the mother of the child, that I would protect him. I knew that I was leaving him in harsh, unfriendly hands—and yet——. When I returned, after a week's absence, the boy had disappeared. He had, they said, gone out one day, and had never returned. He had been sought every where, and, at last, his little hat was found, lying on a rock, near the sea-shore. It was thought that he must have fallen from the cliff. I found my husband busied in taking possession of my sister's inheritance, which, by her will, was to come to us in case of the boy's death. From this time, my soul was clouded by a terrible suspicion. God be praised that it was false! God pardon me that I harbored it! Twenty long years has it gnawed at my heart; twenty long years has it hung, like a leaden weight, upon the fulfilment of all my duties.

'All my inquiries were in vain. No one could be accused—no one seemed to have had any hand in the matter—it was the work of a fatal destiny. All I learned was this—the boy had received permission to go out and play; he had left the house alone, and had never been seen again.

'Twenty years, twenty dark years had

passed since that time, and hope had gradually died away in my heart, the faint hope which had sometimes glimmered there, that I should yet find my beloved child again. My husband died after he had been for many years deprived of all strength of mind and body, by a stroke of paralysis. I was free; but what had I to live for? I had lost my faith in all that makes life dear, and I stood alone, on the verge of old age, surrounded by dark and bitter recollections.

'In this condition, I found myself a few days ago, when I received a letter from the present commander of K. Enclosed was an unsealed letter, which he had, as he said, found in a drawer in which my husband used to put letters and papers of little value. And this letter, oh, how it has changed my heart, my whole future! The letter was from my husband, written, apparently, after the first shock of paralysis. These lines, traced by an unsteady hand, assured me that the lost child still lived, and directed me to obtain further information from a certain sergeant Rönn, at Bergen. Here the letter broke off abruptly, as if interrupted by sudden illness.

'I had been accidentally from home on the day that my husband was taken ill; when I returned, I found him deprived of speech, and nearly lifeless. By great exertions, life was restored, but his mind was clouded, and half his body benumbed. He lived thus, many years. I believe that in a moment of consciousness, he wished to tell me of the boy's fate, or perhaps of the existence of this letter, but the hand of death prevented. How this letter came to be among the old papers, I cannot understand. Perhaps it was placed there by my husband himself, in the moment of disturbed intellect in which he concluded it. But, enough—the hand of Providence preserved it, and brought it safely to its destination.

'You know now the cause of my sudden journey. And if, for me, it is to end here, if I am never to fulfil the highest wish, the last hope, of my heart; if it be not permitted to me to see again the son of my sister, and to restore to him what has been unjustly tak-

ken from him—then hear my entreaty, my solemn, dying charge. Seek out in Bergen the person whom I have named; you will find his address upon this paper; tell him, that, in my last hour, I commissioned you to act in my place; spare no money; promise—threaten—but find my sister's son—go to him, carry him my last, loving greeting—give him this—it is my will—it will put him in possession of all my property; it is in truth, his mother's inheritance, for my own is almost entirely gone. Tell him that mourning for him has consumed my life. Tell him that if my memory be dear to him—my God! what mean you, Harold? Why do you thus clasp my hand?—you weep!'

'Tell me,' said Harold, in a voice almost choked with emotion, 'did not this child wear on a riband round his neck a little iron cross—with the head of a cherub engraved on it?'

'I took this cross from his mother's neck, and hung it upon his.'

'And here—here it is, still,' cried Harold, as he guided Fru Astrid's hand to the little cross, which hung from his neck. 'What recollections are waking in me! Yes, it must be so—I cannot doubt. You are the first protectress of my childhood—the sister of my mother! ———'

Harold was interrupted by a cry of indescribable emotion.

'Good God!—you are ——'

'The son of your sister, the child whom you have mourned. At this moment, I recollect myself and you.'

'And I—your voice, Harold, has often sounded strangely familiar to me. I now recognize the tones of your father's voice. Ah, speak, speak, explain, give me certainty, you will give me more than life.'

'What shall I say?' continued Harold, in great agitation, 'Much is dark and unintelligible, even to me. But your relation has revived recollections and impressions which make me feel sure that I am not deceiving you and myself. I remember now distinctly going down the hill in front of the fortress, upon a little sled, and that I was met by Serjeant Rönn, (whose name I had forgotten till this

moment,) who asked me to take a ride with him in his sleigh. I liked nothing better, and sprang in. I remember now, well, that my hat was blown from my head; that I wished to recover it, but was prevented by the Serjeant, who threw his cloak over me, and went on at a fast gallop. The ride was long—but from this moment my recollections are confused, and I look back to this time, as into a dark night which is now and then brightened by a transient ray of light. Perhaps I was then seized by the severe illness which, for a long time, checked my growth. It hovers before me like a dream, that I sometimes begged to be carried home to my parents, that my entreaties were at first answered by soothing words, and then silenced by threats. I have a faint recollection of living for some time in a miserable house, where I was treated with harshness, by coarse men, and where I longed for death. Then comes, like sunshine, the vision of another house; a bright sky, pure air, green meadows, and kind, friendly people, who treated the poor sick child with infinite kindness. This house was Alette's, and her excellent parents adopted me after they had brought me back to life. My new relations became very dear to me, I was happy; my sickness, and long continuing debility had almost entirely effaced the impressions of earlier days; I forgot the names of people and places, but never did I forget the first guardian of my childish years. Like a beautiful and holy vision, she has followed me through life, though, in the long course of years, she has been as if shrouded in a thick veil.

'When I grew older, I asked and received from my adopted father an account of my arrival in his house. I learned then that he one day visited Herre K., in Christiansand, upon business, and saw, at his house, a wretchedly pale, sick child, who sat on the floor in the sunshine. The child began to cry, but became silent and terrified when K. led him away, threatening him with the dark room. Indignant at this treatment, my benefactor asked to whom the boy belonged, and received for answer, that it was a

poor child, without relations, whom K. had taken under his care out of compassion. Alette's father immediately resolved to make every effort to take the child from this house, and offered to carry the boy home with him, to try the effect of the country air upon his health. In this manner, I entered the family, which from that time I was to call my own. Knowledge of my parents, or of the real nature of my connexion with Herre K., I could never obtain. K. died a few weeks after I left his house, and his wife was, or pretended to be, entirely ignorant of every thing that concerned me.

'But my excellent foster-parents never let me feel the want of other relations; they made no difference between me and their own child, and Alette was the tenderest and best of sisters. Death deprived us of these beloved protectors. Alette's father died two years ago. Alette went to remain with some near relations till she could give her hand to the man whom she had long loved, and I wished, by travel and mingling in new scenes, to dissipate the gloom which hung over me. It was then that accident, or rather Providence, conducted me to you. Admiration, and an attraction, whose power I cannot describe, drew me to you; perhaps too, unknown to myself, the dim, fond recollections of childhood influenced me. At this moment they all rise up, clear and fresh, within me. I am carried back to my boyish years, to the time when I called you mother, and loved you to idolatry, and now,——' And with passionate tenderness, Harold clasped Fru Astrid's hand: 'and now, what does your heart say to me? Can you put faith in these dim recollections? Will you believe this tale without proof? May I again call you my mother? Can you, will you, receive me as your son?'

'Can you ask? See these tears of joy—I have not shed many such—I cannot doubt—I believe—I am happy—you are my sister's son—my child—you are mine again! But ah, have I found you only to see you perish? To see you perish here for my sake? This moment is indeed bitter!'

'And yet sweet,' cried Harold, warmly.

'We have found one another; we are united!'

'In death.'

'We may yet be saved.'

'Only by a miracle.'

'Providence can work miracles. Have we not just had proof of it?'

'You are right, Harold; but I have been so unhappy. It is hard for me to believe in happiness. But in any case, let us bless God for this moment, and may His will be done!'

'His will be done,' repeated Harold, in a low tone, but with manly composure. And both were silent. All about them was thick darkness, for the moon had gone down, and the snow was again falling fast. They were as if buried alive.

But the saving miracle was at hand. Lights glimmered, and voices sounded over the waste of snow.

'Susanna!' cried Fru Astrid and Harold, with one voice, 'Susanna, our preserving angel!'

Yes, it was Susanna, who, with a torch in her hand, rushed into the gloomy vault. At once there was a radiance as of a thousand diamonds.

'God be praised! You are safe!' cried Susanna. Here are good, strong people, who will help us. But we must hasten—the snow is falling thick.

Several peasants now appeared with torches and two hand-barrows. Upon these Fru Astrid and Harold were placed, and covered with warm sheep-skins.

'Susanna,' cried Fru Astrid, 'come and rest near me.'

'No,' said Susanna, and took up her torch, 'I will go before and carry the light. Do not fear for me, I am strong.'

But a strange feeling suddenly seized her; her heart seemed sinking within her, and her knees failed. She stood for a moment erect, took one step forward, then sank upon her knees in the snow; the torch fell from her hand. 'Hulda!' was whispered in her heart, 'my little darling, farewell!'

'Susanna! Great God!' cried two voices at the same time; and, made strong by their fears, Fru Astrid and Harold sprang up and clasped Susanna. She seized the hands of

her lady and Harold, and said with great difficulty, in an imploring tone,

'My little Hulda—the fatherless—the motherless—think of her.'

'Susanna, my good, dear child!' cried Fru Astrid, 'you will not, you shall not die!' And for the first time a ray of anxious love fell from her dark eyes upon the young, devoted girl.

It was the first time Susanna had ever received such a look, and it was as if heaven had opened itself to her.

'Oh, Harold!' said Susanna, looking up with inexpressible tenderness, 'I could not make you happy in life, I know it—but I thank God that I can die for you. Now—now, do not despise my love! And taking his hand and Fru Astrid's she pressed them to her heart, and said, with an expiring voice, 'forgive my faults, for the sake of my love!' A slight shudder passed over; her head sank upon her breast. She was placed, apparently lifeless, beside her lady, who took her in her arms, and bathed the pale young face with her tears.

RETURN TO LIFE.

I WAKED, and life had triumphed over death;
I waked, and love sat watching by my couch.

MONTHS passed away, and life was for Susanna only a wild troubled dream. In the delirium of fever she lived over again the events of the mountain journey, but they were clothed in yet darker terrors. She saw the earth-demons who came round her on the snow-wastes, and tried to bury her under heaps of snow and ice which they hurled upon her. With desperate energy, Susanna struggled against them, for, she knew with her must die all hope of safety for those she loved, and every piece of ice which the demons threw upon her, she threw back upon them. At last the earth-demons promised her, if she would go with them quietly, they would leave her friends in peace, and would even bestow happiness and riches upon them. Then Susanna strove with them no longer, but grieving for the beautiful sky, and the

earth with its green valleys, and the loved ones whom she was never to see again, she allowed herself to be led by the demons to their subterranean dwellings. Yet she was content, for she suffered for those she loved; and from the cold, dark depths where she was now condemned to dwell, she sent the tenderest and the most touching words of farewell to Hulda, to her lady, to Harold and Alette, and thus betrayed unconsciously all the struggles, all the griefs, of her heart.

One day it seemed to her as if she had lived a hundred years in the lower world, and she was now in their church, for the time was come when she must die; and in death she knew, she should escape from the power of the earth-demons. But she could feel no pleasure in the thought; her heart was so faint, her breast so cold. She lay stretched out upon a stone floor, a roof of ice arched itself over her. This was her tomb, here she was to die. And gradually all thought and feeling was benumbed; her sorrows faded away, a sweet calm sleep came over her, and Susanna, who still retained her consciousness, thought death a refreshing rest from which she feared to wake. Then it seemed to her as if the door of the tomb were opened, and she saw a light like that of sunshine. Some one approached and touched her lips with a flame, a flame like that of life. Then her heart beat quicker. She looked up, and saw, standing near her pillow, a form which bent over her, with a look full of love and pity. The look, the beautiful, life-giving look, she thought she had somewhere seen before, and the longer she gazed at the face, the more it seemed to her that she recognized the features,—the noble and beloved features of her lady. But she looked younger and more beautiful than formerly. Susanna saw roses at the foot of her bed, and the sun was shining upon them. Every thing seemed to her so strange, so beautiful, she involuntarily whispered, 'Are we now in heaven?'

'Yet upon the earth,' answered a voice full of tenderness. 'You will still live here for those who love you.'

'Ah, who loves me?' said Susanna, faintly and dejectedly.

'I,' answered the voice, 'and not I alone.' But be calm and still; a mother watches over you.'

And Susanna was calm and still; and resigned herself with grateful acquiescence, to the cares of her tender nurse. Fru Astrid's presence, the mere sound of her light footstep, the mere sight of her passing shadow, did Susanna good. Every thing that she took from her hand seemed to her pleasant and salutary. There sprang up between them a relationship, full of loveliness.

Fru Astrid, who had seen the young girl as if born again under her cherishing, conceived for her an affection which surprised herself, and, at the same time, made her happy. The strong, healthful Susanna was too far removed from her sympathy. But the sick, weak girl, who, in her weakness, was so childlike and loving, stole into her heart, and called up in it a new summer of life and love.

This is the effect of all true affection, of all pure love—and at every season of life; for love is the sunshine of life and of the heart.

As soon as distinct consciousness returned to Susanna, she inquired the fate of those who had been with her on the mountain journey. She learned with surprise and delight, that Fru Astrid had discovered in Harold her sister's son, and that the darkest shadows of her life had thus been dispelled.

The information received from Serjeant Rönn, and that obtained by further investigations, to which this information led, soon established, beyond a question, Harold's identity with the lost child. They learned, that Herre K. was a confidant of the Oefwerste, and bad enough to be an accomplice in any crime, by which he could hope to gain money; he had willingly undertaken the charge of gradually effacing from the mind of the child all his early associations. Sickness came to the aid of cruel usage; and, after he had been a few months in the house of Herre K., the poor boy was so dull and listless, that K. accepted the offer of Herre Bergman, without any fear that it would lead to the discovery of his secret, and gladly gave

up the child whose presence was a daily reproach to him.

Harold's health had been soon reëstablished after the mountain journey, by skillful medical treatment in Bergen. After he had been present at Alette's wedding, he had travelled into foreign countries; but intended to return to Semb in the course of the summer, to establish himself there, and to devote himself to his newly found and beloved relation.

The guide—the honest old Hallingdale peasant—found his death on the mountains. His grandson was found weeping over his body, himself almost dead with cold and hunger, by the people who were sent to their assistance by Fru Astrid and Harold, and who had succeeded in making their way through the masses of snow to Bjærøja-Saeter, and in saving the life of the poor boy.

Susanna gave some tears to the old man's memory, but regretted in secret that she had not died like him. She looked forward to the future with disquietude.

When she could once more go out into the open air, when Fru Astrid drove out with her, and she felt the spring air, and saw the sea, and the clear sky beyond the mountains, and the beautiful gardens at their foot, then a sense of the beauty of the earth and of life awoke in her again. She looked with admiration and delight upon the new objects that surrounded her; the grandeur of nature, and the active life and gay shifting scenes of the city, for she was in the magnificently situated Bergen, the largest commercial city of Norway, the birth-place of Hollberg, of Dahl, and of Ole Bull.

But she was soon to leave all these, and what was yet harder, she was to be separated from her beloved lady; for Susanna had firmly resolved never to see Harold again. Shame dyed her cheeks whenever she thought of the words she had spoken upon the mountain, when she thought herself dying; and she felt that she could never see him after this, much less live in the same house with him, without painful embarrassment on both sides. She was resolved therefore never to return to Semb; but as soon as

her strength permitted, to go by water from Bergen to Sweden, to return to her native place, there to seek health for her own heart upon the breast of her little darling, and recover strength to live and labor.

But it was not easy for poor Susanna to communicate this resolution to her lady. She trembled violently when she did so, and could not restrain her tears.

It was at the same time soothing and agitating to her feelings, when Fru Astrid, after she had listened to Susanna in silence, answered with great composure:

'You are at liberty, Susanna, to do as you think best; but in three or four months—my affairs will detain me here for that time—in a few months, I shall return to Semb, and I cannot well do without you on the journey.'

'Then I will go there with you,' said Susanna, pleased to find herself of importance.

'A few months more, then!' thought Susanna with sad pleasure. And these months were inexpressibly delightful and improving to her. Fru Astrid was devoted to her, and endeavored in many things to supply the deficiencies of her neglected education. And Susanna was an apt pupil, and loved her lady more and more every day. And Fru Astrid herself learned the truth of the proverb, 'the breath of youth is healthful.' In the beginning of the month of July, Fru Astrid passed with Susanna over the mountains which had once threatened them with death; but at this season the journey was not dangerous, though still very fatiguing. The Oefwerstinna was, during the whole journey, in excellent spirits, and her gayety seemed every day to increase. Susanna, on the contrary, became every day more sad. Fru Astrid's cheerfulness only increased her dejection; she felt herself unutterably desolate.

It was in a beautiful July evening, that they entered Heimdale. Susanna's heart swelled with grief when she saw the scenes and the objects which had been so dear to her, and which she was so soon to quit forever. They had never appeared to her so charming. She saw the rays of the sun fall on the crystal mountain, and remembered Harold's sagas. She saw the oak grove

where Fru Astrid had sat and enjoyed the perfumes, which Susanna's hand had prepared for her in silence. And the spring where the silver weed and the lady mantles grew, the clear spring by whose side she had passed so many happy hours. Susanna almost thirsted for it. The windows at Semb glistened in the rays of the setting sun, the house seemed to be illuminated — there had she worked and ordered; there had she loved; there had the winter fire blazed up so cheerfully as she listened to Harold's stories; the smoke rose from the huts in the valley, which was to her like a home; where she knew every child and every cow; where she knew every joy and every care of those who dwelt there. There had she first learned to know Harold — still Harold — still she found his image at the heart of all these recollections.

But now — soon she was to leave all this, leave all beauty, all love.

They arrived at Semb, and were greeted by Alfiero, with a joyful bark. Susanna, with tears in her eyes, called about her and greeted all her old acquaintances, men and animals.

The windows in Fru Astrid's room were open, and from them might be seen a most charming view of the valley, with its blue river, its little hills and green slopes, and its peaceful church-spire in the back-ground. The Oefwerstinna remained standing, as if overpowered by the beauty of the scene, and her eyes brightened as she said :

' See, Susanna, is not our valley beautiful ? And will it not be beautiful to live here bestowing happiness on others and finding it ourselves ? '

Susanna answered ' yes,' hastily, and left the room. She felt as if suffocated, and yet once more, Barbara arose in her and said :

' Beautiful ! yes for her ! She does not think of me. She does not trouble herself in the least about me — nor does Harold. The poor servant whom they needed on the mountain journey is useless in the valley. She may go ; they are happy ; they have enough in themselves. It is indifferent to them whether I live or die, or what I suffer.

Well, I will no longer be a burden to them. I will go — I will go far, far from here. I will no longer trouble myself about them. I will forget them as they have forgotten me.

But tears fell involuntarily over Susanna's cheeks, and, as they flowed, the Barbara spirit vanished, and Sanna began :

' Yes, I will go, but I will bless them wherever I go. May they find another as true, as devoted as I. May they never miss Susanna. And you, my little Hulda, you, my darling, my only joy, soon shall I be with you. I will take you in my arms, and carry you to some quiet corner, where I can work for you undisturbed. A bit of bread, and a quiet shelter I can surely earn for us both. And when my heart aches, I will press you, you dear, soft child to my bosom, and thank God that I have yet some one on the earth whom I can love and who will love me.'

She reached the door of her own room. She opened it, went in, and remained standing in silent astonishment. Were her senses still bewildered, or was she just waking from a dream of years ? She found herself once more in the chamber, where she had passed so many years of her youth ; in the little room which she had herself arranged, painted, and decorated ; the little room which she had so often described to Harold ; and there by the window, stood little Hulda's bed, with the worked counterpane, and the blue muslin curtains. This sight made the blood rush to Susanna's heart, and, almost wildly, she cried out, ' Hulda, my little Hulda ! ' ' Here I am, Sanna ; here is your little Hulda ; ' answered a clear, sweet childish voice ; the covering of the bed moved ; a little cherub face peeped out, and two white arms were stretched out towards Susanna. With a cry of wild delight, Susanna rushed forward and clasped her little sister in her arms.

Susanna wept and laughed by turns, and for some time was quite unconscious of what was passing about her. When she became more composed, she found herself sitting on Hulda's bed, the child clasped in her arms, and over the little golden head was bent a manly face, with an expression of deep earnestness and gentle emotion.

'Little Hulda,' said Harold, 'ask Susanna to love me a little too, and not to say no to what you have promised me—ask her to let me call the little Hulda my daughter, and your Susanna my Susanna.'

'Oh yes, Sanna, you must!' cried little Hulda, as with childish warmth she threw her arms about Susanna's neck, and then went on eagerly.

'Oh, love him, Sanna, he loves you so much; he has told me so, so many times, and he himself brought me to you, to make you happy. And see, he gave me this beautiful neck-riband, and he has promised next winter to tell me beautiful stories. He knows so many. Have you ever heard the one about Rypan in Justedalen, Sanna? He has told it to me. And the one about the good lady, who, after the Black Death, went about in the valleys, and took the little fatherless children, and became a mother to them? Oh, Sanna, love him, and let him be my father!' Susanna let the little prattler run on without being able to say a word. She hid her face in Hulda's bosom, and tried to collect her bewildered thoughts.

'Susanna,' said Harold, entreatingly, 'Will you not look at me? will you not say one kind word to me?'

Susanna lifted her glowing face, all bathed in tears, and said, 'Oh, how can I ever thank you?'

'How?' said Harold, 'by making me happy; by—becoming my wife.'

Susanna stood up, and said, with as much ingenuousness as tenderness, 'God knows how happy I should feel myself, if I could believe that you said this for your own sake, and not merely for mine. But, ah, I cannot—I know that it is your generosity, your kindness'—

'Generosity? It is to myself then that I am generous. I assure you, that at this moment, I am more than ever thinking of my own good, and I am now as thoroughly selfish as you could possibly desire.'

'And your sister Alette,' continued Susanna, with downcast eyes, 'I know she does not wish to have me for a sister, and'—

'If Alette was once so foolish,' said a kind

voice, 'she is here now to make amends for it.' And Alette embraced the astonished Susanna, as she continued, 'Oh, Susanna, but for you I should no longer have a brother! I know you now, and I have read in the depths of his heart, and I know that it is by you alone he can be made happy. Therefore, I beg you, Susanna, beg you earnestly, to make him happy. Be his wife, Susanna, and my sister.'

'And you, Alette, you too would delude me with your sweet words. Ah, if you could make me forget that my weakness—that I myself by my confession—but I cannot forget it, and therefore I cannot believe you, dear, generous friends! and therefore I beg you, I supplicate you'—

'What fine speeches are going on here?' exclaimed a serious voice, and the Oefwertsinna stood in the midst of the contending group, and said with affected sternness, 'Is it possible that my young relatives and my daughter Susanna, have taken it upon them to discuss and decide matters of importance without taking me into their counsels? Yes, I see by your guilty faces, that it is so, and I shall punish you all. Now, not another word upon the subject, till eight days are past. Then, as sovereign lady and mistress of this house, I desire and command that the matter in dispute shall be laid before me, and that I shall have a voice in the adjustment of it.'

'Susanna, in the mean time, shall be in safe custody; I will myself undertake the charge of her safe-keeping. Did you really believe, Susanna,' and here Fru Astrid's voice took the tenderest tone, 'did you really believe that you could escape from me so easily? No, no, my child. You were mistaken. From the time you saved our lives, you became ours for life, you and your little Hulda. But the tea-table is set under the linden trees in the garden; come, my children, let us fortify ourselves for the coming strife.'

THE END OF STRIFE.

O'er the vexed earth the storm-wind holds his way ;
See, how he urges on the hurrying clouds ;
Then, stooping, sweeps across the dark pine wood ;
The tall trees tremble in their ancient home !
Discord and terror reign ; — but high o'er all,
The deathless stars look down, and tell of peace.

THERE is sorrow and care upon the earth ;
there is sin and, sickness, despair, and long,
silent, wasting misery. But, God be praised !
these are not all. The earth holds, too, the
good, the beautiful, — hearts that have not
ached, hopes that have not been blighted.
Life has its moments of rapture, its years of
blessed peace, gay marriage feasts, and
peaceful, holy death-beds.

Three months after the little strife we have
just related, one of these gay marriage feasts
was celebrated at Semb, in Heimdale. The
sun of nature and of the human heart shone
down upon it together, and called up a para-
dise upon earth — a paradise which may be
always found there ; though too often con-
cealed from the eyes of men, and its en-
trance barred against them by the power of
unholy spirits.

Still in the faces of the fallen, gleam
The noble traces of their heavenly lineage ; —
The heart of Daphne throbs beneath the rind.*

It was an autumn day, but one of those
autumn days, on which earth shows herself
to the blue eye of heaven, with her brightest
sunshine, and her purest breezes, as if she
would deck herself yet once in all her rich-
est ornaments, before she resigned them for
the snowy veil.

The little wooded heights in the valley
were gorgeous in their autumnal hues ; the
dark fir tree, the bright green pine, the gold-
en birch, the hazel, with its pale leaves, the
mountain ash, with its scarlet clusters, were
grouped upon them ; the Heimdale river,
swollen with the autumn rains, flowed on,
deeper and more rapid than ever. Herds of
cattle, who had come down from the Saeter
valleys, wandered along its green banks.
The chapel bell rang out cheerfully in the
clear air, while the church-goers passed
along the little winding foot-paths, that led
from their cottages to the house of God.

* Tegnér.

From the bank of the river nearest Semb
a little fleet of gayly decorated boats was
pushing off. In the principal boat sat the
Lady of Semb ; but no longer the bent, droop-
ing form, that seemed sinking to the grave.
A new youth bloomed on her cheeks and
breathed from her lips. Her eyes turned,
with quiet enjoyment, now on the beautiful
scenes of nature, now on the still more beau-
tiful objects that were nearer to her — two
happy human beings. Beside her, more like
a little angel than a child, sat the little Hul-
da ; a garland of gay flowers twined among
her golden locks. But the looks of all, as
was fitting, were turned upon the bride and
bridegroom, and they were indeed beautiful
to look upon, so inwardly happy did they
seem. In a boat, which followed, a little
strife was seen, between a young woman and
her husband ; he was endeavoring to wrap
a cloak about her, which she, however, stout-
ly rejected. One could not but take the part
of the husband, in his tender care for the
young wife, who was soon to become a
mother. The issue of the strife was — that
Alf gained the victory over Alette. Other
boats contained other wedding guests. The
men who rowed, had all garlands on their
yellow straw hats, and thus, to the sound of
gay music, the little party passed over the
river, to the chapel.

The chapel was a simple building, with
no other ornament than a beautiful altar pic-
ture, and the flowers and branches of trees,
with which the walls and floor were deco-
rated in honor of the occasion.

The sermon was simple and earnest — the
singing good. In a word, no discordant tone
disturbed the devotion which the service of
God, in Norway, is so well calculated to ex-
cite and to sustain.

Here Susanna and Harold called upon
heaven to bless the promise which they made
to love each other upon earth, through joy
and sorrow.

Many people had come to the church on
this day, and when the wedding party re-
turned home, many other boats joined them,
and accompanied them, with songs and
shouts, to the opposite shore.

But Susanna did not feel herself entirely

happy till, in Fru Astrid's quiet room, she could rest her forehead upon Fru Astrid's knees, and feel her kind hands laid upon her head in maternal benediction.

'I, too, have a mother,' cried she, as she embraced Fru Astrid's knees, and looked up to her with warm, childlike love. 'Ah, I am too happy, quite too happy; God has given me, the poor lonely one, a home and a mother.'

'And a husband too, do not forget him, I beg,' said Harold, as he gently embraced Susanna, and knelt beside her before his adopted mother.

Fru Astrid clasped them both in her arms, and said, in a low, tender voice, as she led them to a window, from which the beautiful valley might be seen, in its whole extent, 'To-day, we begin together a new life, and together we will endeavor to make it a happy one. At this moment, as I stand before you, my children, looking forward, as into a bright future, I think I see clearly how it may become so. We have not here the riches of art, or the changing scenes of life in the great world, to cheer and enliven us. But our life need not, on that account, be dull and monotonous. We have heaven — and nature. We will call down heaven into our hearts and homes; we will question nature of her secret wonders, and elevate our souls by their contemplation. From our quiet fireside we will sometimes observe the actors in the great drama of the world, that we may turn back the more cheerfully to our own little scene, and think how each may best play his part in it.

'And I promise you, beforehand,' continued she, in a sportive tone, 'that it will not be mine, often to make such long speeches as this.'

But Harold and Susanna united in assuring her that she could not possibly say too much.

'Well, then, if you will sometimes listen to my preaching, I, on the other hand, will often be a child with you, and will learn from you. I am now become inquisitive about Nature, and long to make myself better acquainted with her. The thought breathes like the air of spring over my autumn.'

'In truth,' said Harold, 'intercourse with Nature keeps the hearts of men young and healthful. I always think, with pleasure, of Goethe's words, when in his eighty-sixth year, he returned sun-burnt and happy, from a visit to the country, 'I have been talking with the vines,' said he, 'and you cannot think what beautiful things they have said to me.' May we not see here the dawn of a new golden age, in which the voice of Nature is once more audible to men, who, from her teachings, gain the highest wisdom, and the most perfect peace?'

'Our wisdom,' said Fru Astrid, looking about her, laughing, 'has not been able to detain Susanna, now wiser than we, from the wedding guests, whom we had forgotten. But we will now follow her.'

After the wedding feast, which was enlivened with drinking of healths, and songs, and hearty gayety, was over, the Oefwentinna returned to her room, leaving Alette to fill the office of hostess.

Seating herself at her writing-table, Fru Astrid wrote, with a rapid pen, the following lines:

'Now come! come my friend, my father, and see your wishes, your prophecies fulfilled; come, and see the happiness, the inexpressible gratitude that dwells in the heart that so long closed itself against all hope. Come, and hear my repentance for my want of faith, for my murmurs against Providence. Come, and help me to think. I long to tell you how much is changed in me; how many germs of life and joy, which I believed dead, are now unfolding in my heart. I daily wonder at my own feelings, I hardly know myself. Oh, my friend, how truly did you tell me, it is never *too late*.

'Oh, that I could speak to all bowed down, despairing souls, I would cry to them, — Lift up your heads, believe still in the future, and think still, *it is not too late*. See, I too was bowed down with sorrow; old age had overtaken me, and I thought my strength was gone, that my life, my sufferings had been

in vain. And behold! My head is lifted up, my heart is whole, my soul strong, and now, in my fiftieth year, I enter upon a new future, surrounded by all that life has most beautiful and lovely.

'The change in my soul has taught me to understand life and sufferings better, and I know now that there is no fruitless suffering, that no virtuous endurance is vain. Providence has lifted the veil from my eyes while I am yet upon the earth; for many, it will be raised only when the eyes close upon the earthly day. All will then see and know what I now with joy and gratitude acknowledge.

'Clear and bright lies now my way before me. Assisted by my beloved children, by the friend and teacher of my youth, who will, I hope, pass under my roof the evening of his days, will I convert this region into a valley of peace. And when I shall leave it, and my loved ones, may my memory be pleasant to them. And, now, thou advancing age, whose cool breath I already feel upon my brow, thou winter-twilight of life, whose shades are already gathering about me, come and be welcome! I fear you no longer —

'And in bodily weakness and suffering, too, I will still acknowledge the worth of life, and with a heart open to all that is beautiful and good upon earth, I will say to my beloved ones,

'The peace of heaven dwells within my heart.'

As Fru Astrid laid aside her pen, and raised her tearful and beaming eyes, she perceived Harold and Susanna, who were walking in the valley, arm in arm. They walked gayly along, and yet seemed to be contending. A point of the highest importance was, in truth, under discussion, namely, which of them should in future have *the last word*.

Harold insisted, that it was the indisputable right of the husband and master of the house. Susanna declared she did not care about his rights; when she knew herself to be in the right, she should maintain it to the utmost, should contend for the right till the last moment.

They now approached the spring — the troubled waters — which had witnessed their earliest strife. And now, as then, the pigeons with their shining wings were circling about it. And here Harold took Susanna's hand, and said, solemnly,

'My wife, I have hitherto jested, but now I will be serious. Our forefathers swore by the clear waters of Leipter, and I swear to you now, by the waters of this clear spring, that, whenever in future, you shall contradict me more than my temper can bear, I will silence you thus —

'Ah, here we have them!' cried a merry voice, just behind the embracing lovers, 'but I must tell you it is not so very pretty, to run away from your guests in this way, to —

'Come, Susanna!' interrupted Alette, laughing, as she took the arm of the blushing Susanna, 'come, and let us leave these selfish men, who are always wanting to be waited upon, to themselves a little while. It will do them a vast deal of good. In the mean while, we will walk off together, and confide to one another our real opinion of them.'

'Dear Alette,' said Susanna, very thankful to escape from brother Lexow's jests, 'how happy it makes me to see you so cheerful and so well, in spite of your journey to the North, that you dreaded so much.'

'Ah,' said Alette, low and tenderly, 'such a husband as my Lexow could make summer bloom all over the world; yet —' and here a shade of melancholy passed over Alette's face, but vanished instantly, and she went on gayly, 'but we have not come here to praise these good gentlemen, who, I see, have nothing better to do than to listen to us; and so, as soon as we have abused my husband sufficiently, we will give yours his well-merited share. Has he not shocking faults? Is he not, between ourselves, dreadfully selfish and tyrannical?'

'That I deny,' cried Harold, springing in front of Susanna, 'that I deny, and you, my wife, contradict me, if you dare!'

'Dare!' cried Alette, 'she must dare, for you only confirm my words. Is he not a tyrant, Susanna?'

'Am I a tyrant, Susanna? I say a thousand times, No! What do you say?'

'I say—nothing,' answered Susanna, as she moved a little to one side, and drew closer to Alette, 'but I shall think what I please.'

'It is well,' cried Harold, 'that I have found a way always to have the last word.'

'Have you found that out, brother,' said Lexow, laughing. 'Well, that is a far greater discovery than ever Columbus made. Let me have the benefit of it, too, I beg of you.'

'It would be of no use to you, Alf,' said Alette, turning to him with a mingling of sadness and playfulness in her expression, 'for my last word is something very different from yours.'

'How so?'

'My last word, as my last thought, will be—Alf!'

'Alette, dear Alette, why these tears?'

'Susanna,' said Harold, 'I will prepare you for it before hand; my last word will be—Sanna!'

'And mine—Harold!'

It is painful, after presenting these cheerful scenes to our readers, to be forced to turn to others of a tragic nature. But thus destiny commands; and we are forced to relate, that a few days before Susanna's wedding, the white and the grey goose laid down their contentious lives, and were united in a magnificent *à la daube*, which was served up and consumed upon that festival day, which was, to Harold and Susanna, the last day of strife, and the first of eternal union.

Often, in after years, did Susanna stand by the clear spring, surrounded by her feath-

ered flock, while, with the gayety of a happy heart, she sang to two bold, brown-eyed boys, and a fair blooming girl, the little song,

When'er my wayward heart
Rebels within my breast,
Then love with gentle art,
Still charms it back to rest:
Within its cage, the bird
May beat its restless wings,
But love, with a kind word,
Can soothe it, and it sings.

Kind reader! Now that you have happily arrived at the end of these contentions, you do not perhaps dream that you have still a strife before you—strife—between you and me. Yet thus must it inevitably be, if you, as sometimes happens, should persist in calling 'a romance' what I call merely sketches—sketches that are, indeed, linked together, but which yet make no pretension to the unity of a romance. But if you will regard them as blades of grass, or as flowers in a meadow, which wave in the wind upon their several stalks, and yet have their roots in the same soil, and are unfolded in the light of the same sun, then are we at peace;—let me hope only, that they may have whispered to your heart of that light which is reflected from all the waters of being; of that spring which shall one day dawn for every faithful heart.

And here let me thank those Norwegian authors, who have been my guides upon the mountain journey, and the companions of my wanderings through the legends of their land. And from the depths of my heart, let me thank the dear kind friends I have known in that beautiful country; in whose woods I have breathed the air of freedom; in whose hospitable bosom I once found a peaceful home.

NOTES TO THE AMERICAN TRANSLATION.

Page 12 (1.) 'Hela presided over Nifelheim, the hell appointed for those who die ingloriously of sickness, or old age. Her gloomy mansion was strongly built, and defended by massive portals. Her hall, was anguish; her table, famine; her knife, hunger; her bed, leanness; the threshold of her door, precipice; her attendants were expectation and delay.' Hela was the daughter of Loke, (evil,) and Angebode, (messenger of death.)

Page 12. (2.) Likstronde, the shore of corpses, received the souls of assassins and murderers.

Page 12. (3.) 'There is an abode that the sun never visits; its gates open towards the North. Poisons rain in through a thousand crevices. It is formed of the bodies of snakes and scorpions, their heads turned inward. From this dismal abyss, the black smoke ever rises. There the souls of the wicked float on rivers of poison, black as pitch, colder than ice.'

Edda.

Page 18. (5.) Olof Tryggvason, one of the most celebrated of the ancient Norwegian kings, was the son of Tryggve, who, as grandson of Harold Harfager, had excited the jealousy of Gunilda, and had fallen a victim to her cruelty. The youth of Olof was subjected to many vicissitudes of fortune. His mother, Astrida, fled with her infant son, from the fury of Gunilda, and attempted to join her brother, Sigurd, in Russia. The fugitives were captured by Esthonian pirates, who retained Olof among them for many years. He was at length discovered, and ransomed by his uncle Sigurd, who carried him to the court of Vladamir, at Novgorod, where he was distinguished for his strength and beauty, and his skill in all manly exercises. At the age of nineteen, he took the command of a small fleet of Russian pirates, and set forth in quest of adventures. While cruising in the Baltic, he was driven by a storm upon the coast of Pomerania, the country of the Vandals; here he married the daughter of Burisliuf, king of that country, and with his father-in-law, joined the emperor Otho, in his expedition against Denmark. On his return from Denmark, he lived in Pomerania until the death of his wife, when he resumed his former roving habits. The little fleet of Olof was known upon all the coasts of Europe; he made frequent descents upon Scotland and England, and even the more southern countries were not free from his depredations.

Olof had been instructed in the principles of the Christian religion, in Saxony; he had afterward studied its doctrines more carefully, in Greece, yet still hesitated to embrace them; but being thrown upon the Scilly islands, while engaged in one of his

piratical expeditions, he was there met by an aged monk, who predicted that he should one day reign over Norway, and that this country was, by his means, to be converted to Christianity. This prediction made a deep impression upon the mind of Olof, although he did not immediately endeavor to secure its fulfilment. After receiving the rite of baptism from the holy father, he passed to the Orkney islands, where he preached the Christian religion, sword in hand.

Norway was, at this time, governed by Jarl Hakon, who had possessed himself of the crown, after the death of Harold Grafeld, and the flight of Gunilda. This crafty prince, hearing that a hero of the race of Harold Harfager, yet lived, who might one day contest with him the crown of Norway, resolved to decoy Olof into his power. For this purpose, he despatched an emissary, who was, by false representations, to induce Olof to land in Norway. The artful messenger pretended to have fled from the tyranny of Hakon, whom he described as the most cruel and treacherous of princes. He represented to Olof, the discontent that prevailed in Norway, and the enthusiasm with which a descendant of Harold Harfager would be welcomed by the people. Olof, mindful of the monk's prediction, listened eagerly to these representations, and set sail for Norway, accompanied by his treacherous adviser. On their arrival, they found the people actually in rebellion against Hakon, whose cruelty had indeed rendered him odious to his subjects. Olof placed himself at the head of the rebels, and soon compelled Hakon to seek safety in flight. He lay for some time concealed in a cave, where he was assassinated by a slave, to whom he had confided the place of his retreat. The faithless servant carried the news of his master's fate to Olof, by whose order his treachery was punished with instant death.

The conversion of his subjects to Christianity was the first care of Olof, after he had established himself upon the throne. He secured the co-operation of some of the most powerful nobles, by giving them his sisters in marriage; he confirmed the fidelity of others, by bestowing upon them the confiscated estates of the refractory.

The inhabitants of the southern provinces received the new faith with little reluctance; but in the north it was met by more vigorous opposition. The dwellers in the mountain regions, strongly attached to their ancient religion, refused to renounce it at the command of their sovereign. Torture and death, or the adoption of the new faith, was the alternative offered them by the zealous Olof; but the hardy

Northlanders were true to the religion of their fathers; they withdrew to their mountain fastnesses, where they could defy the power of their king, and worship in security the ancient gods of Scandinavia.

Outward tranquillity, however, was now established in the kingdom of Olof. The nobles, finding that the new religion subjected them to no new restraints, readily adopted the faith of their king; and the people, if they still worshipped the gods of their fathers, worshipped in secret.

Olof stood now at the height of power and prosperity. He was the bravest warrior, the most fortunate prince, of his day; he had joined the glory of an apostle to the renown of a warrior; but even now the vengeance of a woman was preparing his downfall.

Olof had asked the hand of the fair Sigrid, of Sweden. This haughty princess, who had rejected many a royal suitor, consented to become the wife of the renowned Olof. She repaired to Norway, but in her first interview with her royal lover, he required her to embrace the Christian religion. The haughty Sigrid indignantly refused, and Olof, enraged at her disobedience, struck her with his gauntlet, at the same time loading her with reproaches. That she might at least receive the rite of baptism, he ordered her to be plunged into the sea, before she was sent back to Sweden. Sigrid vowed vengeance, and kept her word. She became the wife of Svend, king of Denmark, whose sister, Thira, had been married to Burislief, father of the first wife of Olof. Thira had fled from her husband, but dreading the anger of her brother, did not return to her own country, but took refuge in Norway, where she was kindly received by Olof, who soon made her his wife. When the news of this marriage reached Svend, who was already irritated against Olof, by the vindictive Sigrid, his indignation knew no bounds. He was easily prevailed upon by Sigrid, to form an alliance with Olof Skötkonung, king of Denmark, (her son by a former marriage,) with the view of humbling the power of Olof Tryggvason. To this confederacy, Eric, the son of Jarl Hakon joined himself, and the allies only wanted an opportunity, which might enable them to attack him with some chance of success. The occasion soon presented itself; Olof had undertaken an expedition to the country of the Vandals, to recover the possessions of his wife, in the island of Rugen. His enemies, with a considerable fleet, lay in wait for him, on his return. Olof had expected no attack; his ships were widely scattered, and unprepared for action. He was first made aware of his danger, when he found himself with a few of his ships nearly surrounded by the enemy. Olof disdained to fly. He sustained the unequal contest, until he had seen all his faithful Berserkers fall around him, and the 'Long Serpent,' the pride of his navy,

boarded by his rival, Eric; then, overpowered by numbers, and fearing to be taken prisoner, he threw himself into the sea, where he probably perished, though some of the ancient chronicles assert, that he saved himself by swimming, and, after performing a journey to the holy land, ended his life in a monastery. Olof reigned 995—1000.

Page 18. (4.) 'Blood-baptizer'—Olof second, was the son of Harold Graenske, who, during the reign of Jarl Hakon, had governed the southern part of Norway, with the title of king.

Olof, who was a lineal descendant of Harold Harfager, was not unworthy of his heroic descent. Even in boyhood, he had acquired the fame of a daring and successful Viking. He made many descents upon England, France, and Spain, and the rich spoils which he gathered in those countries, enabled him afterward to undertake his successful expedition against the usurpers of the crown of Norway.

After the battle of Swælderoe, in which Olof Tryggvason had perished, the allied princes divided the kingdom of Norway. The king of Denmark took possession of the southern part; the king of Sweden of all those provinces which bordered on his kingdom; the remainder was allotted to the two sons of Jarl Hakon, Eric and Svend, who also governed the other states of Norway, but as vassals of the kings of Sweden and Denmark. These princes ruled with great wisdom and humanity; though professing the Christian faith, they abstained from any attempt to force their religion upon their subjects.

But the attachment of the Norwegians to the family of Harold Harfager, made them still regard the sons of Hakon as usurpers, and the Christian party, now become powerful in the state, saw, with displeasure, the toleration which was extended to the ancient religion. The young Olof, informed of the disposition of the people, lost no time in availing himself of it. He landed in Norway, (1014,) where he was received with enthusiasm. Eric, the eldest son of Jarl Hakon, was at this time absent in England, whither he had been compelled, as a vassal of the crown of Denmark, to follow the banner of Canute the Great. Olof possessed himself, by a stratagem, of the person of the young son of Eric, but restored him to liberty, after obtaining from him a solemn renunciation of all his claims upon the crown. Svend, the brother of Eric, was defeated in a naval battle, by Olof, and fled, leaving him in undisputed possession of the kingdom. Olof established his court at Drontheim, which from this time became the residence of the Norwegian kings. He made many new laws for his subjects, and revised and improved the ancient code.

Olof was a zealous champion of the Christian religion, and, eager to propagate it among his subjects, he thought no means unjustifiable which tended to

the accomplishment of this object. He renewed the persecutions which had stained the reign of Olof Tryggvason, and even surpassed that prince in zeal and cruelty.

This unwise severity weakened the affection of his subjects. Several of the petty princes, who had assisted in placing him upon the throne, now conspired to deprive him of it, but Olof discovered their plot; he punished some of the conspirators with death, others with loss of sight, and banished the rest from the kingdom.

The exiled princes took refuge at the court of Canute, and persuaded this monarch that it would be easy to restore Norway to its former dependence upon Denmark. Canute sent an ambassador to Olof, requiring him to consider himself in future as his vassal. Olof indignantly rejected the claim of Canute, and formed an alliance with Anund, king of Sweden, whose daughter he had married; but finding himself unsupported by his own subjects, he was forced to quit his kingdom, which was subjected without difficulty by Canute. Olof passed into Russia, and was preparing to perform a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, there to assume the monastic habit, when he received, in a dream, a command from Heaven to return to Norway. Anund supplied him with troops, and he was joined by many of his own subjects. His little army soon amounted to three thousand men, though he rejected the services of all who refused to adopt the Christian faith. A cross was painted upon the helmets and shields of his soldiers, and their war-cry was, 'On! soldiers of the cross and the king.' Relying upon the justice of his cause, he would not wait for any further reinforcements, but went forward to attack his enemies, though their number was more than double that of his own army. Before the battle he summoned his three Skaldas into his presence, and charged them to transmit to posterity the memory of the battle of that day.

But the courage and skill of Olof could not prevail over a force so superior to his own. This little army was cut to pieces; he himself perished in the combat; two of his poets fell by his side; the third, mortally wounded, chanted a poem in honour of his king, before he withdrew the arrow with which he was pierced.

After the death of Olof, his memory became dear to the Norwegian people. The remembrance of his heroic adventures, his wise laws, above all his tragic fate, effaced from their minds the recollections of his bigotry and his relentless cruelty. The Christian clergy, grateful for his services to the church, exalted him to the rank of a saint. Churches were dedicated to him not only in Norway but in Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and England. Even in Constantinople a shrine was consecrated to his memory, and his tomb was the resort of pilgrims from all the countries of Europe.

The battle of Stikklestadt, in which Olof II. was killed, was fought in 1030.

Page 18. (6.) Sverre was one of the most remarkable men whom Norway has produced. He was educated as the son of a private man, and was destined to the ecclesiastical profession; but learning from his mother that he was the son of Sigurd the Second, he left the church, and turned his attention to the affairs of Norway, which was now governed by the young king Magnus, under the guidance of his father, the brave and sagacious Erling. The reign of this prince had already been disturbed by the claims of various pretenders to the crown. Eistein Mela, grandson of Harold Gille, asserted his right, as descendant of Magnus Barfoed; he assembled a considerable body of partisans, who received the name of Birkebeinians, because, being forced to retire into the forests, they had, for want of leather shoes, covered their feet with the bark of birch trees. This wild band maintained the war against Magnus for several years, with unequal success; but, in 1177, they sustained a signal defeat; Eistein, their general, was made prisoner, and soon after put to death.

After the death of their leader, the 'Birkebeinar' sent a deputation to Sverre, inviting him to become their chief. Sverre, after some hesitation, accepted their proposal, received the oath of allegiance, and was proclaimed king by this band of ill-armed and undisciplined outlaws, whose number, at this time, scarcely exceeded seventy. His force was rapidly augmented; but Sverre met with no success in the commencement of his enterprise. He was forced to fly into Sweden; but soon returning, collected the remnants of his little band, and made an attempt upon Drontheim, in which, however, he failed of success. Sverre now wandered long among the mountains and forests of Norway; he occupied himself in establishing order and discipline in his little army, which received daily accessions to its number. At length, being reinforced by a band of archers from Tellemark, he again approached Drontheim, and offered battle to the adherents of Magnus. Fortune was now on the side of Sverre. He gained a complete victory, and entered Drontheim, bearing in triumph the sacred banner of St. Olof. He convoked the assembly of deputies, and caused himself to be proclaimed king of Norway.

The war, however, was not yet concluded. The mildness and equity of Erling's administration secured to his son the adherence of a numerous party. The clergy, too, declared themselves on the side of Magnus, and promised eternal salvation to all who should fall in battle against the 'Birkebeinar.' At the end of two years the fate of the war was decided, by the death of Erling, who was surprised by a sudden attack from Sverre, and left mortally wounded on the field. Magnus was forced to leave the side of his dying father, and

seek safety in flight. The remains of Erling were interred with great magnificence by Sverre. Magnus Erlingson, after sustaining another defeat, took refuge in Denmark, where he was well received, and supplied with succors by Valdemar I. He was, however, again defeated by Sverre, in a naval engagement, which took place near Hugastrand, in which nearly two thousand of his followers perished. Magnus was drowned in the attempt to make his escape by swimming; but his body was recovered from the waters, and interred with all the splendor due to the obsequies of a king, by Sverre, who himself pronounced his funeral oration.

The hostility of the clergy towards Sverre, did not cease with the life of their patron, Magnus. Eric, who had been elevated to the see of Drontheim, in opposition to the wishes of the king, denounced the Birkibeinians from his pulpit, and refused to perform the ceremonies of the coronation. Sverre, on his part, endeavored to restrain the power of the clergy, which had become excessive during the reign of his predecessor. He retained a part of the revenues of the see of Drontheim, and even limited the number of followers that the archbishop was allowed to retain in his service. He convened, in 1193, a new diet, in which the people confirmed the edicts of the king. The indignant prelate retired to Denmark, and obtained from the pope a bull, threatening Sverre with excommunication. This, however, produced but little effect; for the priests, finding the people on the side of their king, dared not publish the bull in his dominions.

While engaged in this controversy with his clergy, Sverre was called upon to defend his kingdom against a new competitor for the crown. This was Sigurd, son of Magnus Erlingson. He had collected a numerous band of adventurers in the Orkney and Shetland isles, and with these made a successful descent upon Pomerania. He then guided his fleet to the shores of Norway, where he at first met with some success, but was at length defeated by Sverre in a naval engagement, which took place near Bergen. His vessels were all sunk, or taken, and he himself perished in the sea. After this victory, Sverre resolved no longer to delay the ceremony of his coronation. He requested the pope's legate, who had just arrived in Norway for the purpose of selling indulgences, to perform the ceremony of consecration. On his refusal, Sverre ordered him to quit the kingdom, and was crowned, (1194,) by his former confessor, whom he had appointed to the bishopric of Bergen.

The close of Sverre's reign was disturbed by the attempts of a new pretender to the crown. This was a young Dane, who took the name of Inge, one of the sons of Magnus Erlingson. This adventurer was defeated by Sverre in a naval en-

gagement, and the greater part of his fleet taken; but his party being afterwards strongly reinforced, he seized upon Drontheim, ravaged many provinces of the kingdom, and obtained the victory in two important naval engagements, in which the fleet of Sverre was almost utterly destroyed. But Sverre lost no time in constructing a new fleet, with which he attacked and defeated the invaders, and forced their chief to return to Denmark. The troubles, however, were not entirely appeased. The partisans of Inge maintained their ground in Norway till the close of the year 1201, when their last fortress surrendered to Sverre.

Sverre did not long survive this success. He died March 9, 1202, aged 51. When he found himself dying, he ordered his attendants to place him upon his throne, that he might prove to his subjects the falsehood of the predictions of bishop Nicholas, who had foretold that he should be devoured by dogs. He advised his son Hakon to reconcile himself with the clergy, and bequeathed his pardon to all his enemies.

Sverre may be regarded as one of the greatest men, and most accomplished princes, of his day. He possessed, in a high degree, the gift of eloquence, and joined the learning of the scholar, and the wisdom of the statesman, to the kingly virtues of courage and military skill.

Page 18. (7.) The different states of Norway had never been united under one sovereign before the time of Harold Harfager. His father, Halfdan Svart, (the Black) had indeed (under the direction, it is said, of his mother Asa,) subdued the little kingdom of Norway so far as Sokn, (north of Bergen) and would have extended his conquests still further, if he had not been prevented by an early death. He lost his life in consequence of the sudden breaking of the ice, on a lake which he was crossing in the winter. The newly conquered provinces revolted after the death of Halfdan Svart; but Guttorm, who had been appointed guardian of the young Harold, then a boy of ten years old, soon reduced them to submission.

Harold early formed the design of completing the conquest of Norway, and his ambition was excited yet more by the proud princess Gida, who refused to bestow her hand upon him until he should have made himself sovereign of all Norway. Harold made a vow not to cut his hair until he had completed the conquest of the kingdom. The victory of Hafursford, which he gained over the independent princes in 875, compelled them to submit to become his vassals. Harold was thus released from his vow, but always retained the surname of Harfager, or the fair-haired.

The close of Harold's reign was disturbed by domestic dissensions. His numerous sons, children of different mothers, were continually at variance with one another. He endeavored to compose

their differences, by assigning each the government of a separate province, with the rank and title of king. He declared Eric, his eldest son, his successor as sovereign of Norway. Harold survived this partition of his kingdom about three years.

Iceland, which was discovered in 868, was settled in this reign. Many powerful princes, who could not submit to live under the government of Harold, sought safety and freedom in this island, which then bore the name of Snöland. They carried with them the Scandinavian language, and with it the poems or sagas, which were better preserved in this remote region than in the countries where they originated.

Page 18. (8.) Gunilda, the wife of Eric first, son of Harold Harfager, was equally distinguished for her beauty, her commanding intellect, and her merciless cruelty; it was by this fierce woman that Eric was excited to the bloody deed which gained him the surname of Blodæxe.

The crown of Norway had been bestowed by Harold Harfager upon Eric, his eldest son, but he had given his younger sons the government of the several provinces of the kingdom, and had allowed them to assume the title of king. Gunilda, who had nothing of the woman in her nature but the strong instincts of maternal affection, regarded with jealousy the power of these princes, which seemed to threaten the dismemberment of the future inheritance of her son. She excited the jealous apprehensions of her husband, and the impetuous Eric became the murderer of his brothers.

After the expulsion of Eric from his kingdom, by his younger brother Hakon, Gunilda and her sons sought refuge in Denmark, and, having obtained assistance from Harold, king of that country, made a descent upon Norway. They were at first unsuccessful, but a detachment of their army surprised Hakon, when attended only by a small band of his followers; he fell wounded by an arrow, and dying, declared the sons of Eric his heirs, naming the eldest, Harold Grafell, his successor as sovereign of Norway.

The sons of Eric found their power much circumscribed by the powerful vassals, who had taken advantage of the dissensions in the royal family to render themselves nearly independent of the crown. Of these powerful chiefs, Earl Sigurd, governor of Drontheim, was the most formidable, and Gunilda and her sons used every effort to possess themselves of his person and his lands. The artful Gunilda at length succeeded in persuading him to visit her court. The old earl was no sooner in her power, than he was murdered, with circumstances of peculiar barbarity.

But vengeance soon overtook the wretched Gunilda. She was destined to see the overthrow of all her ambitious projects. — Eric, of the bloody axe, closed his life in exile. — Harold Grafell, the son,

for whose sake she had stained her soul with so many crimes, fell, on the coast of Denmark, the victim of treachery equal to her own. The unhappy 'mother of kings' fled with her two youngest sons to the Orkney Islands, where her restless life was closed by a violent death.

Page 18. (9.) Eric first was the eldest son of Harold Harfager. He inherited the courage and love of enterprise which distinguished his father, and in his youth was the darling of his nation. The cruel murder of two of his brothers, to which he was instigated by his wife Gunilda, alienated from him the affections of his people, who branded him with the surname of Blodæxe (bloody-axe).

News of the discontents which prevailed in Norway reached Hakon, the youngest of the sons of Harold Harfager. This prince had been educated at the court of Athelstane, and having received no share in the government of the states of Norway, continued to live in England after the death of his father. He now resolved to revenge the murder of his brothers, and to gratify his own ambition at the same time, by expelling Eric from Norway, and possessing himself of his crown. Athelstane supplied him with men and ships for his expedition; but the little fleet was dispersed by a storm, and Hakon was thrown alone and unarmed upon the coast of Norway. The news of his arrival, however, spread rapidly through the country, the people every where declared themselves in his favor, Earl Sigurd, governor of Drontheim, presented him to the Norwegians as their king, and crowds flocked daily to his standard. Eric, abandoned by his subjects, dared not even to attempt resistance. He fled to the Orkney islands, and thence to England, where he was received by king Athelstane, who bestowed upon him the kingdom of Northumbria, on condition that he should embrace the Christian religion, and abstain from any attempt to recover the crown of Norway.

Eric proved a turbulent vassal to the English kings; after the death of Athelstane he was continually at war with the successors of that prince. He was expelled from Northumbria, but having collected an army, composed of his early piratical associates, he invaded England with the intention of recovering his former possessions. He was defeated in a pitched battle by Edred, and slain, together with five other Vikings, A. D. 952.

Page 36. (10.) Ragnar Lodbrog was the son of Sigurd Ring, king of Sweden and Denmark. He was one of the most celebrated of the ancient Scandinavian heroes. He received the surname of Lodbrog, (Lod, hairy, — Brog, garments,) from the dress which he wore in his contest with the venomous serpent, who guarded the Princess Thora. He made for himself garments of the skins of wild beasts, with the hair outward, and then plunged

into the sea, in mid-winter; the water formed thick scales of ice upon the hairy vestments, and, in this impenetrable armor, he attacked and subdued the serpents. After many warlike expeditions, in most of which he was successful, Ragnar was taken prisoner by Hella, king of Northumbria, and was cast into a dungeon full of serpents. He expired under their fangs, exulting in the thought of the vengeance which his sons would take upon the murderer of their father, and recounting the heroic achievements of his past life. The song which Ragnar is supposed to have sung in the cave of serpents is still extant.

'Ragnar étoit le plus fort et le plus beau de tous les hommes. C'est sur lui que la tradition a accumulé tous les hauts faits des peuples du Nord pendant le huitième et le neuvième siècle; ce n'est plus un personnage mythique, mais, comme Charlemagne dans les poésies épiques du moyen âge, il est le type des exploits de la nation entière.'

Le Bas.

Page 40. (11.) Jotunheim—the land of the giants. 'On the extreme shore was Utgard, also called Jotunheim, where dwelt Nor, and the giants, against whom a wall or strong fortress was built, to separate them from Asgard, the habitation of the gods. There, under the root of the tree of the world, lived the dwarfs and elves; and there is the home of Sleep, who rises every night to seal the eyelids of mankind.'

Page 42. (12.) 'Wild, moving music.' 'La musique qui accompagne la plupart des ballades populaires est toujours sur des airs empreints d'une singulière tristesse. Au pied du Dovrefield, nous rencontrâmes sur notre route le monument d'une victoire remportée par les Norvégiens sur un corps écossais commandé par un capitaine, Saint Clair, au service de la Suède. * * * Il existe sur cet événement une ballade devenue populaire. Nous nous la fîmes chanter par un paysan pour en connaître l'air. On ne se serait pas douté qu'il eût été fait pour un chant de triomphe, tant il étoit languissant et triste. Il en est de même de tous les chants populaires du Nord; bien que souvent les paroles expriment la gaieté ou un sentiment vif, la mélodie en est toujours trahante et plaintive. C'est que le caractère de la musique nationale, ne traduit pas telle ou telle disposition passagère, mais le fond même de l'âme d'un peuple; or la tristesse est le véritable caractère du Nord. On l'y retrouve

partout, dans le silence et la grandeur de la nature dans le morne regard de l'homme, dans sa démarche lente et son chant plaintif, dans les brumes de la mer, dans les longues nuits et les longs crépuscules.

Amphère.

Page 43. (13.) 'The Tellemarken women wear a red jacket; a black skirt, trimmed at the bottom with yellow; and a short vest, fastened by a ceinture where the jacket ends, and hanging in loose plaits, for some inches, below. A colored handkerchief, tied round the head, floats on the air behind. The sides of the stockings are prettily worked; and the shoes are ornamented with large buckles, or star-shaped pieces of leather. The costume of the men is something like that in which Charles the Twelfth is drawn, or that of the combatants in Spanish bull-fights. A short jacket of some dark color; a waistcoat, striped, and very gay; dark breeches with a streak of red running down both sides, and across the front; worsted stockings well worked; broad, embroidered gaiters; large knee-buckles, and shoes, embroidered like the women's. Both sexes wear a profusion of silver lace, and trinkets, on their persons.'

Elliott's Travels in the North of Europe.

Page 43. (14.) Berserker. 'The Berserker or Champions, devoted themselves to the fortunes of the kings, and great chiefs, and depended upon their favor, for preferment. These warriors, who served in the capacity of body-guards by sea and land, were sometimes seized with a sort of frenzy or military mania, produced by the songs of the Skalds, in praise of warlike exploits, or by the excited imaginations, dwelling on the thought of war and glory. When this madness was upon them they committed the wildest extravagancies; attacked, indiscriminately, friends and foes; and even waged war against rocks and trees, and other objects of inanimate nature. For the want of better employment, they occasionally turned their arms against themselves, and defied each other to mortal combat, in some lonely and desert isle. In the Eyrbyggja Saga, is related the singular story of Halli and Leikner, two Berserker whom Hakon Jarl presented to Verimund, an Icelandic chief, whose tempers became so fierce and turbulent, that it was found necessary to suffocate them, privately in a bath, filled with boiling water.'

Crichton's Scandinavia.

